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## THE VICAR OF BULLHAMPTON.

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### CHAPTER XIX.

#### SAM BRATTLE RETURNS HOME.

THE Tuesday's magistrates' meeting had come off at Heytesbury, and Sam Brattle had been discharged. Mr. Jones had on this occasion indignantly demanded that his client should be set free without bail, but to this the magistrates would not assent. The attorney attempted to demonstrate to them that they could not require bail for the reappearance of an accused person when that accused person was discharged simply because there was no evidence against him. But to this exposition of the law Sir Thomas and his brother magistrates would not listen. "If the other persons should at last be taken, and Brattle should not then be forthcoming, justice would suffer," said Sir Thomas. County magistrates, as a rule, are more conspicuous for common sense and cool instincts than for sound law; and Mr. Jones may perhaps have been right in his view of the case. Nevertheless, bail was demanded, and was not forthcoming without considerable trouble. Mr. Jay, the ironmonger at Warminster, declined. When spoken to on the subject by Mr. Fenwick, he declared that

the feeling among the gentry was so strong against his brother-in-law that he could not bring himself to put himself forward. He couldn't do it, for the sake of his family. When Fenwick promised to make good the money risk, Jay declared that the difficulty did not lie there. "There's the marquis, and Sir Thomas, and Squire Greenthorne, and our parson, all say, sir, as how he shouldn't be bailed at all. And then, sir, if one has a misfortune belonging to one, one doesn't want to flaunt it in everybody's face, sir." And there was trouble, too, with George Brattle from Fordingbridge. George Brattle was a prudent, hard-headed, hard-working man, not troubled with much sentiment, and caring very little what any one could say of him as long as his rent was paid; but he had taken it into his head that Sam was guilty, that he was at any rate a thoroughly bad fellow, who should be turned out of the Brattle nest, and that no kindness was due to him. With the farmer, however, Mr. Fenwick did prevail, and then the parson became the other bondsman himself. He had been strongly advised—by Gilmore, by Gilmore's uncle, the prebendary at Salisbury, and by others—not to put himself

forward in this position. The favor which he had shown to the young man had not borne good results, either for the young man or for himself; and it would be unwise (so said his friends) to subject his own name to more remark than was necessary. He had so far assented as to promise not to come forward himself if other bailsmen could be procured. But when the difficulty came, he offered himself, and was, of necessity, accepted.

When Sam was released, he was like a caged animal, who, when liberty is first offered to him, does not know how to use it. He looked about him in the hall of the court-house, and did not at first seem disposed to leave it. The constable had asked him whether he had means of getting home, to which he replied, that "it wasn't no more than a walk." Dinner was offered to him by the constable, but this he refused, and then he stood glaring about him. After a while, Gilmore and Fenwick came up to him, and the squire was the first to speak.

"Brattle," he said, "I hope you will now go home, and remain there working with your father for the present."

"I don't know nothing about that," said the lad, not deigning to look at the squire.

"Sam, pray go home at once," said the parson. "We have done what we could for you, and you should not oppose us."

"Mr. Fenwick, if you tells me to go to—to—to—" (he was going to mention some very bad place, but was restrained by the parson's presence)—"if you tells me to go anywheres, I'll go."

"That's right. Then I tell you to go to the mill."

"I don't know as father'll let me in," said he, almost breaking into sobs as he spoke.

"That he will, heartily. Do you tell him that you had a word or two with me here, and that I'll come up and call on him to-morrow." Then he put his hand into his pocket, and, whispering something, offered the lad money. But Sam turned away and shook his head, and walked off. "I don't believe that that

fellow had any more to do with it than you or I," said Fenwick.

"I don't know what to believe," said Gilmore. "Have you heard that the marquis is in the town? Greenthorne just told me so."

"Then I had better get out of it, for Heytesbury isn't big enough for the two of us. Come, you've done here, and you might as well jog home."

Gilmore dined at the vicarage that evening, and of course the day's work was discussed. The quarrel, too, which had taken place at the farmhouse had only yet been in part described to Mrs. Fenwick. "Do you know I feel half triumphant and half frightened?" Mrs. Fenwick said to the squire. "I know that the marquis is an old fool—imperious, conceited and altogether unendurable when he attempts to interfere. And yet I have a kind of feeling that because he is a marquis, and because he owns two thousand and so many acres in the parish, and because he lives at Turn-over Park, one ought to hold him in awe."

"Frank didn't hold him in awe yesterday," said the squire.

"He holds nothing in awe," said the wife.

"You wrong me there, Janet. I hold you in great awe, and every lady in Wiltshire more or less; and I think I may say every woman. And I would hold him in a sort of awe too, if he didn't drive me beyond myself by his mixture of folly and pride."

"He can do us a great deal of mischief, you know," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"What he can do, he will do," said the parson. "He even gave me a bad name, no doubt; but I fancy he was generous enough to me in that way before yesterday. He will now declare that I am the Evil One himself, and people won't believe that. A continued, persistent enmity, always at work, but kept within moderate bounds, is more dangerous now-a-days than a hot fever of revengeful wrath. The marquis can't send out his men-at-arms and have me knocked on the head or cast into a dungeon. He can only throw mud at me,

and the more he throws at once the less will reach me."

As to Sam,<sup>f</sup> they were agreed that, whether he were innocent or guilty, the old miller should be induced to regard him as innocent, as far as their joint exertion in that direction might avail. "He is innocent before the law till he has been proved to be guilty," said the squire.

"Then of course there can be nothing wrong in telling his father that he is innocent," said the lady. The squire did not quite admit this, and the parson smiled as he heard the argument, but they both acknowledged that it would be right to let it be considered throughout the parish that Sam was to be regarded as blameless for that night's transaction. Nevertheless, Mr. Gilmore's mind on the subject was not changed.

"Have you heard from Loring?" the squire asked Mrs. Fenwick, as he got up to leave the vicarage.

"Oh yes—constantly. She is quite well, Mr. Gilmore."

"I sometimes think that I'll go off and have a look at her."

"I'm sure both she and her aunt would be glad to see you."

"But would it be wise?"

"If you ask me, I'm bound to say that I think it would not be wise. If I were you, I would leave her for a while. Mary is as good as gold, but she is a woman; and, like other women, the more she is sought the more difficult she will be."

"It always seems to me," said Mr. Gilmore, "that to be successful in love a man should not be in love at all—or at any rate he should hide it." Then he went off home alone, feeling on his heart that pernicious load of a burden which comes from the unrestrained longing for some good thing which cannot be attained. It seemed to him now that nothing in life would be worth a thought if Mary Lowther should continue to say him nay; and it seemed to him, too, that unless the yea were said very quickly all his aptitudes for enjoyment would be worn out of him.

On the next morning, immediately

after breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick went down to the mill together. They went through the village, and thence by a pathway down to a little foot-bridge, and so along the river side. It was a beautiful October morning—the 7th of October—and Fenwick, as he went, talked of the pheasants. Gilmore, though he was a sportsman, and shot rabbits and partidges about his own property, and went occasionally to shooting-parties at a distance, preserved no game. There had been some old unpleasantness about the marquis' pheasants, and he had given it up. There could be no doubt that his property in the parish, being chiefly low-lying land and water meads unfit for coverts, was not well disposed for preserving pheasants, and that in shooting he would more likely shoot Lord Trowbridge's birds than his own. But it was equally certain that Lord Trowbridge's pheasants made no scruple of feeding on his land. Nevertheless, he had thought it right to give up all idea of keeping up a head of game for his own use in Bullhampton. "Upon my word, if I were Gilmore," said the parson, as a bird rose from the ground close at their feet, "I should cease to be nice about the shooting after what happened yesterday."

"You don't mean that you would retaliate, Frank?"

"I think I should."

"Is that good parson's law?"

"It's very good squire's law. And as for that doctrine of non-retaliation, a man should be very sure of his own motives before he submits to it. If a man be quite certain that he is really actuated by a Christian's desire to forgive, it may be all very well; but if there be any admixture of base alloy in his gold—if he allows himself to think that he may avoid the evils of pugnacity, and have things go smooth for him here and become a good Christian by the same process—why then I think he is likely to fall to the ground between two stools." Had Lord Trowbridge heard him, his lordship would now have been quite sure that Mr. Fenwick was an infidel.

They had both doubted whether Sam would be found at the mill, but there he

was, hard at work among the skeleton timbers, when his friends reached the place. "I am glad to see you at home again, Sam," said Mrs. Fenwick, with something, however, of an inner feeling that perhaps she might be saluting a murderer. Sam touched his cap, but did not utter a word or look away from his work. They passed on amidst the heaps in front of the mill, and came to the porch before the cottage. Here, as had been his wont in all these idle days, the miller was sitting with a pipe in his mouth. When he saw the lady he got up and ducked his head, and then sat down again. "If your wife is here, I'll just step in, Mr. Brattle," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"She be there, ma'am," said the miller, pointing toward the kitchen window with his head. So Mrs. Fenwick lifted the latch and entered.

The parson sat himself down by the miller's side: "I am heartily glad, Mr. Brattle, that Sam is back with you here once again."

"He be there, at work among the rest o' 'em," said the miller.

"I saw him as I came along. I hope he will remain here now."

"I can't say, Muster Fenwick."

"But he intends to do so?"

"I can't say, Muster Fenwick."

"Would it not be well that you should ask him?"

"Not as I knows on, Mr. Fenwick."

It was manifest enough that the old man had not spoken to his son on the subject of the murder, and that there was no confidence—at least no confidence that had been expressed—between the father and the son. No one had as yet heard the miller utter any opinion as to Sam's innocence or his guilt. This of itself seemed to the clergyman to be a very terrible condition for two persons who were so closely united, and who were to live together, work together, eat together and have mutual interests. "I hope, Mr. Brattle," he said, "that you give Sam the full benefit of his discharge."

"He'll get his vittles and his bed, and a trifle of wages, if he works for 'em."

"I didn't mean that. I'm quite sure you wouldn't see him want a comfortable home as long as you have one to give him."

"There ain't much comfort about it now."

"I was speaking of your own opinion of the deed that was done. My own opinion is, that Sam had nothing to do with it."

"I'm sure I can't say, Muster Fenwick."

"But it would be a comfort to you to think that he is innocent."

"I hain't no comfort in talking about it—not at all; and I'd rayther not, if it's all one to you, Muster Fenwick."

"I will not ask another question, but I'll repeat my own opinion, Mr. Brattle. I don't believe that he had anything more to do with the robbery or the murder than I had."

"I hope not, Muster Fenwick. Murder is a terrible crime. And now, if you'll tell me how much it was you paid the lawyer at Heytesbury—"

"I cannot say as yet. It will be some trifle. You need not trouble yourself about that."

"But I mean to pay 'un, Muster Fenwick. I can pay my way as yet, though it's hard enough at times." The parson was obliged to promise that Mr. Jones' bill of charges should be sent to him, and then he called his wife and they left the mill. Sam was still up among the timbers, and had not once come down while the visitors were in the cottage. Mrs. Fenwick had been more successful with the women than the parson had with the father. She had taken upon herself to say that she thoroughly believed Sam to be innocent, and they had thanked her with many protestations of gratitude.

They did not go back by the way they had come, but went up to the road, which they crossed, and thence to some outlying cottages which were not very far from Hampton Privets House. From these cottages there was a path across the fields back to Bullhampton, which led to the side of a small wood belonging to the marquiss. There was a good deal

of woodland just here, and this special copse, called Hampton Bushes, was known to be one of the best pheasant coverts in that part of the country. Whom should they meet, standing on the path, armed with his gun, and with his keeper behind him, armed with another, but the Marquis of Trowbridge himself! They had heard a shot or two, but they had thought nothing of it, or they would have gone back to the road. "Don't speak," said the parson, as he walked on quickly with his wife on his arm. The marquis stood and scowled, but he had the breeding of a gentleman, and when Mrs. Fenwick was close to him he raised his hat. The parson also raised his, the lady bowed, and then they passed on without a word. "I had no excuse for doing so, or I would certainly have told him that Sam Brattle was comfortably at home with his father," said the parson.

"How you do like a fight, Frank!"

"If it's stand up and all fair, I don't dislike it."

#### CHAPTER XX.

I HAVE A JUPITER OF MY OWN NOW.

WHEN Mary Lowther returned home from that last walk with her cousin which has been mentioned, she was quite determined that she would not disturb her happiness on that night by the task of telling her engagement to her aunt. It must, of course, be told, and that at once; and it must be told also to Parson John; and a letter must be written to Janet; and another, which would be very difficult in the writing, to Mr. Gilmore; and she must be prepared to hear a certain amount of opposition from all her friends; but for the present moment she would free herself from these troubles. To-morrow, after breakfast, she would tell her aunt. To-morrow, at lunch-time, Walter would come up the lane as her accepted lover. And then, after lunch, after due consultation with him and with Aunt Sarah, the letter should be written.

She had solved, at any rate, one doubt,

and had investigated one mystery. While conscious of her own coldness toward Mr. Gilmore, she had doubted whether she was capable of loving a man—of loving him as Janet Fenwick loved her husband. Now she would not admit to herself that any woman that ever lived adored a man more thoroughly than she adored Walter Marrable. It was sweet to her to see and to remember the motions of his body. When walking by his side she could hardly forbear to touch him with her shoulder. When parting from him it was a regret to her to take her hand from his. And she told herself that all this had come to her in the course of one morning's walk, and wondered at it that her heart should be a thing capable of being given away so quickly. It had, in truth, been given away quickly enough, though the work had not been done in that one morning's walk. She had been truly honest, to herself and to others, when she said that her cousin Walter was and should be a brother to her; but had her new brother, in his brotherly confidence, told her that his heart was devoted to some other woman, she would have suffered a blow, though she would never have confessed even to herself that she suffered. On that evening when she reached home, she said very little. "She was so tired! Might she go to bed?" "What! at nine o'clock?" asked Aunt Sarah. "I'll stay up if you wish it," said Mary. But before ten she was alone in her own chamber, sitting in her own chair, with her arms folded, feeling, rather than thinking, how divine a thing it was to be in love. What could she not do for him? What would she not endure to have the privilege of living with him? What other good fortune in life could be equal to this good fortune? Then she thought of her relations with Mr. Gilmore, and shuddered as she remembered how near she had been to accepting him. "It would have been so wrong. And yet I did not see it. With him I am sure that it is right, for I feel that in going to him I can be every bit his own." So she thought and so she dreamed; and then the morning came and she had to

go down to her aunt. She ate her breakfast almost in silence, having resolved that she would tell her story the moment breakfast was over. She had, over night and while she was in bed, studiously endeavored not to con any mode of telling it. Up to the moment at which she rose her happiness was, if possible, to be untroubled. But while she dressed herself she endeavored to arrange her plans. She at last came to the conclusion that she could do it best without any plan.

As soon as Aunt Sarah had finished her breakfast, and just as she was about to proceed, according to her morning custom, down stairs to the kitchen, Mary spoke: "Aunt Sarah, I have something to tell you. I may as well bring it out at once. I am engaged to marry Walter Marrable." Aunt Sarah immediately let fall the sugar-tongs and stood speechless. "Dear aunt, do not look as if you were displeased. Say a kind word to me. I am sure you do not think that I have intended to deceive you."

"No; I do not think that," said Aunt Sarah.

"And is that all?"

"I am very much surprised. It was yesterday that you told me, when I hinted at this, that he was no more to you than a cousin or a brother."

"And so I thought—indeed I did. But when he told me how it was with him, I knew at once that I had only one answer to give. No other answer was possible. I love him better than any one else in all the world. I feel that I can promise to be his wife without the least reserve or fear. I don't know why it should be so, but it is. I know I am right in this." Aunt Sarah still stood silent, meditating. "Don't you think I was right, feeling as I do, to tell him so? I had before become certain—quite, quite certain—that it was impossible to give any other answer but one to Mr. Gilmore. Dearest aunt, do speak to me."

"I do not know what you will have to live upon."

"It is settled, you know, that he will save four or five thousand pounds out of his money, and I have got twelve hun-

dred. It is not much, but it will be just something; of course he will remain in the army, and I shall be a soldier's wife. I shall think nothing of going out to India if he wishes it, but I don't think he means that. Dear Aunt Sarah, do say one word of congratulation."

Aunt Sarah did not know how to congratulate her niece. It seemed to her that any congratulation must be false and hypocritical. To her thinking, it would be a most unfitting match. It seemed to her that such an engagement had been most foolish. She was astonished at Mary's weakness, and was indignant with Walter Marrable. As regarded Mary, though she had twice uttered a word or two intended as a caution, yet she had never thought it possible that a girl so steady in her ordinary demeanor, so utterly averse to all flirtation, so little given to the weakness of feminine susceptibility, would fall at once into such a quagmire of indiscreet love-troubles. The caution had been intended rather in regard to outward appearances, and perhaps with the view of preventing the possibility of some slight heart-scratches, than with the idea that danger of this nature was to be dreaded. As Mr. Gilmore was there as an acknowledged suitor—a suitor as to whose ultimate success Aunt Sarah had her strong opinions—it would be well those cousinly-brotherly associations and confidences should not become so close as to create possible embarrassment. Such had been the nature of Aunt Sarah's caution; and now, in the course of a week or two, when the young people were in truth still strangers to each other—when Mr. Gilmore was still waiting for his answer—Mary came to her and told her that the engagement was a thing completed! How could she utter a word of congratulation?

"You mean, then, to say that you disapprove of it?" said Mary, almost sternly.

"I cannot say that I think it wise."

"I am not speaking of wisdom. Of course, Mr. Gilmore is very much richer, and all that."

"You know, Mary, that I would not counsel you to marry a man because he was rich."

"That is what you mean when you tell me I am not wise. I tried it, with all the power of thought and calculation that I could give to it, and I found that I could not marry Mr. Gilmore."

"I am not speaking about that now."

"You mean that Walter is so poor that he never should be allowed to marry."

"I don't care twopence about Walter."

"But I do, Aunt Sarah. I care more about him than all the world besides. I had to think for him."

"You did not take much time to think."

"Hardly a minute, and yet it was sufficient." Then she paused, waiting for her aunt, but it seemed that her aunt had nothing further to say. "Well," continued Mary, "if it must be so, it must. If you cannot wish me joy—"

"Dearest, you know well enough that I wish you all happiness."

"This is my happiness." It seemed to the bewildered old lady that the whole nature of the girl was altered. Mary was speaking now as might have spoken some enthusiastic young female who had at last succeeded in obtaining for herself the possession—more or less permanent—of a young man, after having fed her imagination on novels for the last five years; whereas, Mary Lowther had hitherto, in all moods of her life, been completely opposite to such feminine ways and doings. "Very well," continued Mary, "we will say nothing more about it at present. I am greatly grieved that I have incurred your displeasure, but I cannot wish it otherwise."

"I have said nothing of displeasure."

"Walter is to be up after lunch, and I will only ask that he may not be received with black looks. If it must be visited as a sin, let it be visited on me."

"Mary, that is both unkind and ungenerous."

"If you knew, Aunt Sarah, how I have longed during the night for your kind voice—for your sympathy and approval!"

Aunt Sarah paused again for a moment, and then went down to her domestic duties without another word.

In the afternoon Walter came, but Aunt Sarah did not see him. When Mary went to her, the old lady declared that for the present it would be better so. "I do not know what to say to him at present. I must think of it, and speak to his uncle, and try to find out what had best be done." She was sitting as she said this up in her own room, without even a book in her hand: in very truth passing the hour in an endeavor to decide what, in the present emergency, she ought to say or do. Mary stooped over her and kissed her, and the aunt returned her niece's caresses. "Do not let you and me quarrel, at any rate," said Miss Marrable. "Who else is there that I care for? Whose happiness is anything to me except yours?"

"Then come to him, and tell him that he also shall be dearer to you."

"No; at any rate not now. Of course you can marry, Mary, without any sanction from me. I do not pretend that you owe to me that obedience which would be due to a mother. But I cannot say—at least not yet—that such sanction as I have to give can be given to this engagement. I have a dread that it will come to no good. It grieves me. I do not forbid you to receive him, but for the present it would be better that I should not see him."

"What is her objection?" demanded Walter, with grand indignation.

"She thinks we shall be poor."

"Shall we ask her for anything? Of course we shall be poor. For the present there will be but a poor three hundred a year, or thereabouts, beyond my professional income. A few years back, if so much had been secured, friends would have thought that everything necessary had been done. If you are afraid, Mary—"

"You know I am not afraid."

"What is it to her, then? Of course we shall be poor, very poor. But we can live."

There did come upon Mary Lowther a feeling that Walter spoke of the neces-

• sity of a comfortable income in a manner very different from that in which he had of late been discussing the same subject ever since she had known him. He had declared that it was impossible that he should exist in England as a bachelor on his professional income, and yet surely he would be poorer as a married man, with that three hundred a year added to it, than he would have been without it, and also without a wife. But what girl that loves a man can be angry with him for such imprudence and such inconsistency? She had already told him that she would be ready, if it were necessary, to go with him to India. She had said so before she went up to her aunt's room. He had replied that he hoped no such sacrifice would be demanded from her. "There can be no self-sacrifice on my part," she replied, "unless I am required to give up you." Of course he had taken her in his arms and kissed her. There are moments in one's life in which not to be imprudent, not to be utterly, childishly forgetful of all worldly wisdom, would be to be brutal, inhuman and devilish. "Had he told Parson John?" she asked.

"Oh yes!"

"And what does he say?"

"Just nothing. He winced his eyebrows, and suggested 'that I had changed my ideas of life.' 'So I have,' I said. 'All right!' he replied. 'I hope that Block & Curling won't have made any mistake about the five thousand pounds.' That was all he said. No doubt he thinks we're two fools, but then our folly won't embarrass him."

"Nor will it embarrass Aunt Sarah," said Mary.

"But there is this difference. If we come to grief, Parson John will eat his dinner without the slightest interference with his appetite from our misfortunes, but Aunt Sarah would suffer on your account."

"She would, certainly," said Mary.

"But we will not come to grief. At any rate, darling, we cannot consent to be made wise by the prospect of her possible sorrows on our behalf."

It was agreed that on that afternoon

Mary should write both to Mr. Gilmore and to Janet Fenwick. She offered to keep her letters and show them, when written, to her lover, but he declared that he would prefer not to see them. "It is enough for me that I triumph," he said as he left her. When he had gone she at once told her aunt that she would write the letters, and bring that to Mr. Gilmore to be read by her when they were finished. "I would postpone it for a while, if I were you," said Aunt Sarah. But Mary declared that any such delay would be unfair to Mr. Gilmore. She did write the letters before dinner, and they were as follow:

"LORING, October 15, 1868.

"MY DEAR MR. GILMORE: When last you came down to the vicarage to see me, I promised you, as you may perhaps remember, that if it should come to pass that I should engage myself to any other man, I would at once let you know that it was so. I little thought then that I should so soon be called upon to keep my promise. I will not pretend that the writing of this letter is not very painful to me, but I know that it is my duty to write it, and to put an end to a suspense which you have been good enough to feel on my account. You have, I think, heard the name of my cousin, Captain Walter Marrable, who returned from India two or three months ago. I found him staying here with his uncle, the clergyman, and now I am engaged to be his wife.

"Perhaps it would be better that I should say nothing more than this, and that I should leave myself and my character and name to your future kindness—or unkindness—without any attempt to win the former or to decry the latter; but you have been to me ever so good and noble that I cannot bring myself to be so cold and short. I have always felt that your preference for me has been a great honor to me. I have appreciated your esteem most highly, and have valued your approbation more than I have been able to say. If it could be possible that I should in future have your friendship, I should value it more

than that of any other person. God bless you, Mr. Gilmore! I shall always hope that you may be happy, and I shall hear with delight any tidings which may seem to show that you are so.

"Pray believe that I am

"Your most sincere friend,

"MARY LOWTHER.

"I have thought it best to tell Janet Fenwick what I have done."

—

"LORING, Thursday.

"DEAREST JANET: I wonder what you will say to my news? But you must not scold me. Pray do not scold me. It could never, never have been as you wanted. I have engaged myself to marry my cousin, Captain Walter Marrable, who is a nephew of Sir Gregory Marrable, and a son of Colonel Marrable; you will remember all about him, and, I dare say, knew him years ago. We shall be very poor, having not more than three hundred a year above his pay as a captain; but if he had nothing, I think I should do the same. Do you remember how I used to doubt whether I should ever have that sort of love for a man for which I used to envy you? I don't envy you any longer, and I don't regard Mr. Fenwick as being nearly so divine as I used to do. I have a Jupiter of my own now, and need envy no woman the reality of her love.

"I have written to Mr. Gilmore by the same post as will take this, and have just told him the bare truth. What else could I tell him? I have said something horribly stilted about esteem and friendship, which I would have left out, only that my letter seemed to be heartless without it. He has been to me as good as a man could be; but was it my fault that I could not love him? If you knew how I tried—how I tried to make believe to myself that I loved him; how I tried to teach myself that that sort of very chill approbation was the nearest approach to love that I could ever reach; and how I did this because you bade me! If you could understand all this, then you would not scold me. And I did almost believe that it was so. But now—! Oh dear! How would it have

been if I had engaged myself to Mr. Gilmore, and that then Walter Marrable had come to me? I get sick when I think how near I was to saying that I would love a man whom I never could have loved.

"Of course I used to ask myself what I should do with myself. I suppose every woman living has to ask and to answer that question. I used to try to think that it would be well not to think of the outer crust of myself. What did it matter whether things were soft to me or not? I could do my duty. And as this man was good and a gentleman, and endowed with high qualities and appropriate tastes, why should he not have the wife he wanted? I thought that I could pretend to love him till after some fashion I should love him. But as I think of it now, all this seems to be so horrid! I know now what to do with myself. To be his from head to foot! To feel that nothing done for him would be mean or distasteful! To stand at a washtub and wash his clothes if it were wanted! Oh, Janet, I used to dread the time in which he would have to put his arm round me and kiss me. I cannot tell you what I feel now about that other he.

"I know well how provoked you will be, and it will all come of love for me; but you cannot but own that I am right. If you have any justice in you, write to me and tell me that I am right.

"Only that Mr. Gilmore is your great friend, and that therefore just at first Walter will not be your friend, I would tell you more about him—how handsome he is, how manly and how clever. And then his voice is like the music of the spheres. You won't feel like being his friend at first, but you must look forward to his being your friend: you must love him, as I do Mr. Fenwick; and you must tell Mr. Fenwick that he must open his breast for the man who is to be my husband. Alas, alas! I fear it will be long before I can go to Bullhampton. How I do wish that he would find some nice wife to suit him!

"Good-bye, dearest Janet. If you are really good, you will write me a sweet,

kind, loving letter, wishing me joy. You must know all. Aunt Sarah has refused to congratulate me because the income is so small, nevertheless we have not quarreled. But the income will be nothing to you, and I do look forward to a kind word. When everything is settled, of course I will tell you.

"Your most affectionate friend,  
"MARY LOWTHER."

The former letter of the two was shown to Miss Marrable. That lady was of opinion that it should not be sent, but would not say that, if to be sent, it could be altered for the better.

#### CHAPTER XXI.

##### PARSON JOHN THINKS ABOUT IT.

ON that same Thursday—the Thursday on which Mary Lowther wrote her two despatches to Bullhampton—Miss Marrable sent a note down to Parson John, requesting that she might have an interview with him. If he were at home and disengaged, she would go down to him that evening, or he might, if he pleased, come to her. The former she thought would be preferable. Parson John assented, and very soon after dinner the private brougham came round from the Dragon, and conveyed Miss Marrable down to the rectory at Lowtown. "I am going down to Parson John," said she to Mary: "I think it best to speak to him about the engagement." Mary received the information with a nod of her head that was intended to be gracious, and Aunt Sarah proceeded on her way. She found her cousin alone in his study, and immediately opened the subject which had brought her down the hill.

"Walter, I believe, has told you about this engagement, Mr. Marrable."

"Never was so astonished in my life! He told me last night. I had begun to think that he was getting very fond of her, but I didn't suppose it would come to this."

"Don't you think it very imprudent?"

"Of course it's imprudent, Sarah.

It don't require any thinking to be aware of that. It's downright stupid—two cousins, with nothing a year between them, when no doubt each of them might do very well. They are well-born, and well-looking, and clever, and all that. It's absurd, and I don't suppose it will ever come to anything."

"Did you tell Walter what you thought?"

"Why should I tell him? He knows what I think without my telling him; and he wouldn't care a pinch of snuff for my opinion. I tell you because you ask me."

"But ought not something to be done to prevent it?"

"What can we do? I might tell him that I wouldn't have him here any more, but I shouldn't like to do that. Perhaps she'll do your bidding."

"I fear not, Mr. Marrable."

"Then you may be quite sure he won't do mine. He'll go away and forget her. That'll be the end of it. It'll be as good as a year gone out of her life, and she'll lose this other lover of hers at— What's the name of the place? It's a pity, but that's what she'll have to go through."

"Is he so light as that?" asked Aunt Sarah, shocked.

"He's about the same as other men, I take it; and she'll be the same as other girls. They like to have their bit of fun now, and there'd be no great harm, only such fun costs the lady so plaguey dear. As for their being married, I don't think Walter will ever be such a fool as that."

There was something in this that was quite terrible to Aunt Sarah. Her Mary Lowther was to be treated in this way—to be played with as a plaything, and then to be turned off when the time for playing came to an end! And this little game was to be played for Walter Marrable's delectation, though the result of it would be the ruin of Mary's prospects in life! "I think," said she, "that if I believed him to be so base as that I would send him out of the house."

"He does not mean to be base at all.

He's just like the rest of 'em," said Parson John.

Aunt Sarah used every argument in her power to show that something should be done, but all to no purpose. She thought that if Sir Gregory were brought to interfere, that perhaps might have an effect, but the old clergyman laughed at this. What did Captain Walter Marryable, who had been in the army all his life, and who had no special favor to expect from his uncle, care about Sir Gregory? Head of the family, indeed! What was the head of the family to him? If a girl would be a fool, the girl must take the result of her folly. That was Parson John's doctrine—that and a confirmed assurance that this engagement, such as it was, would lead to nothing. He was really very sorry for Mary, in whose praise he said ever so many good-natured things; but she had not been the first fool, and she would not be the last: it was not his business, and he could do no good by interfering. At last, however, he did promise that he would himself speak to Walter. Nothing would come of it, but, as his cousin asked him, he would speak to his nephew.

He waited for four-and-twenty hours before he spoke, and during that time was subject to none of those terrors which were now making Miss Marryable's life a burden to her. In his opinion it was almost a pity that a young fellow like Walter should be interrupted in his amusement. According to his view of life, very much wisdom was not expected from ladies, young or old. They, for the most part, had their bread found for them, and were not required to do anything, whether they were rich or poor. Let them be ever so poor, the disgrace of poverty did not fall upon them as it did upon men. But then, if they would run their heads into trouble, trouble came harder upon them than on men, and for that they had nobody to blame but themselves. Of course it was a very nice thing to be in love. Verses and pretty speeches and easy-spoken romance were pleasant enough in their way. Parson John had no doubt tried

them himself in early life, and had found how far they were efficacious for his own happiness. But young women were so apt to want too much of the excitement. A young man at Bullhampton was not enough without another young man at Loring. That we fear was the mode in which Parson John looked at the subject; which mode of looking at it, had he ever ventured to explain it to Mary Lowther, would have brought down upon his head from that young woman an amount of indignant scorn which would have been very disagreeable to Parson John. But then he was a great deal too wise to open his mind on such a subject to Mary Lowther.

"I think, sir, I'd better go up and see Curling again next week," said the captain.

"I dare say. Is anything not going right?"

"I suppose I shall get the money, but I shall like to know when. I am very anxious, of course, to fix a day for my marriage."

"I should not be over-quick about that, if I were you," said Parson John.

"Why not? Situated as I am, I must be quick. I must make up my mind, at any rate, where we're to live when we're married."

"You'll go back to your regiment, I suppose, next month?"

"Yes, sir. I shall go back to my regiment next month, unless we may make up our minds to go out to India."

"What! you and Mary?"

"Yes, I and Mary."

"As man and wife?" said Parson John, with a smile.

"How else should we go?"

"Well, no. If she goes with you, she must go as Mrs. Captain Marryable, of course. But if I were you, I would not think of anything so horrible."

"It would be horrible," said Walter Marryable.

"I should think it would. India may be all very well when a man is quite young, and if he can keep himself from beer and wine; but to go back there at your time of life with a wife, and to look forward to a dozen children there, must

be an unpleasant prospect, I should say." Walter Marrable sat silent and black. "I should give up all idea of India," continued his uncle.

"What the deuce is a man to do?" asked the captain. The parson shrugged his shoulders. "I'll tell you what I have been thinking of," said the captain. "If I could get a farm of four or five hundred acres—"

"A farm!" exclaimed the parson.

"Why not a farm? I know that a man can do nothing with a farm unless he has capital. He should have ten or twelve pounds an acre for his land, I suppose. I should have that and some trifle of an income besides if I sold out. I suppose my uncle would let me have a farm under him."

"He would see you — farther first."

"Why shouldn't I do as well with a farm as another?"

"Why not turn shoemaker? Because you have not learned the business. Farmer, indeed! You'd never get the farm, and if you did you would not keep it for three years. You've been in the army too long to be fit for anything else, Walter." Captain Marrable looked black and angry at being so counseled, but he believed what was said to him, and had no answer to make to it. "You must stick to the army," continued the old man; "and if you'll take my advice, you'll do so without the impediment of a wife."

"That's quite out of the question."

"Why is it out of the question?"

"How can you ask me, Uncle John? Would you have me go back from an engagement after I have made it?"

"I would have you go back from anything that was silly."

"And tell a girl after I have asked her to be my wife that I don't want to have anything more to do with her?"

"I should not tell her that, but I should make her understand, both for her own sake and for mine, that we had been too fast, and that the sooner we gave up our folly the better for both of us. You can't marry her—that's the truth of it."

"You'll see if I can't."

"If you choose to wait ten years, you may."

"I won't wait ten months, nor, if I can have my own way, ten weeks." (What a pity that Mary could not have heard him!) "Half the fellows in the army are married without anything beyond their pay, and I'm to be told that we can't get along with three hundred a year! At any rate, we'll try."

"Marry in haste and repent at leisure," said Uncle John.

"According to the doctrines that are going now-a-days," said the captain, "it will be held soon that a gentleman can't marry unless he has got three thousand a year. It is the most heartless, damnable teaching that ever came up. It spoils the men, and makes women, when they do marry, expect ever so many things that they ought never to want."

"And you mean to teach them better, Walter?"

"I mean to act for myself, and not be frightened out of doing what I think right because the world says this and that." As he so spoke the angry captain got up to leave the room.

"All the same," rejoined the parson, firing the last shot, "I'd think twice about it, if I were you, before I married Mary Lowther."

"He's more of an ass, and twice as headstrong as I thought him," said Parson John to Miss Marrable the next day, "but still I don't think it will come to anything. As far as I can observe, three of these engagements are broken off for one that goes on. And when he comes to look at things, he'll get tired of it. He's going up to London next week, and I sha'n't press him to come back. If he does come, I can't help it. If I were you, I wouldn't ask him up the hill, and I should tell Miss Mary a bit of my mind pretty plainly."

Hitherto, as far as words went, Aunt Sarah had told very little of her mind to Mary Lowther on the subject of her engagement, but she had spoken as yet no word of congratulation; and Mary knew that the manner in which she proposed to bestow herself was not received with favor by any of her relatives at Loring.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## WHAT THE FENWICKS THINK ABOUT IT.

BULLHAMPTON unfortunately was at the end of the postman's walk, and as the man came all the way from Lavington, letters were seldom received much before eleven o'clock. Now this was a most pernicious arrangement, in respect to which Mr. Fenwick carried on a perpetual feud with the Post-office authorities, having put forward a great postal doctrine that letters ought to be rained from heaven on to everybody's breakfast-table exactly as the hot water was brought in for tea. He, being an energetic man, carried on a long and angry correspondence with the authorities aforesaid, but the old man from Bullhampton continued to toddle into the village just at eleven o'clock. It was acknowledged that ten was his time, but, as he argued himself, ten and eleven were pretty much of a muchness. The consequence of this was, that Mary Lowther's letters to Mrs. Fenwick had been read by her two or three hours before she had an opportunity of speaking on the subject to her husband. At last, however, he returned, and she flew at him with a letter in her hand.

"Frank," she said—"Frank, what do you think has happened?"

"The Bank of England must have stopped, from the look of your face."

"I wish it had, with all my heart, sooner than this. Mary has gone and engaged herself to her cousin Walter Marrable."

"Mary Lowther?"

"Yes, Mary Lowther—our Mary. And from what I remember hearing about him, he is anything but nice."

"He had a lot of money left to him the other day."

"It can't have been much, because Mary owns that they will be very poor. Here is her letter. I am so unhappy about it! Don't you remember hearing about that Colonel Marrable who was in a horrible scrape about somebody's wife?"

"You shouldn't judge the son from the father."

"They've been in the army together,

and they're both alike. I hate the army. They are almost always no better than they should be."

"That's true, my dear, certainly, of all services, unless it be the army of martyrs; and there may be a doubt on the subject even as to them. May I read it?"

"Oh yes: she has been half ashamed of herself every word she has written. I know her so well. To think that Mary Lowther should have engaged herself to any man after two days' acquaintance!"

Mr. Fenwick read the letter through attentively, and then handed it back. "It's a good letter," he said.

"You mean that it's well written?"

"I mean that it's true. There are no touches put in to make effect. She does love the one man, and she doesn't love the other. All I can say is, that I'm very sorry for it. It will drive Gilmore out of the place."

"Do you mean it?"

"I do, indeed. I never knew a man to be at the same time so strong and so weak in such a matter. One would say that the intensity of his affection would be the best pledge of his future happiness if he were to marry the girl; but, seeing that he is not to marry her, one cannot but feel that a man shouldn't stake his happiness on a thing beyond his reach."

"You think it is all up, then—that she really will marry this man?"

"What else can I think?"

"These things do go off sometimes. There can't be much money, because, you see, old Miss Marrable opposes the whole thing on account of there not being money enough. She is anything but rich herself, and is the last person in all the world to make a fuss about money. If it could be broken off—"

"If I understand Mary Lowther," said Mr. Fenwick, "she is not the woman to have her match broken off for her by any person. Of course I know nothing about the man, but if he is firm, she'll be as firm."

"And then she has written to Mr. Gilmore," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"It's all up with Harry, as far as this goes," said Mr. Fenwick.

The vicar had another matter of moment to discuss with his wife. Sam Brattle, after having remained hard at work at the mill for nearly a fortnight—so hard at work as to induce his father to declare that he'd bet a guinea there wasn't a man in the three parishes who could come nigh his Sam for a right-down day's work—after all this, Sam had disappeared, had been gone for two days, and was said by the constable to have been seen, at night even, on the Devizes side, from which were supposed to come the Grinder and all manner of Grinder's iniquities. Up to this time no further arrest had been made on account of Farmer Trumbull's murder, nor had any trace been found of the Grinder or of that other man who had been his companion. The leading policeman, who still had charge of the case, expressed himself as sure that the old woman at Pycroft Common knew nothing of her son's whereabouts; but he had always declared, and still continued to declare, that Sam Brattle could tell them the whole story of the murder if he pleased; and there had been a certain amount of watching kept on the young man, much to his own disgust and to that of his father. Sam had sworn aloud in the village—so much aloud that he had shown his determination to be heard by all men—that he would go to America, and see whether any one would dare to stop him. He had been told of his bail, and had replied that he would demand to be relieved of his bail—that his bail was illegal, and that he would have it all tried in a court of law. Mr. Fenwick had heard of this, and had replied that as far as he was concerned he was not in the least afraid. He believed that the bail was illegal, and he believed also that Sam would stay where he was. But now Sam was gone, and the Bullhampton constable was clearly of opinion that he had gone to join the Grinder. "At any rate, he's off somewhere," said Mr. Fenwick, "and his mother doesn't know where he's gone. Old Brattle, of course, won't say a word."

"And will it hurt you?"

"Not unless they get hold of those other fellows and require Sam's appearance. I don't doubt but that he'd turn up in that case."

"Then it does not signify."

"It signifies for him. I've an idea that I know where he's gone, and I think I shall go after him."

"Is it far, Frank?"

"Something short of Australia, very luckily."

"Oh, Frank!"

"I tell you the truth. It's my belief that Carry Brattle is living about twenty miles off, and that he's gone to see his sister."

"Carry Brattle!—down here!"

"I don't know it, and I don't want to hear it mentioned; but I fancy it is so. At any rate, I shall go and see."

"Poor, dear, bright little Carry! But how is she living, Frank?"

"She's not one of the army of martyrs, you may be sure. I dare say she's no better than she should be."

"You'll tell me if you see her?"

"Oh yes."

"Shall I send her anything?"

"The only thing to send her is money. If she is in want I'll relieve her—with a very sparing hand."

"Will you bring her back—here?"

"Ah, who can say? I should tell her mother, and I suppose we should have to ask her father to receive her. I know what his answer will be."

"He'll refuse to see her."

"No doubt. Then we should have to put our heads together, and the chances are that the poor girl will be off in the mean time—back to London and the devil. It is not easy to set crooked things straight."

In spite, however, of this interruption, Mary Lowther and her engagement to Captain Marrable was the subject of greatest interest at the vicarage that day and through the night. Mrs. Fenwick half expected that Gilmore would come down in the evening, but the vicar declared that his friend would be unwilling to show himself after the blow which he would have received. They knew that he would know that they had

received the news, and that therefore he could not come either to tell it, or with the intention of asking questions without telling it. If he came at all, he must come like a beaten cur with his tail between his legs. And then there arose the question whether it would not be better that Mary's letter should be answered before Mr. Gilmore was seen. Mrs. Fenwick, whose fingers were itching for pen and paper, declared at last that she would write at once; and did write, as follows, before she went to bed:

"THE VICARAGE, Friday.

"DEAREST MARY: I do not know how to answer your letter. You tell me to write pleasantly and to congratulate you; but how is one to do what is so utterly in opposition to one's own interests and wishes? Oh dear! oh dear! how I do so wish you had stayed at Bullhampton! I know you will be angry with me for saying so, but how can I say anything else? I cannot picture you to myself going about from town to town and living in country-quarters. And as I never saw Captain Marrable to the best of my belief, I cannot interest myself about him as I do about one whom I know and love and esteem. I feel that this is not a nice way of writing to you, and indeed it would be nice if I could. Of course I wish you to be full of joy—of course I wish with all my heart that you may be happy if you marry your cousin; but the thing has come so suddenly that we cannot bring ourselves to look upon it as a reality."

("You should speak for yourself, Janet," said Mr. Fenwick, when he came to this part of the letter. He did not, however, require that the sentence should be altered.)

"You talk so much of doing what is right! Nobody has ever doubted that you were right both in morals and sentiment. The only regret has been that such a course should be right, and that the other thing should be wrong. Poor man! we have not seen him yet, nor heard from him. Frank says that he will take it very badly. I suppose that men do always get over that kind of

thing much quicker than women do. Many women never can get over it at all; and Harry Gilmore, though there is so little about him that seems to be soft, is in this respect more like a woman than a man. Had he been otherwise, and only half cared for you, and asked you to be his wife as though your taking him was a thing he didn't much care about and quite a matter of course, I believe you would have been up at Hampton Privets this moment, instead of going soldiering with a captain.

"Frank bids me send you his kindest love and his best wishes for your happiness. Those are his very words, and they seem to be kinder than mine. Of course you have my love and my best wishes, but I do not know how to write as though I could rejoice with you. Your husband will always be dear to us, whoever he may be, if he be good to you. At present I feel very, very angry with Captain Marrable, as though I wish he had had his head blown off in battle. However, if he is to be the happy man, I will open my heart to him; that is, if he be good.

"I know this is not nice, but I cannot make it nicer now. God bless you, dearest Mary!

"Ever your most affectionate friend,  
"JANET FENWICK."

The letter was not posted till the hour for despatch on the following day, but up to that hour nothing had been seen at the vicarage of Mr. Gilmore.

#### CHAPTER XXIII.

WHAT MR. GILMORE THINKS ABOUT IT.

MR. GILMORE was standing on the doorsteps of his own house when Mary's letter was brought to him. It was a modest-sized country gentleman's residence, built of variegated, uneven stones, black and gray and white, which seemed to be chiefly flint, but the corners and settings of the windows and of the doorways and the chimneys were of brick. There was something sombre about it, and many perhaps might call it dull of

aspect, but it was substantial, comfortable and unassuming. It was entered by broad stone steps, with iron balustrades curving outward as they descended, and there was an open area round the house, showing that the offices were in the basement. In these days it was a quiet house enough, as Mr. Gilmore was a man not much given to the loudness of bachelor parties. He entertained his neighbors at dinner perhaps once a month, and occasionally had a few guests staying with him. His uncle, the prebendary from Salisbury, was often with him, and occasionally a brother who was in the army. For the present, however, he was much more inclined, when in want of society, to walk off to the vicarage than to provide it for himself at home. When Mary's letter was handed to him with his *Times* and other correspondence, he looked, as everybody does, at the address, and at once knew that it came from Mary Lowther. He had never hitherto received a letter from her, but yet he knew her handwriting well. Without waiting a moment, he turned upon his heel and went back into his house, and through the hall to the library. When there he first opened three other letters—two from tradesmen in London, and one from his uncle, offering to come to him on the next Monday. Then he opened the *Times*, and cut it and put it down on the table. Mary's letter meanwhile was in his hand, and any one standing by might have thought that he had forgotten it. But he had not forgotten it, nor was it out of his mind for a moment. While looking at the other letters, while cutting the paper, while attempting, as he did, to read the news, he was suffering under the dread of the blow that was coming. He was there for twenty minutes before he dared to break the envelope; and though during the whole of that time he pretended to deceive himself by some employment, he knew that he was simply postponing an evil thing that was coming to him. At last he cut the letter open, and stood for some moments looking for courage to read it. He did read it, and then sat himself down in his chair, telling him-

self that the thing was over and that he would bear it as a man. He took up his newspaper and began to study it. It was the time of the year when newspapers are not very interesting, but he made a rush at the leading articles and went through two of them. Then he turned over to the police reports. He sat there for an hour, and read hard during the whole time. Then he got up and shook himself, and knew that he was a crippled man, with every function out of order, disabled in every limb. He walked from the library into the hall, and thence to the dining-room, and so backward and forward for a quarter of an hour. At last he could walk no longer, and closing the door of the library behind him, he threw himself on a sofa and cried like a woman.

What was it that he wanted, and why did he want it? Were there not other women whom the world would say were as good? Was it ever known that a man had died or become irretrievably broken and destroyed by disappointed love? Was it not one of those things that a man should shake off from him and have done with it? He asked himself these and many such-like questions, and tried to philosophize with himself on the matter. Had he no will of his own by which he might conquer this enemy? No: he had no will of his own, and the enemy would not be conquered. He had to tell himself that he was so poor a thing that he could not stand up against the evil that had fallen on him.

He walked out round his shrubberies and paddocks, and tried to take an interest in the bullocks and the horses. He knew that if every bullock and horse about the place had been struck dead, it would not enhance his misery. He had not had much hope before, but now he would have seen the house of Hampton Privets in flames, just for the chance that had been his yesterday. It was not only that he wanted her, or that he regretted the absence of some recognized joys which she would have brought to him, but that the final decision on her part seemed to take from him all vitality,

all power of enjoyment, all that inward elasticity which is necessary for an interest in worldly affairs.

He had as yet hardly thought of anything but himself—had hardly observed the name of his successful rival, or paid any attention to aught but the fact that she had told him that it was all over. He had not attempted to make up his mind whether anything could still be done—whether he might yet have a chance—whether it would be well for him to quarrel with the man—whether he should be indignant with her, or remonstrate once again in regard to her cruelty. He had thought only of the blow and of his inability to support it. Would it not be best that he should go forth and blow out his brains, and have done with it?

He did not look at the letter again till he had returned to the library. Then he took it from his pocket, and read it very carefully. Yes, she had been quick about it. Why, how long had it been since she had left their parish? It was still October, and she had been there just before the murder—only the other day! Captain Walter Marrable! No, he didn't think he had ever heard of him. Some fellow with a moustache and a military strut—just the man that he had always hated; one of a class which, with nothing real to recommend it, is always interfering with the happiness of everybody. It was in some such light as this that Mr. Gilmore at present regarded Captain Marrable. How could such a man make a woman happy—a fellow who probably had no house nor home in which to make her comfortable? Staying with his uncle, the clergyman! Poor Gilmore expressed a wish that the uncle, the clergyman, had been choked before he had entertained such a guest. Then he read the concluding sentence of poor Mary's letter, in which she expressed a hope that they might be friends? Was there ever such cold-blooded trash? Friends indeed! What sort of friendship could there be between two persons, one of whom had made the other so wretched, so dead, as was he at present?

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For some half hour he tried to comfort himself with an idea that he could get hold of Captain Marrable and maul him—that it would be a thing permissible for him, a magistrate, to go forth with a whip and flog the man, and then perhaps shoot him, because the man had been fortunate in love where he had been unfortunate. But he knew the world in which he lived too well to allow himself long to think that this could really be done. It might be that it was a better world where such revenge was practicable, but, as he well knew, it was not practicable now; and if Mary Lowther chose to give herself to this accursed captain, he could not help it. There was nothing that he could do but to go away and chafe at his suffering in some part of the world in which nobody would know that he was chafing.

When the evening came, and he found that his solitude was terribly oppressive to him, he thought that he would go down to the vicarage. He had been told by that false one that her tidings had been sent to her friend. He took his hat and sauntered out across the fields, and did walk as far as the churchyard gate, close to poor Mr. Trumbull's farm—the very spot at which he had last seen Mary Lowther; but when he was there he could not endure to go through to the vicarage. There is something mean to a man in the want of success in love. If a man lose a venture of money, he can tell his friend, or be unsuccessful for a seat in Parliament, or be thrown out of a run in the hunting-field, or even if he be blackballed for a club; but a man can hardly bring himself to tell to his dearest comrade that his Mary has preferred another man to himself. This wretched fact the Fenwicks already knew as to poor Gilmore's Mary, and yet, though he had come down there hoping for some comfort, he did not dare to face them. He went back all alone, and tumbled and tossed and fretted through the miserable night.

And the next morning was as bad. He hung about the place till about four, utterly crushed by his burden. It was a Saturday, and when the postman called

no letter had yet been even written in answer to his uncle's proposition. He was moping about the grounds, with his hands in his pockets, thinking of this, when suddenly Mrs. Fenwick appeared in the path before him. There had been another consultation that morning between herself and her husband, and this visit was the result of it. He dashed at the matter immediately. "You have come," he said, "to talk to me about Mary Lowther."

"I have come to say a word, if I can, to comfort you. Frank bade me to come."

"There isn't any comfort," he replied.

"We knew that it would be hard to bear, my friend," she said, putting her hand within his arm, "but there is comfort."

"There can be none for me. I had set my heart upon it, so that I cannot forget it."

"I know you had, and so had we. Of course there will be sorrow, but it will wear off." He shook his head without speaking. "God is too good," she continued, "to let such troubles remain with us long."

"You think, then," he said, "that there is no chance?" What could she say to him? How, under the circumstances of Mary's engagement, could she encourage his love for her friend? "I know that there is none," he continued. "I feel, Mrs. Fenwick, that I do not know what to do with myself or how to hold myself. Of course it is nonsense to talk about dying, but I do feel as though if I didn't die I should go crazy. I can't settle my mind to a single thing."

"It is fresh with you yet, Harry," she said. She had never called him Harry before, though her husband did so always, and now she used the name in sheer tenderness.

"I don't know why such a thing should be different with me than with other people," he said; "only that perhaps I am weaker. But I've known from the very first that I have staked everything upon her. I have never questioned to myself that I was going for all or nothing. I have seen it be-

fore me all along, and now it has come. Oh, Mrs. Fenwick, if God would strike me dead this moment, it would be a mercy!" And then he threw himself on the ground at her feet. He was not there a moment before he was up again. "If you knew how I despise myself for all this—how I hate myself!"

She would not leave him, but stayed there till he consented to come down with her to the vicarage. He should dine there, and Frank should walk back with him at night. As to that question of Mr. Chamberlaine's visit, respecting which Mrs. Fenwick did not feel herself competent to give advice herself, it should become matter of debate between them and Frank, and then a man and horse could be sent to Salisbury on Sunday morning. As he walked down to the vicarage with that pretty woman at his elbow, things perhaps were a little better with him.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.

THE REV. HENRY FITZCARRLEY CHAMBERLAINE.

It was decided that evening at the vicarage that it would be better for all parties that the reverend uncle from Salisbury should be told to make his visit and spend the next week at Hampton Privets: that is, that he should come on the Monday and stay till the Saturday. The letter was written down at the vicarage, as Fenwick feared that it would never be written if the writing of it were left to the unassisted energy of the squire. The letter was written, and the vicar, who walked back to Hampton Privets house with his friend, took care that it was given to a servant on that night.

On the Sunday nothing was seen of Mr. Gilmore. He did not come to church, nor would he dine at the vicarage. He remained the whole day in his own house, pretending to write, trying to write—with accounts before him, with a magazine in his hand, even with a volume of sermons open on the table before him. But neither the accounts, nor the

magazine, nor the sermons could arrest his attention for a moment. He had staked everything on obtaining a certain object, and that object was now beyond his reach. Men fail often in other things—in the pursuit of honor, fortune or power—and when they fail they can begin again. There was no beginning again for him. When Mary Lowther should have married this captain she would be a thing lost to him for ever; and was she not as bad as married to this man already? He could do nothing to stop her marriage.

Early in the afternoon on Monday the Rev. Henry Fitzackerley Chamberlaine reached Hampton Privets. He came with his own carriage and a pair of post-horses, as befitted a prebendary of the good old times. Not that Mr. Chamberlaine was a very old man, but that it suited his tastes and tone of mind to adhere to the well-bred ceremonies of life, so many of which went out of fashion when railroads came in. Mr. Chamberlaine was a gentleman about fifty-five years of age, unmarried, possessed of a comfortable private independence, the incumbent of a living in the fens of Cambridgeshire, which he never visited, his health forbidding him to do so; on which subject there had been a considerable amount of correspondence between him and a certain right reverend prelate, in which the prebendary had so far got the better in the argument as not to be disturbed in his manner of life; and he was, as has been before said, the owner of a stall in Salisbury Cathedral. His lines had certainly fallen to him in very pleasant places. As to that living in the fens, there was not much to prick his conscience, as he gave up the parsonage-house and two-thirds of the income to his curate: the other third he expended on local charities. Perhaps the argument which had most weight in silencing the bishop was contained in a short postscript to one of his letters. "By the by," said the postscript, "perhaps I ought to inform your lordship that I have never drawn a penny of income out of Hardbedloe since I ceased to live there." "It's a bishop's

living," said the happy holder of it to one or two clerical friends, "and Dr. — thinks the patronage would be better in his hands than in mine. I disagree with him, and he'll have to write a great many letters before he succeeds." But his stall was worth eight hundred pounds a year and a house, and Mr. Chamberlaine, in regard to his money matters, was quite in clover.

He was a very handsome man—about six feet high, with large, light-gray eyes, a straight nose and a well-cut chin. His lips were thin, but his teeth were perfect, only that they had been supplied by a dentist. His gray hair encircled his head, coming round upon his forehead in little wavy curls, in a manner that had conquered the hearts of spinsters by the dozen in the cathedral. It was whispered, indeed, that married ladies would sometimes succumb, and rave about the beauty and the dignity and the white hands and the deep rolling voice of the Rev. Henry Fitzackerley Chamberlaine. Indeed, his voice was very fine when it would be heard from the far-off end of the choir during the communion service, altogether trumping the exertion of the other second-rate clergyman who would be associated with him at the altar. And he had, too, great gifts of preaching, which he would exercise once a week during thirteen weeks of the year. He never exceeded twenty-five minutes, every word was audible throughout the whole choir, and there was a grace about it that was better than any doctrine. When he was to be heard the cathedral was always full, and he was perhaps justified in regarding himself as one of the ecclesiastical stars of the day. Many applications were made to him to preach here and there, but he always refused. Stories were told of how he had declined to preach before the Queen at St. James', averring that if Her Majesty would please to visit Salisbury, every accommodation should be provided for her. As to preaching at Whitehall, Westminster and St. Paul's, it was not doubted that he had over and over again declared that his appointed place was in his own stall, and that he did not consider that he was

called to holding forth in the market-place. He was usually abroad during the early autumn months, and would make sundry prolonged visits to friends, but his only home was his prebendal residence in the Close. It was not much of a house to look at from the outside, being built with the plainest possible construction of brick, but within it was very pleasant. All that curtains, and carpets, and arm-chairs, and books, and ornaments could do, had been done lavishly, and the cellar was known to be the best in the city. He always used post-horses, but he had his own carriage. He never talked very much, but when he did speak people listened to him. His appetite was excellent, but he was a feeder not very easy to please: it was understood well by the ladies of Salisbury that if Chamberlaine was expected to dinner, something special must be done in the way of entertainment. He was always exceedingly well dressed. What he did with his hours nobody knew, but he was supposed to be a man well educated at all points. That he was such a judge of all works of art that not another like him was to be found in Wiltshire, nobody doubted. It was considered that he was almost as big as the bishop, and not a soul in Salisbury would have thought of comparing the dean to him. But the dean had seven children, and Mr. Chamberlaine was quite unencumbered.

Henry Gilmore was a little afraid of his uncle, but would always declare that he was not so. "If he chooses to come over here, he is welcome," the nephew would say; "but he must live just as I do." Nevertheless, though there was but little left of the '47 Lafitte in the cellar of Hampton Privets, a bottle was always brought up when Mr. Chamberlaine was there, and Mrs. Buncher, the cook, did not pretend but that she was in a state of dismay from the hour of his coming to that of his going. And yet Mrs. Buncher and the other servants liked him to be there. His presence honored the Privets. Even the boy who blacked his boots felt that he was blacking the boots of a great man. It

was acknowledged throughout the household that the squire, having such an uncle, was much more of a squire than he would have been without him. The clergyman, being such as he was, was greater than the country gentleman. And yet Mr. Chamberlaine was only a prebendary, was the son of a country clergyman who had happened to marry a wife with money, and had absolutely never done anything useful in the whole course of his life. It is often very curious to trace the sources of greatness. With Mr. Chamberlaine I think, it came from the whiteness of his hands, and from a certain knack he had of looking as though he could say a great deal, though it suited him better to be silent and say nothing. Of outside deportment no doubt he was a great master.

Mr. Fenwick always declared that he was very fond of Mr. Chamberlaine, and greatly admired him. "He is the most perfect philosopher I ever met," Fenwick would say, "and has gone to the very centre depth of contemplation. In another ten years he will be the great Akinetos. He will eat and drink, and listen, and be at ease, and desire nothing. As it is, no man that I know disturbs other people so little." On the other hand, Mr. Chamberlaine did not profess any great admiration for Mr. Fenwick, whom he designated as one of the smart "windbag" tribe—"clever, no doubt, and perhaps conscientious, as a friend of his own knows, but shallow, and perhaps a little conceited." The squire, who was not clever and not conceited, understood them both, and much preferred his friend the vicar to his uncle the prebendary.

Gilmore had once consulted his uncle—once in an evil moment, as he now felt—whether it would not be well for him to marry Miss Lowther. The uncle had expressed himself as very adverse to the marriage, and would now, on this occasion, be sure to ask some question about it. When the great man arrived the squire was out, still wandering round among the bullocks and sheep; but the evening after dinner would be very long. On the following day, Mr. and Mrs.

Fenwick, with Mr. and Mrs. Green-thorne, were to dine at the Privets. If this first evening were only through, Gilmore thought that he could get some comfort, even from his uncle. As he came near the house, he went into the yard and saw the prebendary's grand carriage, which was being washed. No, as far as the groom knew, Mr. Chamberlaine had not gone out, but was in the house then. So Gilmore entered and found his uncle in the library.

His first questions were about the murder. "You did catch one man and let him go?" said the prebendary.

"Yes, a tenant of mine; but there was no evidence against him. He was not the man."

"I would not have let him go," said Mr. Chamberlaine.

"You would not have kept a man that was innocent?" said Gilmore.

"I would not have let the young man go."

"But the law would not support us in detaining him."

"Nevertheless, I would not have let him go," said Mr. Chamberlaine. "I heard all about it."

"From whom did you hear?"

"From Lord Trowbridge. I certainly would not have let him go." It appeared, however, that Lord Trowbridge's opinion had been given to the prebendary prior to that fatal meeting which had taken place in the house of the murdered man.

The uncle drank his claret in silence on this evening. He said nothing, at least, about Mary Lowther. "I don't know where you got it, Harry, but that is not a very bad glass of wine."

"We think there's none better in the country, sir," said Harry.

"I should be very sorry to commit myself so far, but it is a good glass of wine. By the by, I hope your *chef* has learned to make a cup of coffee since I was here in the spring. I think we'll try it now." The coffee was brought, and the prebendary shook his head—the least shake in the world—and smiled blandly.

"Coffee is the very devil in the coun-

try," said Harry Gilmore, who did not dare to say that the mixture was good in opposition to his uncle's opinion.

After the coffee, which was served in the library, the two men sat silent together for half an hour, and Gilmore was endeavoring to think what it was that made his uncle come to Bullhampton. At last, before he had arrived at any decision on this subject, there came first a little nod, then a start and a sweet smile, then another nod and a start without the smile, and after that a soft murmuring of a musical snore, which gradually increased in deepness till it became evident that the prebendary was extremely happy. Then it occurred to Gilmore that perhaps Mr. Chamberlaine might have become tired of going to sleep in his own house, and that he had come to the Privets, as he could not snore with comfortable self-satisfaction in the houses of indifferent friends. For the benefit of such a change it might perhaps be worth the great man's while to undergo the penalty of a bad cup of coffee.

And could not he, too, go to sleep—he, Gilmore? Could he not fall asleep—not only for a few moments on such an occasion as this—but altogether, after the Akinetos fashion, as explained by his friend Fenwick? Could he not become an immovable one, as was this divine uncle of his? No Mary Lowther had ever disturbed that man's happiness. A good dinner, a pretty ring, an easy-chair, a china tea-cup might all be procured with certainty, as long as money lasted. Here was a man before him superbly comfortable, absolutely happy, with no greater suffering than what might come to him from a chance cup of bad coffee, while he, Harry Gilmore himself, was as miserable a devil as might be found between the four seas, because a certain young woman wouldn't come to him and take half of all that he owned! If there were any curative philosophy to be found, why could not he find it? The world might say that the philosophy was a low philosophy; but what did that matter if it would take away out of his breast that horrid load which was more than he could bear? He declared to himself

that he would sell his heart with all its privileges for half a farthing, if he could find anybody to take it with all its burden. Here, then, was a man who had no burden. He was snoring with almost harmonious cadence—slowly, discreetly, one might say artistically—quite like a gentleman; and the man who so snored could not but be happy. "Oh, d—n it!" said Gilmore, in a private whisper, getting up and leaving the room, but there was more of envy than of anger in the exclamation.

"Ah! you've been out," said Mr. Chamberlaine when his nephew returned. "Been to look at the horses made up."

"I never can see the use of that, but I believe a great many men do it. I suppose it's an excuse for smoking generally." Now, Mr. Chamberlaine did not smoke.

"Well! I did light my pipe."

"There's not the slightest necessity for telling me so, Harry. Let us see if Mrs. Buncher's tea is better than her coffee." Then the bell was rung, and Mr. Chamberlaine desired that he might have a cup of black tea, not strong, but made with a good deal of tea and poured out rapidly, without much decoction. "If it be strong and harsh I can't sleep a wink," he said. The tea was brought, and sipped very leisurely. There was then a word or two said about certain German baths, from which Mr. Chamberlaine had just returned; and Mr. Gilmore began to believe that he should not be asked to say anything about Mary Lowther that night.

But the Fates were not so kind. The prebendary had arisen with the intention of retiring for the night, and was already standing before the fire, with his bedroom candle in his hand, when something—the happiness probably of his own position in life, which allowed him to seek the blessings of an undivided couch—brought to his memory the fact that his nephew had spoken to him about some young woman—some young woman who had possessed not even the merit of a dowry. "By the by," said he, "what has become of that flame of

yours, Harry?" Harry Gilmore became black and glum. He did not like to hear Mary spoken of as a flame. He was standing at this moment with his back to his uncle, and so remained without answering him. "Do you mean to say that you did ask her after all?" asked the uncle. "If there be any scrape, Harry, you had better let me hear it."

"I don't know what you call a scrape," said Harry. "She's not going to marry me."

"Thank God, my boy!" Gilmore turned round, but his uncle did not probably see his face. "I can assure you," continued Mr. Chamberlaine, "that the idea made me quite uncomfortable. I set some inquiries on foot, and she was not the sort of girl that you should marry."

"By G—," said Gilmore, "I'd give every acre I have in the world, and every shilling, and every friend, and twenty years of my life, if I could only be allowed at this moment to think it possible that she would ever marry me!"

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Chamberlaine. While he was saying it Harry Gilmore walked off, and did not show himself to his uncle again that night.

#### CHAPTER XXV.

##### CARRY BRATTLE.

ON the day after the dinner-party at Hampton Privets, Mr. Fenwick made his little excursion out in the direction toward Devizes of which he had spoken to his wife. The dinner went off very quietly, and there was considerable improvement in the coffee. There was some gentle sparring between the two clergymen, if that can be called sparring in which all the active pugnacity was on one side. Mr. Fenwick endeavored to entrap Mr. Chamberlaine into arguments, but the prebendary escaped with a degree of skill—without the shame of sullen refusal—that excited the admiration of Mr. Fenwick's wife. "After all, he is a clever man," she said, as she went home, "or he could never slip about as he does,

like an eel, and that with so very little motion."

On the next morning the vicar started alone in his gig. He had at first said that he would take with him a nondescript boy, who was partly groom, partly gardener and partly shoeblack, and who consequently did half the work of the house, but at last he decided that he would go alone. "Peter is very silent, and most meritoriously uninterested in everything," he said to his wife. "He wouldn't tell much, but even he might tell something." So he got himself into his gig and drove off alone. He took the Devizes road, and passed through Lavington without asking a question; but when he was halfway between that place and Devizes, he stopped his horse at a lane that led away to the right. He had been on the road before, but he did not know that lane. He waited a while till an old woman whom he saw coming to him reached him, and asked her whether the lane would take him across to the Marlborough road. The old woman knew nothing of the Marlborough road, and looked as though she had never heard of Marlborough. Then he asked the way to Pycroft Common. Yes, the lane would take him to Pycroft Common. Would it take him to the Bald-faced Stag? The old woman said it would take him to Rump-end Corner, "but she didn't know nowt of t'other place." He took the lane, however, and without much difficulty made his way to the Bald-faced Stag, which in the days of the glory of that branch of the Western Road used to supply beer to at least a dozen coaches a day, but which now, alas! could slocken no drowth but that of the rural aborigines. At the Bald-faced Stag, however, he found that he could get a feed of corn, and here he put up his horse, and saw that the corn was eaten.

Pycroft Common was a mile from him, and to Pycroft Common he walked. He took the road toward Marlborough for half a mile, and then broke off across the open ground to the left. There was no difficulty in finding this place, and now it was his object to discover the

cottage of Mrs. Burrows without asking the neighbors for her by name. He had obtained a certain amount of information, and thought that he could do it. He walked on to the middle of the common, and looked for his points of bearing. There was the beer-house, and there was the road that led away, to Pewsey, and there were the two brick cottages standing together. Mrs. Burrows lived in the little white cottage just behind. He walked straight up to the door, between the sunflowers and the rosebush, and, pausing for a few moments to think whether or no he would enter the cottage unannounced, he knocked at the door. A policeman would have entered without notice, and so would a poacher knock over a hare on its form; but whatever creature a gentleman or a sportsman be hunting, he will always give it a chance. He rapped, and immediately heard that there were sounds within. He rapped again, and in about a minute was told to enter. Then he opened the door and found but one person within. It was a young woman, and he stood for a moment looking at her before he spoke. "Carry Brattle," he said, "I am glad that I have found you."

"Laws, Mr. Fenwick!"

"Carry, I am so glad to see you!" and then he put out his hand to her.

"Oh, Mr. Fenwick, I ain't fit for the likes of you to touch," she said. But as his hand was still stretched out she put her own into it, and he held it in his grasp for a few seconds. She was a poor, sickly-looking thing now, but there were the remains of great beauty in the face—or rather the presence of beauty—but of beauty obscured by flushes of riotous living and periods of want, by ill-health, harsh usage, and, worst of all, by the sharp agonies of an intermitting conscience. It was a pale, gentle face, on which there were still streaks of pink: a soft, laughing face it had been once, and still there was a gleam of light in the eyes that told of past merriment, and almost promised mirth to come, if only some great evil might be cured. Her long flaxen curls still hung down her face, but they were larger, and, as Fen-

wick thought, more tawdry, than of yore; and her cheeks were thin and her eyes were hollow; and then there had come across her mouth that look of boldness which the use of bad, sharp words, half wicked and half witty, will always give. She was dressed decently, and was sitting in a low chair, with a torn, disreputable-looking old novel in her hand. Fenwick knew that the book had been taken up on the spur of the moment, as there had certainly been some one there when he had knocked at the door.

And yet, though vice had laid its heavy hand upon her, the glory and the brightness and the sweet outward flavor of innocence had not altogether departed from her. Though her mouth was bold, her eyes were soft and womanly, and she looked up into the face of the clergyman with a gentle, tamed, beseeching gaze, which softened and won his heart at once. Not that his heart had ever been hard against her. Perhaps it was a fault with him that he never hardened his heart against a sinner, unless the sin implied pretence and falsehood. At this moment, remembering the little Carry Brattle of old, who had sometimes been so sweetly obedient and sometimes so wilful under his hands—whom he had petted and caressed and scolded and loved—whom he had loved, undoubtedly in part, because she had been so pretty—whom he had hoped that he might live to marry to some good farmer, in whose kitchen he would ever be welcome, and whose children he would christen,—remembering all this, he would now, at this moment, have taken her in his arms and embraced her if he dared, showing her that he did not account her to be vile, begging her to become more good, and planning some course for her future life.

"I have come across from Bullhampton, Carry, to find you," he said.

"It's a poor place you're come to, Mr. Fenwick. I suppose the police told you of my being here."

"I had heard of it. Tell me, Carry, what do you know of Sam?"

"Of Sam?"

"Yes—of Sam. Don't tell me an

untruth. You need tell me nothing, you know, unless you like. I don't come to ask as having any authority, only as a friend of his and of yours."

She paused a moment before she replied. "Sam hasn't done any harm to nobody," she said.

"I don't say he has. I only want to know where he is. You can understand, Carry, that it would be best that he should be at home."

She paused again, and then she blurted out her answer: "He went out o' that back door, Mr. Fenwick, when you came in at t'other."

The vicar immediately went to the back door, but Sam, of course, was not to be seen.

"Why should he be hiding if he has done no harm?" said the vicar.

"He thought it was one of them police. They do be coming here a'most every day, till one's heart faints at seeing 'em. I'd go away if I'd e'er a place to go to."

"Have you no place at home, Carry?"

"No, sir—no place."

This was so true that he couldn't tell himself why he had asked the question. She certainly had no place at home till her father's heart should be changed toward her.

"Carry," said he, speaking very slowly, "they tell me that you are married. Is that true?" She made him no answer. "I wish you would tell me, if you can. The state of a married woman is honest, at any rate, let her husband be who he may."

"My state is not honest."

"You are not married, then?"

"No, sir."

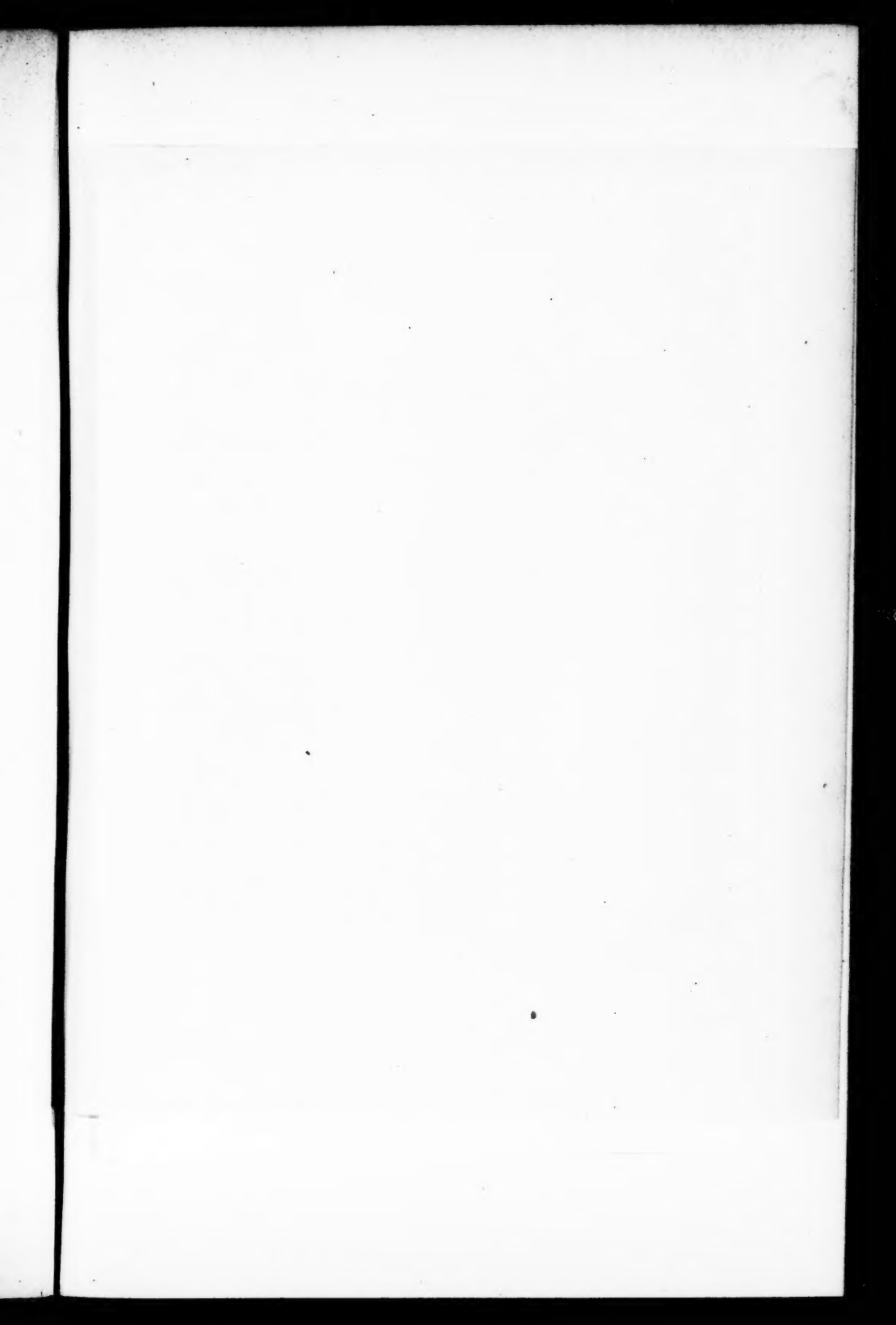
He hardly knew how to go on with his interrogations, or to ask questions about her past and present life, without expressing a degree of censure which, at any rate for the present, he wished to repress.

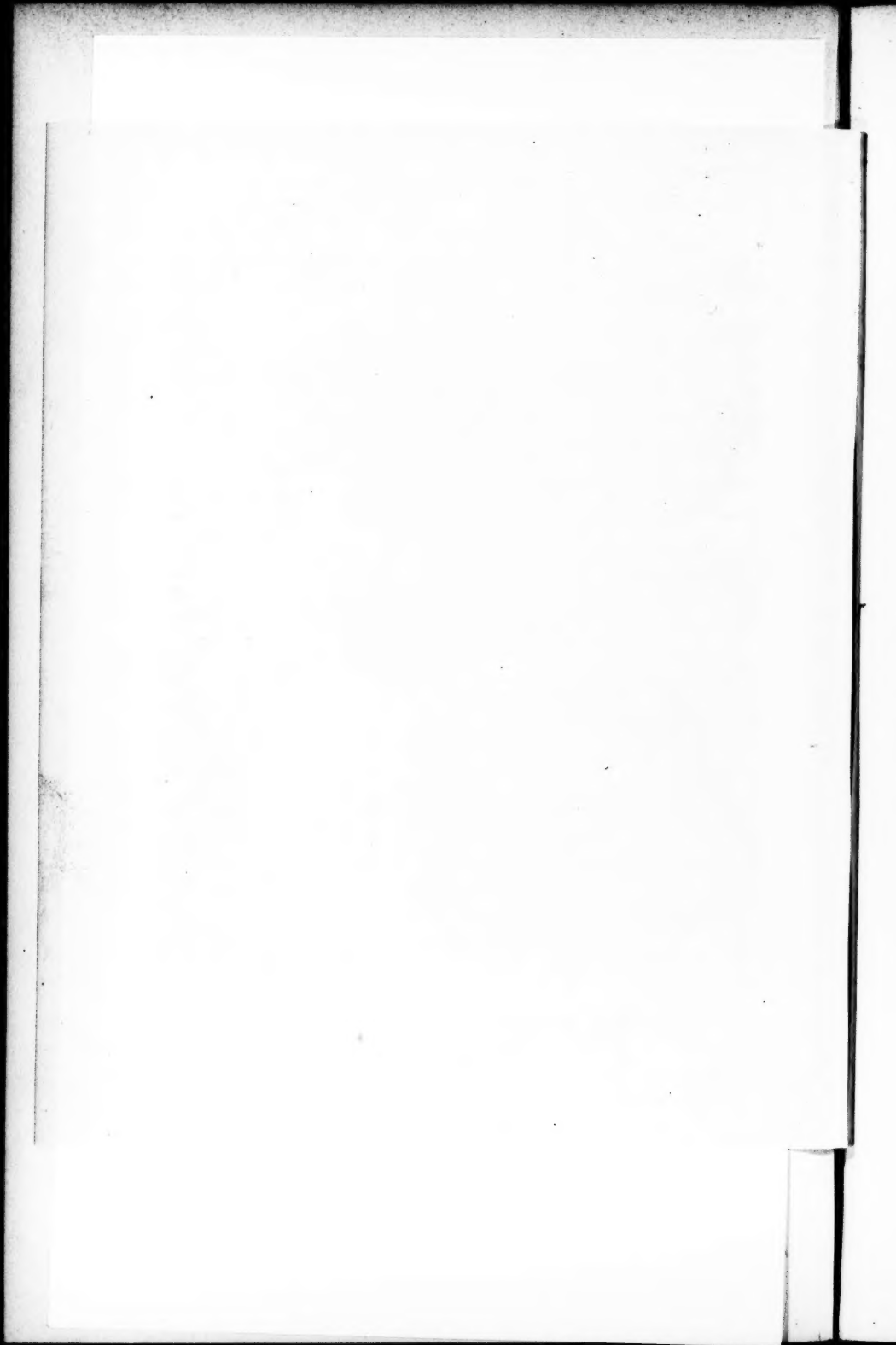
"You are living here, I believe, with old Mrs. Burrows?" he said.

"Yes, sir."

"I was told that you were married to her son."

"They told you untrue, sir. I know

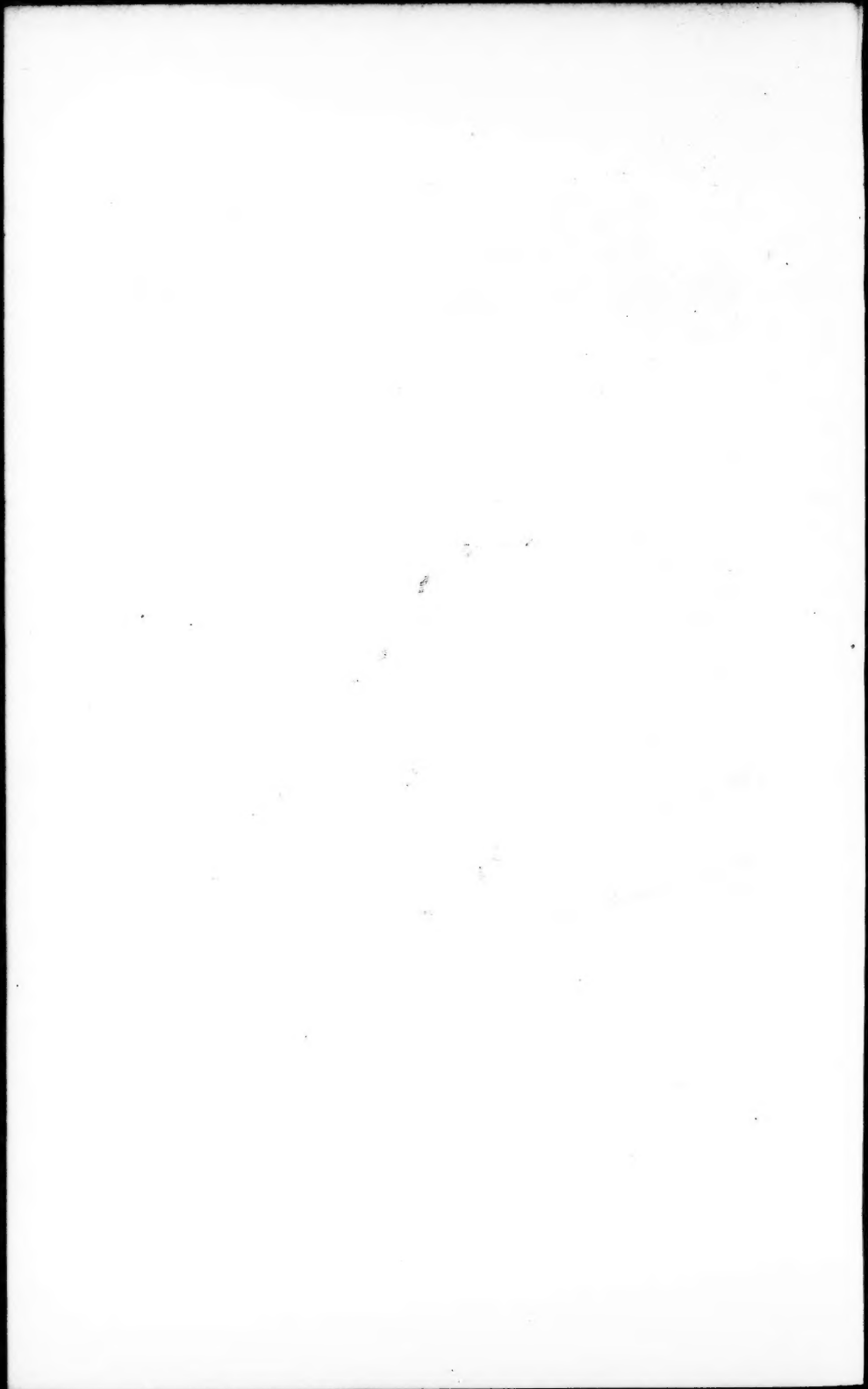






MARY LOWTHER AND MRS. FENWICK.

[Vicar of Bulhampton. Chap. II.]



nothing of her son, except just to have see'd him."

"Is that true, Carry?"

"It is true. It wasn't he at all."

"Who was it, Carry?"

"Not her son; but what does it signify? He's gone away, and I shall see 'un no more. He wasn't no good, Mr. Fenwick, and if you please we won't talk about 'un."

"He was not your husband?"

"No, Mr. Fenwick: I never had a husband, nor never shall, I suppose. What man would take the likes of me? I have just got one thing to do, and that's all."

"What thing is that, Carry?"

"To die and have done with it," she said, bursting out into loud sobs. "What's the use o' living? Nobody'll see me or speak to me. Ain't I just so bad that they'd hang me if they knew how to catch me?"

"What do you mean, girl?" said Fenwick, thinking for the moment that from her words she too might have had some part in the murder.

"Ain't the police coming here after me a'most every day? And when they hauls about the place and me too, what can I say to 'em? I have got that low that a'most everybody can say what they please to me. And where can I go out o' this? I don't want to be living here always with that old woman."

"Who is the old woman, Carry?"

"I suppose you knows, Mr. Fenwick."

"Mrs. Burrows, is it?" She nodded her head. "She is the mother of the man they call the Grinder?" Again she nodded her head. "It is he whom they accuse of the murder?" Yet again she nodded her head. "There was another man?" She nodded it again. "And they say that there was a third," he said—"your brother Sam?"

"Then they lie!" she shouted, jumping up from her seat. "They lie like devils. They are devils; and they'll go—oh down into the fiery furnace for ever and ever!"

In spite of the tragedy of the moment, Mr. Fenwick could not help joining this terribly earnest threat and the

Marquis of Trowbridge together in his imagination.

"Sam hadn't no more to do with it than you had, Mr. Fenwick."

"I don't believe he had," said Mr. Fenwick.

"Yes—because you're good and kind, and don't think ill of poor folk when they're a bit down. But as for them, they're devils."

"I did not come here, however, to talk about the murder, Carry. If I thought you knew who did it, I shouldn't ask you. That is business for the police, not for me. I came here partly to look after Sam. He ought to be at home. Why has he left his home and his work while his name is thus in people's mouths?"

"It ain't for me to answer for him, Mr. Fenwick. Let 'em say what they will, they can't make the white of his eye black. But as for me, I ain't no business to speak of nobody. How should I know why he comes and why he goes? If I said as how he'd come to see his sister, it wouldn't sound true, would it, sir, she being what she is?"

He got up and went to the front door, and opened it and looked about him. But he was looking for nothing. His eyes were full of tears, and he didn't care to wipe the drops away in her presence. "Carry," he said, coming back to her, "it wasn't all for him that I came."

"For who else, then?"

"Do you remember how we loved you when you were young, Carry? Do you remember my wife, and how you used to come and play with the children on the lawn? Do you remember, Carry, when you sat in church, and the singing, and what trouble we had together with the chants? There are one or two at Bullhampton who never will forget it."

"Nobody loves me now," she said, talking at him over her shoulder, which was turned to him.

He thought for a moment that he would tell her that the Lord loved her; but there was something human at his heart—something perhaps too human—which made him feel that were he down

low upon the ground, some love that was nearer to him, some love that was more easily intelligible, which had been more palpably felt, would in his frailty and his wickedness be of more immediate avail to him than the love even of the Lord God.

"Why should you think that, Carry?" he said.

"Because I'm bad."

"If we were to love only the good, we should love very few. I love you, Carry, truly. My wife loves you dearly."

"Does she?" said the girl, breaking into low sobs. "No, she doesn't: I know she doesn't. The likes of her couldn't love the likes of me. She wouldn't speak to me. She wouldn't touch me."

"Come and try, Carry."

"Father would kill me," she said.

"Your father is full of wrath, no doubt. You have done that which must make a father angry."

"Oh, Mr. Fenwick, I wouldn't dare to stand before his eye for a minute. The sound of his voice would kill me straight. How could I go back?"

"It isn't easy to make crooked things straight, Carry, but we may try; and they do become straighter if one tries in earnest. Will you answer me one question more."

"Anything about myself, Mr. Fenwick."

"Are you living in sin now, Carry?" She sat silent—not that she would not answer him, but that she did not comprehend the extent of the meaning of his question. "If it be so, and if you will not abandon it, no honest person can love you. You must change yourself, and then you will be loved."

"I have got the money which he gave me, if you mean that," she said.

Then he asked no further questions about herself, but reverted to the subject of her brother. Could she bring him in to say a few words to his old friend? But she declared that he was gone, and that she did not know whither—that he might probably return this very day to the mill, having told her that it was his purpose to do so soon. When he

expressed a hope that he held no consort with those bad men who had murdered and robbed Mr. Trumbull, she answered him with such naïve assurance that any such consorting was quite out of the question, that he became at once convinced that the murderers were far away, and that she knew that such was the case. As far as he could learn from her, Sam had really been over to Pycroft with the view of seeing his sister, taking probably a holiday of a day or two on the way. Then he again reverted to herself, having, as he thought, obtained a favorable answer to that vital question which he had asked her.

"Have you nothing to ask of your mother?" he said.

"Sam has told me of her and of Fan."

"And would you not care to see her?"

"Care, Mr. Fenwick! Wouldn't I give my eyes to see her? But how can I see her? And what could she say to me? Father'd kill her if she spoke to me. Sometimes I think I'll walk there all the day, and so get there at night, and just look about the old place, only I know I'd drown myself in the mill-stream. I wish I had. I wish it was done. I've seed an old poem in which they thought much of a poor girl after she was drowned, though nobody wouldn't think nothing at all about her before."

"Don't drown yourself, Carry, and I'll care for you. Keep your hands clean—you know what I mean—and I will not rest till I find some spot for your weary feet. Will you promise me?" She made him no answer. "I will not ask you for a spoken promise, but make it to yourself, Carry, and ask God to help you to keep it. Do you say your prayers, Carry?"

"Never a prayer, sir."

"But you don't forget them? You can begin again. And now I must ask for a promise. If I send for you, will you come?"

"What—to Bullhampton?"

"Whencesoever I may send for you? Do you think that I would have you harmed?"

"Perhaps it'd be for a prison, or to live along with a lot of others. Oh, Mr. Fenwick, I could not stand that."

He did not dare to proceed any farther, lest he should be tempted to make promises which he himself could not perform; but she did give him an assurance before he went that if she left her present abode within a month, she would let him know whither she was going.

He went to the Bald-faced Stag and got his gig, and on his way home, just as he was leaving the village of Lavington, he overtook Sam Brattle. He stopped and spoke to the lad, asking him whether he was returning home, and offering him a seat in the gig. Sam declined the seat, but said that he was going straight to the mill.

"It is very hard to make crooked things straight," said Mr. Fenwick to himself, as he drove up to his own hall door.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.

##### THE TURNOVER CORRESPONDENCE.

It is hoped that the reader will remember that the Marquis of Trowbridge was subjected to very great insolence from Mr. Fenwick during the discussion which took place in poor old Farmer Trumbull's parlor respecting the murder. Our friend, the vicar, did not content himself with personal invective, but made allusion to the marquis' daughters. The marquis, as he was driven home in his carriage, came to sundry conclusions about Mr. Fenwick. That the man was an infidel he had now no matter of doubt whatever; and if an infidel, then also a hypocrite, and a liar, and a traitor, and a thief. Was he not robbing the parish of the tithes, and all the while entrapping the souls of men and women? Was it not to be expected that with such a pastor there should be such as Sam Brattle and Carry Brattle in the parish? It was true that as yet this full-blown iniquity had spread itself only among the comparatively small number of tenants belonging to the objectionable "person"

who unfortunately owned a small number of acres in his lordship's parish; but his lordship's tenant had been murdered! And with such a pastor in the parish, and such an objectionable person owning acres to back the pastor, might it not be expected that all his tenants would be murdered? Many applications had already been made to the marquis for the Church Farm; but as it happened that the applicant whom the marquis intended to favor had declared that he did not wish to live in the house because of the murder, the marquis felt himself justified in concluding that if everything about the parish was not changed very shortly, no decent person would be found willing to live in any of his houses. And now, when they had been talking of murderers and worse than murderers—as the marquis said to himself, shaking his head with horror in the carriage as he thought of such iniquity—this infidel clergyman had dared to allude to his lordship's daughters! Such a man had no right even to think of women so exalted. The existence of the Ladies Stowte must no doubt be known to such men, and among themselves probably some allusion in the way of faint guesses might be made as to their modes of life, as men guess at kings' and queens', and even at gods' and goddesses'. But to have an illustration, and a very base illustration, drawn from his own daughters in his own presence, made with the object of confuting himself—this was more than the marquis could endure. He could not horsewhip Mr. Fenwick, nor could he send out his retainers to do so; but, thank God, there was a bishop! He did not quite see his way, but he thought that Mr. Fenwick might be made at least to leave that parish. "Turn my daughters out of my house, because—Oh, oh!" He almost put his fist through the carriage window in the energy of his action as he thought of it.

As it happened, the Marquis of Trowbridge had never sat in the House of Commons, but he had a son who sat there now. Lord St. George was member for another county, in which

Lord Trowbridge had an estate, and was a man of the world. His father admired him much, and trusted him a good deal, but still he had an idea that his son hardly estimated in the proper light the position in the world which he was called to fill. Lord St. George was now at home at the castle, and in the course of that evening the father, as a matter of course, consulted the son. He considered that it would be his duty to write to the bishop, but he would like to hear St. George's idea on the subject. He began, of course, by saying that he did not doubt but that St. George would agree with him.

"I shouldn't make any fuss about it," said the son.

"What! pass it over?"

"Yes; I think so."

"Do you understand the kind of allusion that was made to your sisters?"

"It won't hurt them, my lord; and people make allusion to everything now-a-days. The bishop can't do anything. For aught you know, he and Fenwick may be bosom friends."

"The bishop, St. George, is a most right-thinking man."

"No doubt. The bishops, I believe, are all right-thinking men, and it is well for them that they are so very seldom called on to go beyond thinking. No doubt he'll think that this fellow was indiscreet, but he can't go beyond thinking. You'll only be raising a blister for yourself."

"Raising a what?"

"A blister, my lord. The longer I live the more convinced I become that a man shouldn't keep his own sores open."

There was something in the tone of his son's conversation which pained the marquis much, but his son was known to be a wise and prudent man, and one who was rising in the political world. The marquis sighed and shook his head, and murmured something as to the duty which lay upon the great to bear the troubles incident to their greatness; by which he meant that sores and blisters should be kept open if the exigencies of rank so required. But he ended the

discussion at last by declaring that he would rest upon the matter for forty-eight hours. Unfortunately, before those forty-eight hours were over, Lord St. George had gone from Turnover Castle, and the marquis was left to his own lights. In the mean time, the father and son and one or two friends had been shooting over at Bullhampton; so that no farther steps of warfare had been taken when Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick met the marquis on the pathway.

On the following day his lordship sat in his own private room thinking of his grievance. He had thought of it and of little else for now nearly sixty hours. "Suggest to me to turn out my daughters! Heaven and earth! my daughters!" He was well aware that, though he and his son often differed, he could never so safely keep himself out of trouble as by following his son's advice. But surely this was a matter *per se*—standing altogether on its own bottom; very different from those ordinary details of life on which he and his son were wont to disagree. His daughters! The Ladies Sophie and Caroline Stowte! It had been suggested to him to turn them out of his house because— Oh! oh! The insult was so great that no human marquis could stand it. He longed to be writing a letter to the bishop: he was proud of his letters. Pen and paper were at hand, and he did write:

"RIGHT REV. AND DEAR LORD BISHOP:

"I think it right to represent to your lordship the conduct—I believe I may be justified in saying the misconduct—of the Reverend — Fenwick, the vicar of Bullhampton." (He knew our friend's Christian name very well, but he did not choose to have it appear that his august memory had been laden with a thing so trifling.) "You may have heard that there has been a most horrid murder committed in the parish on one of my tenants, and that suspicion is rife that the murder was committed in part by a young man, the son of a miller who lives under a person who owns some land in the parish. The family is very bad, one of the daughters being, as I

understand, a prostitute. The other day I thought it right to visit the parish with the view of preventing, if possible, the sojourn there among my people of these objectionable characters. When there I was encountered by Mr. Fenwick, not only in a most unchristian spirit, but in a bearing so little gentlemanlike that I cannot describe it to you. He had obtruded himself into my presence, into one of my own houses, the very house of the murdered man; and then, when I was consulting with the person to whom I have alluded as to the expediency of ridding ourselves of these objectionable characters, he met me with ribaldry and personal insolence. When I tell your lordship that he made insinuations about my own daughters so gross that I cannot repeat them to you, I am sure that I need go no farther. There were present at this meeting Mr. Puddleham, the Methodist minister, and Mr. Henry Gilmore, the landlord of the persons in question.

"Your lordship has probably heard the character, in a religious point of view, of this gentleman. It is not for me to express an opinion of the motives which can induce such a one to retain his position as an incumbent of a parish. But I do believe that I have a right to ask your lordship for some inquiry into the scene which I have attempted to describe, and to expect some protection for the future. I do not for a moment doubt that your lordship will do what is right in the matter.

"I have the honor to be, Right Reverend and dear Lord Bishop, your most obedient and faithful servant,

"TROWBRIDGE."

He read this over thrice, and became so much in love with the composition that on the third reading he had not the slightest doubt as to the expediency of sending it. Nor had he much doubt but that the bishop would do something to Mr. Fenwick which would make the parish too hot to hold that disgrace to the Church of England.

When Fenwick came home from Pycroft Common, he found a letter from

the bishop awaiting him. He had driven forty miles on that day, and was rather late for dinner. His wife, however, came up stairs with him in order that she might hear something of his story, and brought his letters with her. He did not open that from the bishop till he was half dressed, and then burst out into loud laughter as he read it.

"What is it, Frank?" asked Mrs. Fenwick, through the open door of her own room.

"Here's such a game!" said he. "Never mind: let's have dinner, and then you shall see it."

The reader, however, may be quite sure that Mrs. Fenwick did not wait till dinner was served before she knew the nature of the game.

The bishop's letter to the vicar was very short and very rational, and it was not that which made the vicar laugh; but inside the bishop's letter was that from the marquis. "My dear Mr. Fenwick," said the bishop, "after a good deal of consideration, I have determined to send you the enclosed. I do so because I have made it a rule never to receive an accusation against one of my clergy without sending it to the person accused. You will, of course, perceive that it alludes to some matter which lies outside of my control and right of inquiry; but perhaps you will allow me, as a friend, to suggest to you that it is always well for a parish clergyman to avoid controversy and quarrel with his neighbors, and that it is especially expedient that he should be on good terms with those who have influence in his parish. Perhaps you will forgive me if I add that a spirit of pugnacity, though no doubt it may lead to much that is good, has its bad tendencies if not watched closely.

"Pray remember that Lord Trowbridge is a worthy man, doing his duty on the whole well, and that his position, though it be entitled to no veneration, is entitled to much respect. If you can tell me that you will feel no grudge against him for what has taken place, I shall be very happy.

"You will observe that I have been

careful that this letter shall have no official character.

"Yours, very faithfully,  
" &c., &c., &c."

The letter was answered that evening, but before the answer was written the Marquis of Trowbridge was discussed between the husband and wife, not in complimentary terms. Mrs. Fenwick on the occasion was more pugnacious than her husband. She could not forgive the man who had hinted to the bishop that her husband held his living from unworthy motives, and that he was a bad clergyman.

"My dear girl," said Fenwick, "what can you expect from an ass but his ears?"

"I don't expect downright slander from such a man as the Marquis of Trowbridge, and if I were you I should tell the bishop so."

"I shall tell him nothing of the kind. I shall write about the marquis with the kindest feelings."

"But you don't feel kindly?"

"Yes I do. The poor old idiot has nobody to keep him right, and does the best he can, according to his lights. I have no doubt he thinks that I am everything that is horrid. I am not a bit angry with him, and would be as civil to him to-morrow as my nature would allow me, if he would only be civil to me."

Then he wrote his letter, which will complete the correspondence, and which he dated for the following day:

"BULLHAMPTON VICARAGE, Oct. 23, 1868.

"MY DEAR LORD BISHOP:

"I return the marquis' letter with many thanks. I can assure you that I take in proper spirit your little hints as to my pugnacity of disposition, and will endeavor to profit by them. My wife tells me that I am given to combativeness, and I have no doubt that she is right.

"As to Lord Trowbridge, I can assure your lordship that I will not bear any malice against him, or even think ill of him because of his complaint. He and I probably differ in opinion about almost everything, and he is one of those who pity the condition of all who are so

blinded as to differ from them. The next time that I am thrown into his company I shall act exactly as though no such letter had been written, and as if no such meeting had taken place as that which he describes.

"I hope I may be allowed to assure your lordship, without any reference to my motives for keeping it, that I shall be very slow to give up a living in your lordship's diocese. As your letter to me is unofficial—and I thank you heartily for sending it in such form—I have ventured to reply in the same strain.

"I am, my dear Lord Bishop,  
"Your very faithful servant,  
"FRANCIS FENWICK."

"There!" said he, as he folded it and handed it to his wife. "I shall never see the remainder of the series. I would give a shilling to know how the bishop gets out of it in writing to the marquis, and half a crown to see the marquis' rejoinder." The reader shall be troubled with neither, as he would hardly prize them so highly as did the vicar. The bishop's letter really contained little beyond an assurance on his part that Mr. Fenwick had not meant anything wrong, and that the matter was one with which he, the bishop, had no concern; all of which was worded with most complete episcopal courtesy. The rejoinder of the marquis was long, elaborate and very pompous. He did not exactly scold the bishop, but he expressed very plainly his opinion that the Church of England was going to the dogs, because a bishop had not the power of utterly abolishing any clergyman who might be guilty of an offence against so distinguished a person as the Marquis of Trowbridge.

But what was to be done about Carry Brattle? Mrs. Fenwick, when she had expressed her anger against the marquis, was quite ready to own that the matter of Carry's position was to them of much greater moment than the wrath of the peer. How were they to put out their hands and save that brand from the burning? Fenwick, in his ill-considered zeal, suggested that she might be brought

to the vicarage, but his wife at once knew that such a step would be dangerous in every way. "How could she live and what would she do? and what would the other servants think of it?"

"Why would the other servants mind it?" asked Fenwick. But his wife on such a matter could have a way of her own, and that project was soon knocked on the head. No doubt her father's house was the proper place for her, but then her father was so dour a man.

"Upon my word," said the vicar, "he is the only person in the world of whom I believe myself to be afraid. When I get at him I do not speak to him as I would to another; and of course he knows it."

Nevertheless, if anything was to be done for Carry Brattle, it seemed as though it must be done by her father's permission and assistance.

"There can be no doubt that it is his duty," said Mrs. Fenwick.

"I will not say that as a certainty," said the husband. "There is a point at which, I presume, a father may be justified in disowning a child. The possession of such a power, no doubt, keeps others from going wrong. What one

wants is, that a father should be presumed to have the power, but that when the time comes he should never use it. It is the comfortable doctrine which we are all of us teaching—wrath and abomination of the sinner before the sin, pardon and love after it. If you were to run away from me, Janet—"

"Frank, do not dare to speak of anything so horrible."

"I should say now probably that were you to do so, I would never blast my eyes by looking at you again, but I know that I should run after you and implore you to come back to me."

"You wouldn't do anything of the kind, and it isn't proper to talk about it; and I shall go to bed."

"It is very difficult to make crooked things straight," said the vicar, as he walked about the room after his wife had left him. "I suppose she ought to go into a reformatory. But I know she wouldn't, and I shouldn't like to ask her after what she said."

It is probably the case that Mr. Fenwick would have been able to do his duty better had some harsher feeling toward the sinner been mixed with his charity.

## SONNETS.

### I.

I WALKED among the solemn woods to-day—  
 The pines, whose sigh, so like a human heart's,  
 With one long, lingering monotone departs,  
 A mournful minor wailing far away—  
 And stern foreboding phantasies held sway  
 O'er all my being: something undefined,  
 In that weird, grieving, melancholy wind,  
 Those ghost-like trees, and the cold shuddering play  
 Of their drooped leaves funereal, told of death—  
 Death and decay, that know no after bloom,  
 No marvelous Resurrection's morning glow,  
 No second birth of rapt, celestial breath,  
 But dust, and rain, and the desolate tomb,  
 Round which, sweet Faith! no flowers of thine shall blow.

## II.

But while this morbid fancy on my soul  
 Pressed with dull weight, along the forest verge  
 Remote I heard a murmur like the surge  
 Of gentle waters—a soft musical roll  
 Of fairy thunder, such as that which swells  
 Up the fair Southland coast when days are calm.  
 A blissful voice it was, a wind of balm,  
 Wave-born, and brightening all the shadowy dells:  
 Oh how it thrilled my spirit! how it spake  
 In homelike yet majestic harmony  
 Of that lone shore whereon the billows break  
 Melodious o'er mine own beloved sea!—  
 Of joy and childhood's hope, whose splendors take  
 A strange, fresh radiance from Infinity!

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## GROUSE-SHOOTING

"The Moors! all hail, ye changeless, ye sublime!  
 That seldom hear a voice save that of Heaven;  
 Scorners of Chance and Fate and Death and Time,  
 But not of Him whose viewless hand hath riven  
 The chasm through which the mountain stream is  
 driven!

How like a prostrate giant, not in sleep,  
 But listening to his beating heart, ye lie!  
 With woods and winds dread harmony ye keep!  
 Ye seem alone beneath the boundless sky;  
 Ye speak, are mute, and there is no reply."

EBENEZER ELLIOTT, *Corn-Law Rhymes*.

**H**URRAH for the Moors! and welcome, thrice welcome, the long-looked-for twelfth of August! At last the great day, no longer at hand, is here, and what a glorious morning it is! The sun is not yet an hour high, and his light is over all the earth. The gray clouds are sailing grandly in seas of azure and gold, their crests tossing in the breeze and flooded with crimson fire. All the eastern sky is full of glory and color, of pomp and solemnity, like the vision of a painted window in some vast cathedral of immensity. The heavy mists have rolled away from the black moorlands, and the great dumb mountains stand out piteous and lonely against the pitiless blue of heaven. They are to me the very embodiments of inexplicable and unfathomable sorrow. But

then how finely they harmonize with the lonely moors!—lonely, but *not* sad, for behold how they deck themselves with the garlands and singing robes of Nature! How gayly they flaunt to the breeze or dally with the gentle winds in their summer mantles of flowers! Only a month ago and they were all green, and gold, and purple, the gorse and the heather blossoms flashing like jewels upon their tumultuous and passionate bosoms, as if they were celebrating the bridal of the earth and sky, and wishing they were their own.

Look at them on this bright, delicious morning—how the dews sparkle over them, turned into diamonds by the sun's alchemy! How proud they look! how free, joyous and happy! Hark! there is music too in the sky—such music as our instruments made by hands cannot approach for wildering ecstasy and rapture. That is the lark's song—the lowly, bonny lark, whose speckled breast, which also glitters with the pearly drops of morning, is so full of melody and joyousness that he must soar away up to Heaven's gate to charm the angels, and tell God how happy he is, and what a grateful heart beats and

burns in his tender little bosom. Oh how wondrously he trills and thrills up yonder! Surely there is no song like his—none that, of the earth, is less earthy;—none that speaks to us of such unspeakable things, as if it appealed to a new passion in the soul, and opened the windows of a new world that we dreamed not of.

"Up, up he mounts, to heaven away,  
The bird of lowly nest:  
Hark to his wildly-gushing lay!  
The dew is on his breast.

"He meets the morning in the skies,  
Upon his dappled wings:  
It seems to rain down melodies  
In the glad song he sings.

"Over the landscape green and brown  
Bright golden shadows fall;  
But oh the lark's song cometh down  
More golden than them all!

"The forest minstrels all are mute;  
No other sound is heard,  
Save low wind-breathings like the lute,  
With which the leaves are stirred.

"He singeth yet a wilder strain,  
As nearer heaven he soars:  
What visions float within his brain  
That these fresh notes he pours?"

Alas! no one can tell. He is joy and love on wings, to teach man how impious are repining and despair. At any rate, we may be sure that there is a divine meaning to his song and in all melody. Shall we pity the lark, therefore, that he cannot speak English! His language is universal—known alike to beast and bird, as well as to man, I doubt not. So sing away, thou merry little heart! The morning, glorious as it is, would be less bright, beautiful and welcome without thy song, and that is the reason I have allowed thee to occupy so much space in the picture of the landscape.

As I stand here, before the old stone house, the simple hostelry of the moors where I have passed the night, that I might be up betimes—on the Twelfth, any way, if never again—and mine eyes greet the sun rising, I seem to be present at a new creation. The old world, at all events, is a renovated world. It shows itself in a spick and span new

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dress, and so fresh in looks that sin appears to be but a harmless myth, lying far away back among the traditions of impossible things. Indeed, so very lonely is this region that for aught I know I may be the only man alive in it, barring my friend, whom I left asleep by the way—in unbleached linen, it is true, but linen sheets which smelt sweet last night of wild thyme and lavender. There is no sign of any human habitation as far as the eye can reach in any direction. A few small birds flit and chirp from shrub to shrub, and the ever-present sparrow, that so dearly loves the English homesteads, and builds his nest in the most open and exposed places—even in the spouts and holes of the house—makes a social twittering round about me; but that is all the life that shows itself in these green wilds. The silence is intense. I see the long, meandering roads, trailing white through the moorlands, now lost to view, and now glittering again in the surrounding blackness; descending into deep valleys, and rising up the sides of frowning mountains to their very summits, and then vanishing beyond them: great fragments of gray rock are scattered at intervals along the roadside, or half buried in the black peat-bog through which it runs. Muddy pools lie about, and in the ravines which abound on the moors there is sure to be a stream of crystal water flowing slowly or swiftly over a rocky bottom, according to the volume and violence of the cataract which hurls its roaring waters through the mountain gorge above.

And then I think of the many happy days I have spent in rambling over this wild country, both with and without my dogs and gun, and my one companion. The ghosts too of many a dead Twelfth loom up before my imagination, weary and heavy-laden with grouse, woodcock, snipe, partridge and hares; and I wonder what this new day will bring forth that I have looked for so long, and came so many miles to try and make as memorable as those of the past. And whilst I am indulging in these pleasant morning reflections, I hear the dogs bark in the stables, eager for liberty and sport;

and presently my friend comes down the stone stairs which lead from his chamber with its composition floor, as hard as any stone and much harder than wood, and joins me to get a breath of fresh air, as he says, to give him an appetite for breakfast. We are both dressed in tip-top style: a velveteen shooting-jacket, with pockets wide and deep enough to carry a brace of hares and two or three brace of grouse; a vest of the same material, containing at least four more pockets; and corduroy breeches, with buckskin gaiters, and a pair of water-tight boots, lacing above the ankles. This is our rig for the day and the season, and we congratulate each other upon the fine morning and the prospect of a good day's sport. My friend is a thoroughbred hunter, a crack shot and a most excellent good fellow; but Nature is nothing to him but a great game preserve. He is a man of senses and appetites, to whom poetry is "all d—d stuff," as John Clare called it, poor fellow! when he could no longer sing in tune in that Northamptonshire asylum for lunatics. I knew better than to talk of flowers, and birds, and "wee moist bits," and vast cartoons of mountains in his presence. It would have been like throwing the pearls of Osiris before the swine of Typhos—"simply this and nothing more." He could understand anything that related to shooting or the natural history of birds, but as for what the woods and clouds and waters and singing birds say to the heart of an understanding man who is intimate with Nature, he was as green as a lizard. He had not yet rubbed the drowsiness of slumber from his eyes, and came to me rubbing them with foolish fingers.

"For shame, Bob," quoth I, "to have overslept yourself this bright morning of the Twelfth—the brightest of all the year! Why, man, I have been up this hour, and have already made myself acquainted with the landscape around us, and with its invisible, innumerable intelligences, who have whispered to me such secrets as I dare not so much as hint at to you, on pain of a perpetual

excommunication henceforth and for ever."

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Bob: "what can you see in the landscape more than I can? I can see all that there is to see, and if you can see anything more, you ought to let yourself out to some show-folks and go on exhibition at fairs, marts and wakes. You would earn a pretty penny, I can tell you."

"No doubt," quoth I; "only I prefer to keep the secrets which have been entrusted to me until I get a full audience to listen to them. You, Bob, were born with a caul over your face, and you have the epidermis of a rhinoceros; so that you can neither see nor feel the things that I speak of. But when you go to the dog-kennels, and the question is a matter of breeding—or when you go to the moors, and the question turns about game and the best manner of hunting and shooting—I will back you against the world."

"And you would be sure to win!" replied Bob. "Moreover, I should like you to tell me what else is worth knowing," he added. "Will your poetry and stuff make you shoot better to-day than I shall shoot? Will they fill the game-bag, or make the dogs behave better? Not a bit of it, my fine fellow! So you shall have your satisfaction out of the moors, and I will have mine."

"Why, Bob," said I, "you are a reprobate! You abjure things sacred and unseen. You might just as well have been a heathen. You rob Nature of her poetry and beauty when you say there is nothing else but point-blank knowledges, and that a man's soul can live and get fat on external experience, without looking for an arcanum."

"Fiddle-de-dee with your arcanums!" he cried out in a rage. "Will they fill a hungry man's belly? Will they put dollars into his pocket, or make him a good shot and a dog-master? If they won't, what's the good of arcanums?"

"Bob," said I, "there was once a man who lived in the palace of a poet's mind, and his name was Peter Bell. He used to drive a donkey on these very moors before the poet aforesaid picked him up,

and he lived like a wild Ishmaelite, in a tent, and had a dozen wedded wives, which was bigamy multiplied by twelve. Now leave out the bigamy, and you are just such another chap as Peter Bell was. He could see nothing but matters of fact, and he had the impudence to call a spade a spade.

'A primrose by the river's brim  
A yellow primrose was to him,  
And it was nothing more!'

"And," said Bob, "in the name of common sense and all his policemen, what else was it but a primrose? That rascal piece of rhyme means to impute it as a sin against righteousness and all manner of godliness in Peter Bell because, being possessed with a pair of ordinary inspectors, he could only see a primrose in a primrose! Would the fool of a poet have had him see a bullock in it? or a windmill? or a flock of sheep? Isn't a thing a thing, I should like to know?"

"Certainly," quoth I, "O thou well-reasoning autocthon! A thing is a thing, undoubtedly; and being a thing, it must have qualities, faculties, potentialities, and a sufficient reason for its existence, if we could only come at it. This primrose, for example—"

"Ah, this *yellow* primrose!" said he, interrupting the argument. "Where are its qualities, and what are they? A yellow primrose is a yellow primrose, and that's all about it!"

"Hold on!" said I: "that's flat profanity; and let me tell you, Bob, that you inherit the blasphemy of Peter Bell the potter."

"Oh, he was a potter, was he?" said Bob. "I am glad of it. That's a far more respectable trade than a poet's. But, come now, to't! To the quality, I say. What of the quality?"

"Well, Bob, you must own that the primrose in early spring, when you come upon it at unawares in the woods, nodding its golden flowers over a bed, perhaps, of purple violets, whilst the throstle sings hard by in a thorn-bush which is spangled all over with white blossoms just tinged with carmine and full of delicious odors—you must own that at

such a time the yellow primrose is very beautiful."

"Ah!" said he, interrupting me again; "it is kind o' pretty, certainly, but what's that to do with a quality?"

"Well, being beautiful, it must have the quality of beauty in it; and therefore it is something more, by this expression of beauty, than a yellow primrose; just as your nose, Bob—pardon me for using the *argumentum ad hominem* in this case—being red at the nob of it, must possess the quality of redness in its interiors, and so be, by that expression, something more than a common and ordinary nose,

'Which is the grace  
And proscenium of your face'

I hope that is good chop-logic, Bob?"

"It's d—d personal, any way you like to fix it, old fellow; and if my olfactories did not scent out a much more odorous kind of chop than your logic is to me, I should be inclined to say it is particularly offensive. But my breakfast always puts me into a good-humor, and I now smell it in the making."

With this his lips watered and his eyes brightened, for indeed the odor of cooking had very grossly by this time polluted the morning air; and presently a buxom, rosy-cheeked Yorkshire lass came outside to call us in to breakfast. Bob rubbed his hands briskly at the goodly sight which the table presented. "What's so pretty as a chop nicely cooked?" said he—"done brown, in the true sense, with all its juices inside it—juices of long life and strong limbs and steady nerves! Talk of 'yellow primroses' and such twaddle! Why, it's a sin against the flesh, a crime against the stomach, when a good mutton-chop is set before a hungry man. So, I pray you, let's have no more of it, but address ourselves, with proper decorum, to the materialities, leaving all the spiritualities to women and fairies, and such-like."

Thus ended our talk; and I must confess that we did honor to the breakfast. It was a noted house for good eating, was the house with the sign of "Dog and Gun." The landlord was a jolly, red-faced farmer, who was also

addicted to sport, and loved it for its own sake—a fellow of mirth and wit, who drank strong ale, ate heartily and cared for nobody. The landlady was a busy, bustling woman, as clean as a silver penny, and looked charming in her pretty white cap and snow-white apron. She and her maids had prepared us a breakfast—not a miserable Roman *jentaculum*, but a solid Yorkshire breakfast, fit to set before Prince Albert, or any other good man who loves shooting and the twelfth of August. Our host and hostess sat with us at meat on this occasion, by our own particular request. At each end of the table there was a large silver tankard of foaming ale, which the landlord pushed round with a will and a welcome the moment we were seated, praising the brew as his best, his very best. “A year old, come October, and no slop, sir, but five gallons to the bushel—what I call ‘knock-’um-down,’” he said. I confess we were powerfully refreshed by it. It was a genuine malt liquor, and had a mighty relish to it. Clear, fine and clean it was, like an old wine. Pelusium itself—that city by Nilus’ mouth, or rather by one of his mouths, and I forget which—so famous for its good ale, would have smacked its lips approvingly over the liquor in these tankards; for assuredly if, as Herodotus says, the art of brewing was discovered by Isis, the wife of Osiris, our Yorkshire friend had considerably improved upon the first mash, which was as thick and glutinous, no doubt, as the Pelusium *carmi*, and could hardly have been so good as the *zythum* of that city, which was an expensive liquor and much affected by the nob. A man’s appetite comes to him strangely in a strange place. He eats with a gusto unknown to city gourmands, and so did we on this occasion. The coffee was delicious, and its flavor was increased by the rich, sweet cream, like pale gold in color, and odorous with the dainty moorland herbs and grass. And then the hot cakes and sweet, sweet butter, and the plenteous new-laid eggs! It was a treat to be remembered. There was no stinginess at this Yorkshire table. The tankards were

no sooner emptied than they were filled again; and this time our pretty waiting-maid brought in also a dozen sheets of oaten cake and a fat cream cheese, rich, rare and old. The host and hostess insisted upon it, after we had each devoured food enough for half a dozen ordinary breakfast-men, that we had not eaten anything, forsooth, and ordered in the “cold ham that was cooked yesterday,” they said.

But in truth we laid in a solid foundation for the day, and were soon ready for work. We had with us four dogs, two of which had been sent off in advance, with a guide on pony-back, to meet us at noon some six miles off, at a place on the edge of the moors called “Cook’s Study”—a rude stone hut which a certain clerical recluse had built for his own private meditations, some miles away from Holmfirth. The other two dogs we took with us, and a boy to ride the pony, upon whose back a couple of panniers had also been placed, well stocked with provisions and that Yorkshire ale. We hoped, if we had good luck, to bring them back filled with grouse. All being now in readiness, off we set, although at a much later hour than we had intended. We had some distance to travel before we reached the ground over which we had received permission to shoot; for even the moors are preserved in England, and no one has any right to shoot over them unless by the sanction of the lord of the manor. It often happens, however, that these petty lords let their rights over hundreds, and even thousands, of acres to sporting men, who build what they call a “hunting-box” upon them, and make this place their headquarters, being more convenient in all respects, they think, than an inn. Here they lodge at night and entertain their sporting friends, the house being usually well appointed, and having good stables and kennels attached. We had to wend our way along the wearisome road for nearly three miles before we came to “Preacher’s Nab,” a high hill, or mountain as it was called, where our range began. Here and there, like a speck on the wild landscape, we saw

the stone hut of a poor shepherd; and presently on a mountain burn, and scattered far and wide over the moors, we beheld for the first time a great number of black sheep and a few horned cattle cropping the sweet, short grass.

At last we reached the summit of the long road, and had to descend by a ravine to the left, through which a mountain stream was rushing and tumbling over the rocks to its bed below. There was not a tree visible. A few stunted shrubs grew on the sides of the savage gully, which, narrow at the top where the torrent descended, gradually widened into a little valley paved with flat rocks. We came out presently upon the moors, but were not yet on "our own land," so we did not attempt to hunt, although the dogs were greatly excited, and we had more than enough to do to keep them quiet.

The moors are unlike any other uncultivated lands. Our own prairies are the best external image of them, but they are mostly dry and contain good pasturage, and the soil is unequalled. But the moors, which from this part of Yorkshire run without a break into North Britain, are boggy, wet, unproductive, and literally terrible in their grim barrenness. If a man wants to know what the solitude of desolation is, let him go alone on these moors. And yet to me there is in them a wondrous fascination. It is like the surface of some old geological world in the times of the monsters—the ichthyosaurus, plesiosaurus, and the rest of that fish-lizard creation. One might almost fancy that he had a right to see the brutes wallowing and tumbling about in the muddy waters. It is a new experience one gets there, and all the aspects of Nature are new. One can hardly hear the little birds sing when they are close to him for the great loneliness that aches around him. Their voices are lost in the voids of the air. But there is a strange, grand beauty in the savage features of these moorlands, nevertheless—something African and mysterious about them; and they seem lorded over by the mountains. Much, too, as they look alike—and there

is undoubtedly a characteristic sameness in them—there is an infinite variety in the surface and in all objects upon it. Here are tiny hillocks, bulges of peat soil, covered with rank sere grass; knolls, too, of delicious green, and hummocks crowned with purple heather; and little garden-like patches with outlying pools of water, starred all over with flowers of every color and hue. Now you come to a solid piece of earth, brown and parched; now to a treacherous morass, whose ugly depths of mud, descending fathomless, are veiled over as with rich, bright-green velvet. Then, again, the fires of last autumn, surging over immeasurable acres in one vast sea of flame, have left the earth black and scraggy, the grass and heather burnt up like a scroll. You can trace the windings and eddies of the all-devouring element for acres and acres; and the charred and ruined gorse bushes stand out like the skeletons of unknown birds and wild animals, twisted and shriveled against the sky. And yet most ravishing colors delight the eye on the grassy knolls. The prevalence of the young heather gives a marvelous beauty to the landscape. It is as if Nature had dropped her jewel-box over the land as she came from her toilet at some mountain pool. Gay, bright flowers are scattered all around, and the earth is flush with amethysts, rubies, sapphires and gold wherever the young broom is in blossom. The contrasts are charming. Look what a deep tawny russet prevails where the old vegetation has been! See those yellow stalks and their brown dead leaves! And behold, farther on, how the intent beauty of Nature sweetly threatens to encroach upon that oasis of desolation and cover it with the green furze, which already approaches its borders, with all its banners of gold flying in the triumph of life and the glory of immortal youth! Who would believe that there was such a series of bright pictures in the dark galleries of these moorlands? I was always lagging behind, if only for a few moments, to admire them, whilst my matter-of-fact friend could think of nothing but the game he meant to kill,

and see nothing but a good game-cover on these moors.

As we passed along we started many a bevy of quails, which rose with a whirr of thunder on their wings, and made off with great daubs of sunlight on their beautiful brown backs, thus increasing their chances of death within the range of the sportsman's gun. A solitary hare got up under the very feet of the pony from a bit of dry grass, and galloped away in a zig-zag course for some distance, when he struck out in a straight line for a cover he knew of some distance off, his white tail bobbing up and down as he tore over the uneven ground. I examined his "form," as his resting-place is called. It was simply a piece of dry grass, as I said, that fitted his body like a skin, so snug it was and so warm. There were two or three bits of bloody fur on the stalks which told a tale. He had been shot at and hit by some clumsy gunner who ought to have killed him. I know, however, that he will get away with a "deal of shot" in him, but he rarely lives in such cases; and, if he be too far from his "form," he will ensconce himself in the first hedge-bottom among the dry leaves, or the first secure place he can find, and lie down to die. "What a spanking shot!" said my friend, as the hare went away. "What a chance for a good course," said I, "if we only had leave to run him down and the greyhounds were at hand!" Coursing, indeed, is quite as much the vogue in England as shooting, and, with the exception of fox-hunting, it is the most exciting of all field sports. Some gentlemen hunt hares with a pack of harriers, the harrier being a smaller kind of foxhound, but not nearly so handsome as his big brother, although he is of much the same color, being usually marked with yellow and brown—yellow head and ears and legs, and a great brown mark, like a saddle, on his back—and a heavy white tail. I do not care for this sort of hunting: it is too slow, although a pack in full cry, with the horsemen in red coats galloping after them, and every now and then the sound of the huntsman's bugle round the woods

or on the uplands, is a cheering, exhilarating sight, and purely English.

We met with the wee little tit-lark every now and then—a bird not much bigger than a humming-bird—and the little creature seemed to be sadly out of his place in these savage wilds. At a short distance he looked no larger than a humble-bee; and the idea of these mighty moors ever having been in labor to bring forth such a midge of a bird seemed to me profoundly comical. Amongst the swampy places, and at the well-heads, and along the larger water-courses near the hills, we started several snipes and woodcocks, and the curlews wheeled around us, shamming lameness and broken wings—now almost dropping to the ground, and anon sheering off in rapid sweeps and circles, trying hard to make us believe that we could put some salt on their tails, an we would; and all, I suppose, because they had a nest hard by.

As we neared the foot of the Nab, where we were to begin our sport, the lad who rode the pony called out, "Yon's the squire's ston' wall, maesters; and yon's his sheep's wi' the black facens! There's plenty of red grouse at bottom o' t' Nab. I've been there afore, and I allus knows, when there's black sheep about, that there's plenty o' game near by. 'Cause why? They both likes the same soort of eatings. See yonder! the sheep's is all pecking away at the young, tender heather, which has growed up in the places where the fires has been; and its nist eating too for the red grouse all about yonder, maesters. Plenty of springs and young sprouts!"

We were heartily glad to see the shooting-ground, and presently we passed through a stone gateway and were "at home." We had hardly set foot on the ground before we started another bevy of quails, and no sign from the dogs. "Well, that's queer!" said the boy. "I suppose these 'ere dogs be good yons, bean't they?"

"You'll soon see, my man," said Bob, "what they're made of." And then turning to me, he said, "Can you account for these birds getting up so

close to the dogs and they giving us no warning?"

"In good truth, Bob," quoth I, "I confess my ignorance."

"And yet you profess to be a poetical naturalist!" he replied, with a good-natured sneer. "Did you never hear," he continued, "that quails have the power of withholding scent?"

"Yes," said I, "but I never believed it."

"That's just like you chaps who know so much! You believe in things that never had an existence, such as your 'spiritualities' and 'arcanums,' and the like fiddle-de-dees! Now, I believe a fact—matters of fact and experience. I know all about quails—where they frequent, what they eat, how they live, breed, hatch and court; and, better still, how they taste when well roasted and basted, and served up on a toast swimming with port-wine sauce. There!" he added, "don't make faces. I know you eschew the port-wine sauce as a damnable innovation that destroys the flavor of the game. So be it. But now let me tell you that quails have the power of withholding scent. Some sportsmen, such as Frank Forrester, Skinner and Lewis, say that it is an act of volition in the bird, and that, like a woman who has a pretty face, she knows it. But I am a close student of the physiology of things, as you know."

"Oh! oh!" said I, interrupting him: "that is news, Bob. You are not so far off the 'spiritualities' and 'arcanums,' then, after all! Physiology unloads the unseen of 'things'—makes us acquainted with the inner structure of facts, looks into causes, and often finds them with mighty queer faces, giving the lie to ready-made, cut-and-dry theories, and upsetting preconceived notions."

"That's just it," said Bob, triumphantly; "and that's just what physiology has done for me in this case. Now I know that quails can and do withhold scent, and we have just seen a specimen of the fact. But I don't believe they know they have that power, nor that they can wield it at pleasure. What is scent? It is a thing, as I say, and a

quail's scent is a thing particular to the quail. It is an invisible odor which is expressed through the feet of the bird; and is so far a part of the bird in homœopathic doses, just as the odor of a rose is an invisible part of the rose. Now, I believe, from my physiological investigations, that this odor, or natural secretion, is arrested in the birds by fear or any sudden emotion, so that they might be under the nose of the best dog alive and he be none the wiser. Do you smell the rat? Have I hit the true philosophy of the physiology? Let us reason together from analogy. Here is a woman in a certain cottage that I know in Northamptonshire. She is nursing her new baby, called Bob after your humble servant, who stood godfather to it. I am sitting by the fire smoking my pipe. The cottage door is open, and looks into the garden, where I can smell ladslove, rosemary, gillyflowers, carnations and roses. She is a very pretty woman, and I like her, and am talking to her well pleased. On a sudden a great black dog comes bounding over the fence, into the cottage, his large red tongue lolling out of his foaming mouth, his eyes red, wild and blood-shot. She utters a loud scream and cries, 'Oh my child! my child!' I seize the poker and brain the dog, and fling him over the fence on to the road. But the mother loses her milk, and poor little baby finds the fountain of his life dry. Do you take it? See the analogy. In the one case fright dries up or checks for a time the lacteal secretion; in the other, it arrests the scent of the birds."

I agreed with Bob that the thing was reasonable, and that if he had not struck upon the true doctrine, then we should have to fall back upon the theory of an unspeakable subtlety in the bird—an intelligence and understanding, a reasoning in short, which enabled it to dodge the hunter by and through its own volition; a theory which demanded too much from us, implying as it did the faculty of forethought and deduction, as if the quail had anticipated the *Novum Organum* of Lord Bacon.

We rested a few minutes at the bot-

tom of the Nab, and found it a delicious spot. Old Nab himself was a grand old fellow, scarred, knotted, jagged and bulging out with great rocks covered with moss and lichens. Up to the middle of him he was adorned with whortleberry bushes and great flaunting flowers, red, yellow and violet. His old pate was quite bald, and he had long been familiar with the clouds, and the sun, and the rain, and the mighty storm-winds, and the fantastic shapes of the mist—shapes terrible and appalling to mortal eyes, and not particularly cheery to old Nab's; shapes of ghost-monsters, grinning with ghastly peepers out of the world of fog—appearing but for a moment, however, and then vanishing into other brutal and obscene shapes, as if they were the dreams of the moor-god in a night of pain and agony brought on by a remorseful conscience for black deeds done in mystery and darkness. But now he was as blithe as the rest of us, and shone with a grand beauty in the sunlight. To the left there was a shaggy gorge, or *ghyll*, made by the waters, and through which they now went roaring along in a mad bass, relieved at intervals by some treble notes as they came to a more level surface. The only living things that we could see were the black-faced sheep, some of which were feeding on the sides of the gorge, while others drank at the stream.

As if it were but yesterday, all the objects and delights of the landscape come back to me like photographs. There stands the pony with his head down, his bridle on the grass and the panniers on his back. The boy is digging into their deep recesses for some of that Yorkshire ale and some sandwiches made from that ham which "was boiled yesterday," as the old farmer said. We make a hasty lunch. The dogs are still coupled, and the boy holds the chain, while we sit contented yet excited at the foot of the mountain.

But I must introduce the dogs. Here is a slut which I got from the kennels of Lord Fitzwilliam—a rare breed, thoroughly broken to point and back and retrieve. A cleaner hound never beat

cover. She is a pointer, liver-colored and white. Her head is superb, and beautifully marked with a mottled nose. Her ears are long, thin and fine as silk. Her upper lip lops over the under, and the nose is full and prominent. She has the spring of a tiger in her legs, and the body curves gracefully to the hind quarters; and the tail is so fine that it almost loses itself at the end in a mathematical point. The other animal is a large dog-pointer, strong, bony, rough—one of whose near ancestors had grown so fine that a foxhound was introduced to give him foot and leg, and this accounts for his strength and size. He is full of courage, and of the same color as the slut, and thoroughly broken; only, like many of his breed, he will chase a wounded hare or bird. But otherwise he drops to charge the moment a gun is fired, and never stirs until the ramrod is driven home.

Here, then, we were refreshed and ready, with the sun in our faces. The ground was a lovely bit of cover, and full of heather-blooms and flowers, with dark green patches at hand, and holes called wells, or well-heads, at every few paces. Little runlets percolated through the moorland grass and ling crops, giving to all things they influenced by contact or near approaches a new life and a new coat of green. We began to beat up the wind, and away went the swift slut at a rasping gallop, followed by the big dog, Rover: the slut's name was Polly. Oh, I tell you it was a pretty sight to see those noble dogs do their work! They knew well enough what they had been brought there for, and rejoiced in the sport quite as much as their masters. Away they go, with heads erect and tails down, ranging five or six hundred yards, and, without a wave of the hand or any sign from us, crossing and recrossing the ground; each dog on his own hook, yet each conscious of the other's presence, and ready to back or point at a moment's notice. Presently the slut pulled up as she neared the last quarter of her range, not far from us, and dropping almost on her belly, her head and tail out, she made a handsome point.

The dog backed her instantly, and we stole silently up to the spot. The slut's eyes were as red as fire, she trembled with excitement, and her mouth was dropping with saliva and all foam. "Hold, Polly!" and she creeps softly toward the game, making her teeth rattle at regular intervals—one, two, three; when at last, "Whirr! whirr!" and up got a ruffled grouse, which, as it flew to my hand, I shot at and brought down. Having reloaded and given the word again, "Hie on," the slut pointed the dead bird, and then she was told to "fetch," which she did, and presently made another point. By this time the dog was close to her, and there they stood in different attitudes, but with the head and tail well out and the lips quivering, whilst the slut always added the tooth-music aforesaid. It was a beautiful sight; and once more at the word of command in they went and up got two brace of grouse. Bob fetched down two, right and left, in splendid style, for, as I said, he was a magnificent shot. I killed one, and hit one badly, though it flew off, for it left quite a shower of feathers behind it.

About a mile from the Nab we came to a piece of water and low swamp-land. I am always afraid of letting a dog, unless he is very staunch, hunt after snipe. The scent does not lie well, and besides, he is a shifty bird, and is enough to aggravate any dog and make him wild. But I knew I could trust the slut; so, feeling sure from certain signs that there

were snipe there, I bade her "Hie on!" But she pointed false once or twice, owing to the imperfect scent. At last her nose got the "hang" of it. She knew now snipe from snipe's shadow, and presently put up a brace of jack-snipe, which rose with a shrill, scared cry of "Sceap!" "sceap!" and then "Bang!" "bang!" went both guns, each bringing down a bird, which we made the dog retrieve;—and then "Hie on!" But hardly had the dogs splashed about the swamp for a few moments before they pointed faintly again, and up got three or four brace, and away they went—all but one, to Bob's gun—as fleet as the wind, and we marked them for a good half mile. As we crossed the swamp to get on the other side of the water, a fine mallard duck rose from the flags, and this was my quarry; but it fell in the water, and as soon as I had reloaded and told the slut to "fetch," she retrieved it as well as if she had been a water-spaniel broken to the business.

In this way we passed the best part of the morning, and then returned to the Nab, where we made another luncheon. We had bagged quite a satisfactory number of grouse, besides quail, snipe, a woodcock and a hare. We then loaded the panniers with our "figurings up," made the return journey to the house, intending to finish the day with the other two dogs near Cook's Study; and thereby hangs a tale.

JANUARY SEARLE.

#### MYRA'S MIRROR.

IT is no story of my own that I have now to tell: it is Aunt Clementine's. Dear old Aunt Clementine! A vision of her rises before me as I write: a thin, pale, stooping and wrinkled old woman of almost ninety, sitting in her stuffed easy-chair by a window on the sunny

side of the room, with her crutch within easy reach—quaint, vivacious, cheery-hearted, and glad to talk by the hour, in her merry, chirping voice, with any of the young folks, among whom she was a general favorite. Extreme age had not soured her, nor taken away any of her

interest in life: she loved to hear laughing voices, and to see bright, fresh young faces about her; and it needed but little inducement to set her gossipy tongue going about the "days of auld lang syne." I was a boy then, hardly out of my aprons, and I used to sit and listen with a kind of fascination to her stories; and I remember a dozen or two tardymarks and one or two ferulings which poor old Aunt Clementine innocently caused. The grass has greened over her for many a year, but her kind heart lives in a hundred memories; and I presume the tales with which she used to amuse us youngsters are repeated by at least that number of firesides. Here is one of them.

Do I believe in dreams, children? No, I think not: as a general thing, I don't allot much on them. I never had half the faith in signs and forerunners, and tokens of all kinds, that most housewives have: in fact, I think some of your mothers could tell you more about these things than I can. But about dreams! Well, I *have* known some queer ones, and some that were fulfilled in a way that was mortal strange, to say the least. There was Myra Denslow's, now!—but I will tell you about that.

You know, perhaps, that when I was a girl, maybe eighteen years old, my parents lived near Marksville, over there on the river. It was not so near, either, for it was all of thirteen miles down, but Marksville was the nearest place, and the stage made one regular trip a day to and from, in good weather; so it did not seem very far. There was a little kind of settlement there where we lived, and father thought it better to locate there with his store than at the village, because he thought a large place was going to grow up right off around him. And Marksville was not what would be called a place of any size: it had a tavern, and two stores, and a post-office, and an academy, and a church, and maybe a thousand people. I wanted to live there for one reason more than any other: that was on account of Myra Denslow. Myra and I were mates, and

had been ever since we were little children. We were born within three days of each other, and our parents had never lived more than half a mile apart before our great breaking up; and then we expected to go to the same place. But it didn't happen so: her folks went to Marksville, and mine to the Settlement; so there was an end put to our cronying for a while. She had promised me faithfully that she would make me a visit within the first three months, but more than six passed, and Myra made one excuse and another in her letters, but no visit. I knew, from the way she wrote, that something queer had happened; and one day I sat down and wrote her a good, sharp letter, in which I told her that I knew she was keeping something from me that I ought to know, and that I'd never write to her again till she told me what it was. An answer came in two days, which told the secret.

"I should have told you before, my dear Clemmy," she wrote: "and I believe I deserve all your reproaches for not telling you. I am coming to the Settlement, by the stage, on Friday afternoon, and then I will give you the whole history. At present it will be enough to tell you that I am engaged to be married to Freeman Thayer, one of the students in the academy here."

So the letter said. I don't know what possessed me to do it, children: I suppose it must have been one of those freaks that can't be explained; but I wrote right away, and sent the letter by the driver on his first trip back, asking Myra to bring Mr. Thayer with her. It never struck me till after it had gone that this wasn't exactly the thing for a young woman to do with the man she was engaged to; but I was a flighty young thing in those days, like two or three of you that I know of, and I always acted first and thought afterward. Oh, if I only hadn't written that dreadful letter! It seemed harmless enough then, but what an untold weight of misery it was to bring upon poor Myra! So little can we tell what may be the consequences of our most trivial acts! Remember this, children—and I haven't

been a lifetime in finding it out, either—remember that *there are no trifles in this world*. Everything is working for good or ill, if we could but know it; and what seems the most insignificant often works the gravest results.

Myra came in the great stage-sleigh on Friday afternoon, as she had promised. Father was absent for a week—I think he had gone to Boston for goods—and mother had one of her bad headaches and went to bed early; so we two had the coast clear for a nice long talk, such as girls have always liked to have together since the world began, I suppose. We told each other everything that had happened, of any account, in the last six months; and then she told me all about her betrothed—how she first met him, how it happened, and how they were to be married as soon as he had completed his year at the academy, which would be in about three months. He was *such* a nice fellow, she said—just twenty-three, six feet high, as straight as an arrow, and just as handsome as could be. He was an orphan, and had ever so much money in his own right, “or will have, some time: I don’t exactly know how it is,” Myra rattled on. “I should like him just the same if he hadn’t a cent.”

“Shall I see him here before long?” I asked. She looked puzzled at the question, and I asked another: “Did you get my last letter?”

“No—not if it was written since that scolding one,” she replied; and then I told her of the one I had sent, inviting her to bring her lover with her. She merely said that it would have been impossible, even had she received it before she left Marksville; that Freeman’s studies monopolized all his time, and that she had no idea that he could have accepted the invitation. We chatted thus till the clock struck twelve, and then retired together, and were shortly asleep.

I was awakened in the morning by Myra. She had her arms around my neck, and was sobbing and crying pitifully.

“Why, Myra, you child, what *is* the

matter?” I asked. I was so surprised to find her in such trouble and distress of mind that I could do nothing for a moment but ask her what was the matter; and I was the more surprised because she had been so gay and light-hearted the night before. “Myra Denslow, what *does* grieve you?” I asked, over and over again, before I could get her to say a word; and when she did speak, it was with continual shuddering and with fresh tears:

“Oh, Clemmy” (she always called me by that pet name), “I’ve had such a frightful, hideous dream! It was so dreadful! so dreadful!” and she hid her face in the pillow and sobbed again.

“Now, Myra Denslow,” I said, pretending to be angry, while I really pitied the poor girl’s distress, “if you don’t tell me instantly all about your silly dream, I’ll—I’ll shake you, good and hard. What was it?”

“Clemmy, you can’t think how awful it was.” The poor child tried to smile, but it was the most woeful smile I ever saw. “I thought I saw Freeman’s face in a mirror, and it was stiff and staring, just like a dead face. And the mirror—it was so different from any other mirror I ever saw. There was no frame to it: it was all brilliant, shining white, all over it; and his face looked out through it, so cold and staring—”

She grew so distressed and excited by her own language that I feared she would work herself into hysterics; so I forbade her to speak another word for a quarter of an hour, and tried to soothe her by guessing what had prompted this dream. I had lately been reading a curious old book, in which the author took the ground that all dreams are suggested by something which happens to us before sleep, and I had been applying the theory to some of my own visions with tolerable satisfaction. Myra’s was very easy to explain in this way, and my explanation partly reassured her.

“You’ll allow that it was very natural for you to dream of Mr. Thayer,” I said, half laughing. “In fact, it would have been strange if you had not: you have hardly talked of any one else since you

have been in the house. And then the mirror! Don't you remember how long you stood in front of my glass, there, combing out your hair, just after you came?"

"Yes, but the mirror in my dream had no frame. How do you explain that?"

"I don't suppose I am bound to explain all the crazy notions you take into your head when you're asleep," I said, a little testily; and Myra forgot her imaginary fears for a moment while she laughed at my warmth in the defence of my theory. Then she became grave again in an instant, and said,

"I never had such a life-like dream. I can't, Clemmy—I can't help thinking that it forebodes something awful to Freeman."

"Forebodes a fiddlestick!" was my answer; and understanding by this time that the vision had taken a powerful hold on her imagination, I talked fast and cheerfully on many subjects, and at last succeeded in winning her mind away from it. She only alluded to it once during breakfast, when I laughed it off before mother had an opportunity to ask about it; and during the whole day after that I kept her well occupied, and succeeded in driving the hateful subject from her thoughts.

The stage-sleigh—for all this happened in January, when there were two feet of snow and the river was frozen hard and fast—the stage-sleigh from Marksville drove up to our house that afternoon. We were expecting nobody since Myra had come, and were surprised to see it; but it was only to deliver a letter, addressed to "Miss Myra Denslow, care of Mr. Kinsley, Kinsley's Settlement." "I don't often carry letters," the driver said: "that's for the post-office to do; but the young fellow as handed me that one was so distressed-like to have it delivered right away that I agreed to do it."

Myra opened and read it: her whole face lighted up with pleasure as she read, and, tossing the note to me, she clapped her hands gleefully. "It's from Freeman," she said. "He's alive and

well, of course: read for yourself. Thank you a thousand times, dear Clemmy, for writing that last letter, which I never got."

I read the letter which Myra handed me. It was written in a swinging round hand, and full of all such expressions as lovers use when they write to each other. With all these clipped out, the substance of the letter was about this: that Mr. Thayer had called at Mr. Denslow's shortly after Myra had left for the Settlement, for the purpose of getting a little cane which he had left the night before; and there he found that a letter from the Settlement had been received for Myra. How it came to be delayed, and what the driver had done with it, or who had at last delivered it, did not appear. Fearing that something had happened at the Settlement which she ought to know, Mrs. Denslow had opened and read the letter as soon as she received it, and finding that it related entirely to Mr. Thayer, it was immediately handed to him when he entered. He now wrote to say that he was too much occupied at the academy to admit of his coming by the sleigh; but since the skating on the river was excellent all the way from Marksville to the Settlement, he could and would come down on the ice that (Saturday) night and stay till Monday morning, if it was convenient. He would leave Marksville at seven, and hoped to be with us about nine.

I looked from the open letter to Myra. Her eyes shone, her cheeks glowed and her whole face fairly beamed with happiness. "I am *so* glad he is coming! You were so good to ask him!" she repeated over and over again. She did not tell me her secret thought, but I well understood that the foreboding of that disturbing dream still lingered with her, and that nothing short of Freeman Thayer's appearance before her in the flesh, alive and well, could dispel it.

The tea-table was spread, the meal eaten and the table cleared again; and as it grew dark and night came on, the candles were lighted and we gathered around the fire. Poor mother's tormentor, the sick headache, came on

again, and I went up to put her to bed and get her to sleep. After that was done I returned to the sitting-room, and, taking up my work, sewed a while. Myra took one of the volumes of *The Children of the Abbey* and tried to read, but I soon perceived that her heart was not in the book. She turned over the leaves and looked at the pictures, and then, putting it down, walked to the window and looked out. The clock struck eight while she stood there. In a few moments she came back to her seat and took up the volume again. I began talking to her, but she seemed nervous and ill at ease, and answered only in yes and no. After a time she went to the window again, and she still stood there as the clock struck nine. She turned quickly around and said,

"It is time he was here, Clemmy. Let us go down to the river, and we shall meet him. Come: it is a beautiful moonlight night, and we shall enjoy it."

I much preferred to wait there in our cozy, warm room, but I saw that she was anxious, and it would have been cruel in me to refuse. We put on our hoods and cloaks and went out together. The air was keen, but not over-cold: the night was brilliant with moonlight, and the white coat of snow which covered the earth flashed and shone beautifully in the bright rays. The river was but a few rods from our house, but some buildings between completely hid it. Turning the corner around these, we came out upon the low bank, in full sight of the channel for miles up and down. It was covered with smooth, shining ice, blurred here and there with a ridge of snow. It looked like a dazzling silver shield, so bright and glowing was its surface, and I stopped to admire it, but a cry from my companion turned my eyes to her. At the sight of the ice her face had blanched almost to its own whiteness, and grasping me by the arm, while she pointed with the other hand to the smooth field glittering before us, she whispered faintly,

"Clemmy, my dream! There is the smooth, white mirror that I saw—the

mirror without a frame. There it is; there! there!"

She shuddered so that I put my arm about her to keep her from falling. Far as I could see up stream there was no human figure to be seen, nor could my ears detect the faintest ringing of steel shoes on the ice. I looked again at Myra, and found her fast yielding to the stupor of her fear.

"Come, Myra, this is foolish!" I said, with all the sternness I could command. "If your dream means nothing more than this, I'll soon show you that it means just nothing at all. Come with me."

I knew that the ice was firm, for loaded wagons had been driven across the day before. She did not resist or hang back, but yielded passively; and locking her arm in mine, I led her out upon the slippery surface. The river was about a hundred rods wide at this point, and I thought I would lead her far enough to assure her that there was nothing at all in her dream. Slipping, sliding and walking, we had almost reached the middle, when—

God in heaven shield me from another such moment, my children! With a shriek that seems to ring in my ears now, Myra stood motionless, her eyes riveted and her outstretched finger pointing at her feet. I looked. There, as all about us, the thick white ice was pure and transparent, and beneath it the current of the river, influenced by the stiff tide running into the bay, ran perfectly clear and visible. And almost under our feet, as we stood there, horror-stricken—under the ice, swept along by the rushing tide-current—the body of a drowned man floated past, his white, stark face turned up to the moon with a fixed look of unutterable agony, and his feet shod with the skates that told how he had met his doom!

"Freeman! Freeman! O God! the ice—the mirror without a frame!"

The words were faintly gasped by poor Myra, and then she fainted in my arms. Half-stunned myself with the horror of this spectacle, I managed to drag her to the shore and up to the

house. Dear, unhappy girl! there never was a moment, after that, in which she clearly knew herself and her friends. She lay at our house almost a year after her brain-fever left her, and never seemed to know or care for anything but the river. She would go and sit on the bank opposite to where we saw her lover's body, and gaze at the water by the hour; and when any one tried to lead her away she would submit, crying gently like a grieved child. After that year she seemed to notice things more, and her parents took her home to Marksville, but she never grew better there. In less than six months more she was in her coffin.

Freeman Thayer's corpse, stiff and cold, was found floating far below in the bay on Sunday afternoon. A great hole in the ice for pike-fishing, a mile above the Settlement, was fixed on as the place where he must have gone in as he came at top-speed down the river. He and Myra were buried side by side in the graveyard there at Marksville; and many and many's the basket of

flowers I've strewn over their graves. God rest them both! I can't doubt they've had a blessed meeting up above, long before now.

"Thayer was a splendid skater," somebody told me, long afterward. "I have often seen him make his mile in five minutes against the wind. Poor fellow! he must have blundered into that wretched hole without dreaming of its being there. He left Marksville at just seven o'clock, full of life and happiness."

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because I went down to the river with him and helped him strap on his skates."

Who do you think that person was? It was my husband—afterward. It so happened, in this strange world, that I married Freeman Thayer's room-mate. And after all this—though I'm free to say that I don't believe in dreams—yet I do think there was something more than strange about Myra Denslow's dream, and its terrible fulfillment.

JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

## LAND MONOPOLY.

MORE than forty years' study of general history, and more than twenty years' study of sociological history, have brought me to the conclusion that civilization is congenial with the white and Chinese races, and has ever been the necessary result of their physical and moral natures. On the other hand, I hold that all the other races of mankind, when not commingled with the whites or Chinese, have ever been, and must ever remain, when left to themselves, uncivilized; and that this is a necessary result of their moral natures. (I avoid the word "savage," because I think that the uncivilized and uncivilizable races are far more amiable and less savage than the whites and Chinese.

And I avoid the term "intellectual nature," because I can detect no characteristic difference between the intellectual natures of the various races of mankind.)

I have not discovered from my reading that there ever were tribes, communities or nations of uncivilized Caucasians or Mongolians (white or Chinese), or civilized tribes, communities or nations belonging to other races. But some persons, adopting Greek and Roman arrogant pretensions and prejudices, hold that the Northern peoples that overran the Roman Empire were uncivilized barbarians; and others believe that the Mexicans and the Peruvian Indians were civilized when discovered by the whites. I shall not attempt to argue with such

well-meaning, half-informed, simple people, but shall proceed to prove, or try to prove, to those who are capable of thinking for themselves, that the civilized and uncivilized races, from innate dispositions, tempers, temperaments, etc., differ from each other, and hold the same relation to each other *now* that they ever have held and must ever hold.

*Land monopoly* is the sole parent of civilization, and land monopoly has been universal, in all ages, with the white and Chinese races, and wholly unpracticed by the uncivilized races. These latter races are incapable of land monopoly, and therefore can never have self-sustaining civilization. But we see around us, every day, that they may have an exotic civilization. Where a few whites have monopolized the lands, the landless whites and landless negroes must practice the arts of civilized life or perish, for they can no longer live, like brutes, on the voluntary fruits of the earth. They have become the subjects of capital (and all capital results from land monopoly), and they must fabricate the necessities, comforts and luxuries of life for the capitalists, or be without homes or food or fuel or clothes. In fabricating necessities, comforts and luxuries for the rich, they learn, and continually practice, all the arts of civilized life. Property, or capital, has ever been a close monopoly among the civilized races, and ever unknown, as an institution, among the other races. Any people who are capable of land monopoly, and will practice it, will at once become civilized.

Were it possible to divide lands equally among all the whites, each man would have to labor for his own support; for there being no landless, no one could command the labor of others. The consequence would be, that nothing but the merest necessities of life could be produced, and the whites thus circumstanced would at once become decivilized. Men never fabricate luxuries for themselves, but make them for others to procure necessities for themselves. None but a madman would build a fine house or make fine furniture or clothing or equipage for his own use. Were he to

attempt it, he would have no time left to produce the necessities of life, and must starve. If lands were equally divided, or if lands were in common among the whites, civilization would perish. It is the dominion of capital over labor that begets, sustains and advances civilization. Were there no inequalities of property, there could be no civilization. There is no accumulated wealth, no capital, no inequalities of property, no land monopoly among the uncivilized races. Liberty (in its broadest sense) and social equality are enjoyed by all. They are all ignorant, half-starved paupers. Place them among whites, and subject them, like poor whites, to the dominion of capital, and they necessarily acquire civilization, but it is in most instances a feeble, sickly, exotic civilization. They are contented beings, and content dooms them to eternal ignorance and pauperism. A little coarse, common labor will procure for them the merest necessities of life, and that is all they care or hope for. Not one in a thousand will undergo the labor of mind and body requisite to make them good mechanics, or artists, or scholars, or professional men. Invested with equal political rights, as the negroes soon will be, a very few of them will acquire property, become educated and occupy respectable social positions. The great mass of them will continue to be a useful, robust and productive laboring class—much better situated in all respects, however, than the negroes of Africa or the Indians of America.

The whites are ever *discontented*, rivalrous, emulative, rapacious, ambitious, proud, provident, selfish, jealous, aspiring and accumulative. The most ambitious, powerful and rapacious from time immemorial have monopolized the lands, and compelled, by virtue of the dominion of land monopoly, the landless to labor for them. The wages of the laboring classes have ever been proportioned to the industry, skill and inventiveness exhibited by each individual laborer; and this graduated apportionment, acting upon the moral qualities of the whites, such as we have just enume-

rated, has stimulated them to untiring industry, skill and inventiveness, and thus sustained a continually-improving and progressive civilization. The civilized races are decidedly unamiable, and if they were not so would cease to be civilized. Yet we do not think that man is endowed by Nature with any evil moral qualities, provided such qualities are not indulged in to excess. Discontent is a virtue while it only serves to make us moderately industrious, provident and accumulative: content becomes a vice when it begets indolence and improvidence. The white becomes vicious and criminal only when he indulges to excess such passions and propensities as we have mentioned, and this he is sure to do if not restrained by law, public opinion and (at least) respect for the teachings of Christian morality. The native African is by far the most amiable of human beings when the harvest is just in and game abundant. As such, Homer described him almost three thousand years ago, and as such is he described by all the African travelers of our day. The native Africans brought to this country as slaves were simple, guileless, affectionate, obedient and industrious: their descendants have contracted many of the faults of the whites, without acquiring any of their good qualities. But even now the negro is a much more amiable being than the white man; and the great question to be solved by the friends of humanity is, Can so amiable a being long live when thrown into free competition with the unamiable white man? The negro is eminently contented, unselfish, improvident, generous, wasteful, unambitious, unaspiring—ready to divide the little he may have with the first comer, and hence incapable of acquiring, holding or wielding capital or property. In fine, all the uncivilized races are, ever have been, and, left to themselves, ever will be, communists. Private property is an institution almost unknown among them, and equally unknown to them are all other institutions of civilized society. They have no laws, no courts, no judges, no legislators, no executive officers; in

fine, no government, for their chiefs or kings only lead them in war or on forays, and when these are over all government ceases. It is force of nature, not want of education, that makes the uncivilized races communists, agrarians, paupers and anarchists.

The question recurs, How will such people get along when made the political and legal equals of the whites, and thrown into free competition with them? Very well indeed, we think, in the South. In that climate they are more efficient field-hands than the whites, can rent lands as cheaply as the whites, and for much less than the whites have to pay for them in rent elsewhere. As common laborers, they receive the same wages as whites. Their wants are fewer and less than those of the whites, for they care not for fashion or appearances, and their earnings, while they work, are equally great. They have worked well in the section where I live, have plenty of money, spend it profusely, live wastefully, and are sometimes, from sheer improvidence, a little pinched for the necessities of life. They are quite as respectful, kind and obliging as when they were our slaves. That scarecrow, hostility of race, ceases to exist when an inferior race, invested with equal legal and political rights, is blended in one common mass with a superior race. Society soon subsides and stratifies: the inferior being becomes a contented laborer, and the superior a kind and protecting employer. The white laborer frets under his galling chain sometimes, because he feels himself naturally the equal of his employer, but finds himself, in social position, far beneath him. It will be the fault of the whites at the South if we do not have the most contented laborers to be found in the world. We should cherish and protect them, for we can get none other. White men will not and should not come South to work as hirelings beside negroes. Workingmen from the North are fast settling among us, but they come to tend their own fields, not to hire themselves out as farm-hands, by the year or by the month. It is this immigration that will soon re-

store the South, if the negroes will but continue to perform their part as well as they are now performing it.

The English capitalists take good care of their laborers when from any cause there is a dearth of employment, not only from considerations of humanity, but still more from a sense of self-interest. Banish the poor, and the rich instantly become paupers—paupers unused to labor, who would assuredly starve though gold were as plenty as blackberries. Gold ceases to be valuable when it ceases to command labor, for human labor alone possesses value, and the measure of every man's wealth is just the amount of human labor he can command. If he can command none, he is a pauper not worth a cent. Though I may offend "ears polite," I must publish the unwelcome but wholesome truth, "There is no property possessing value except property in man." Take away the negroes from the South, and the South would be impoverished. Take away the white laborers from England, and England would be pauperized. I publish these unpleasant truths in the cause of a sound, fearless, healthy humanity. The laboring class, whether black or white, has more rights than are to be found on any statute-book. I believe the Southern people are as generous and warm-hearted as any people, and will take good care of the negroes—quite as much from the impulses of the heart as from the calculations of the head.

I am no revolutionist: I would not change in the least that legal and political equality which is the *beau ideal* of our day. But I would have men understand that they have but half performed their duties when they have fulfilled the requirements of the law. In the field of free competition the penurious, the selfish, the cunning and designing are continually defrauding the honest laborer of the fruits of his labor. Wealth is too often the result of exploitation rather than of honest labor. This is an evil which law never has and never can remedy. Let us all try to do justice to the poor, and—whilst relieving their wants

—not insult them by calling such relief charity. They produce everything, and have a right to a decent support; yet, like Africans and Indians, they would produce nothing but for land monopoly, which compels them to work or starve. Taxed as the poor are in civilized society, still their situation is better than that of even the kings and chiefs among the Indians of America or the natives of Africa; for those chiefs and kings have very rarely a week's provisions on hand, have no certain means of procuring food for the ensuing week, and are, if not starving, at least pinched for food more than half their time. The necessary condition of civilized society is, that there shall be a few rich and a great many poor, and that the rich may live without labor by commanding the labor of the poor. This is the best possible condition of society, except for those who have a taste for Indian and African life. There is much complaint just now that the tendency of our political, social and legal arrangements is to beget a few millionaires, and to absorb, destroy and swallow up all small, independent properties; that is, to diminish the number of idle non-producers, and to increase the number of laboring producers.

The most worthless and noxious members of society are the small property-holders, who have just enough to live on without labor, and not enough wherewith to educate their children or to purchase those elegancies and luxuries the fabrication of which stimulates skill and inventiveness. These men of small independent properties, who live coarsely and vulgarly without labor, are the useless and noxious drones of society—mere consumers of the results of other men's unrequited labors; and the sooner they are expelled the better. Millionaires, without intending it, are the benefactors of mankind. They wish to make money, and to do so are compelled to invest most of their incomes in building houses for the poor, in internal improvements and in the purchase and improvement of Western lands. They thus increase the productive capacity of the country more rapidly than population increases.

Millionaires carry on business on a large scale, and one of them, with a hundred clerks in his employ, will do more business, and do it better and more cheaply, than a thousand independent, petty, vulgar shopkeepers. Small property-holders, whether they be shopkeepers or petty landowners, are mere consumers, and but obstacles in the way of progress and improvement. I see nothing unpromising in the aspect of public affairs except the alleged corruption of legislative bodies. This evil the people may correct. Most men are honest, and the people should elect honest men, regardless, almost entirely, of other qualifications.

I am writing in a wandering, discursive way, simply because my subject is too novel and too great for a single essay. My sole object is to teach men that land monopoly—or, to speak more accurately, the monopoly of property, or capital, by the few, and the consequent subjection of the many to the dominion, taxation and exploitation of these few—is not an evil, as generally esteemed, but the greatest of human blessings, because it is the only means of begetting, sustaining and advancing civilization. It is often loosely and improperly termed, "Slavery to capital." But it is a very different thing, every poor man feels and knows, from actual, hopeless, debasing domestic slavery. Although it is undoubtedly true that the employer or capitalist exploits more of the results of the labor of the freeman than the master does of the labor of the slave, and hence free labor is cheaper than slave labor, yet, all things considered, the condition of the free laborer is infinitely better than that of the slave, unless the free laborer be a worthless, improvident being: for such a one, whether black or white, domestic slavery is the appropriate condition.

Teaching negroes to read and write is very commendable, but to raise them in the social scale and to make them participants of a high civilization, they must be taught to amass money, to hold it and manage it properly. I think they cannot be so taught, except in extremely

rare instances, but the experiment is worth trying; and I assure the humanitarians that so soon as the negro learns to amass money he will be admitted to social equality with the whites. Should the negroes ever become richer than the whites, their black skins and woolly hair will be as much admired as the wry neck of the Macedonian Alexander.

I do not wish to see the negro race in the South die out. The adults, male and female, in the villages and in the country are the most healthy people in the world: none of them die except from old age. But negro children have strangely disappeared. Marriage is becoming rare among the negroes, and births equally rare. Could the marital and parental relations between them be properly regulated, they would become a prosperous, happy and prolific people.

Before dismissing my subject, I think it due to the reader and to the general public to give them some curious information as to the social state of Virginia for some months past. During this time, in most of our counties, we have had no law-officers, and in consequence no law or government; yet our people, black and white, even on the eve of most exciting elections, were as pacific, as orderly and as free from crime as any people in the world. Indeed, many ingenious persons begin to maintain that government is a needless thing, and that public opinion and correct views of self-interest would enable us to dispense with the cumbersome and costly machinery. I hold no such opinions, but cite these facts to prove that there is not the slightest foundation for the popular rumor and opinion that there is cause to apprehend a war of races at the South. Our prospects are very hopeful, and we rejoice to find that many sensible persons at the North are becoming aware of it, and are rapidly settling in our midst.

The negroes, when first emancipated, were turbulent and disorderly, and committed many crimes, but at no time since their liberation have they been half so lawless, so turbulent, so beggarly or so criminal as were the emancipated serfs of England for several centuries, accord-

ing to the unanimous testimony of historians, and the still better testimony of very many acts of Parliament enacted to punish their mendicacy, vagrancy and crime.

I should fail in doing justice to the whites of Virginia, and I believe of the

whole South, were I not to add that since the war, although exposed to trying provocations and temptations, they have been peaceable, quiet and orderly, and crimes and misdemeanors have been of extremely rare occurrence among them.

GEORGE FITZHUGH.

### THE UNHEARD REPLIES.

NEVER, oh nevermore can he behold  
The early willow put forth tender green,  
Or hear the bluebird pipe returning May.  
"Grieve not, O faithful heart! for now, e'en now,  
I can behold the willow waving green,  
And hear the bluebird pipe returning May."

On the red field, 'mid volleying flame, he fell:  
The battle-tide rolled by and left him there:  
The cold, cold rain blew on him dying there.  
"Fighting for right, for liberty, I fell;  
But to the end, dear love, I thought of thee:  
My laurel crown will never, never fade."

No more for him the red ray of the dawn,  
The glow of noon, the tint of parting day,  
Will glad the eye, will glorify the life.  
"Oh blind lament! Lo! here a fairer dawn,  
A brighter noon, a lovelier ebbing day,  
Than ever mortal viewed, or dreamed he viewed!"

Around the hearth the near and dear will meet,  
And from their grief will grow a tender joy;  
But he will heed, will know them nevermore.  
"Do I not heed the murmur of thy heart  
Ere thine own thought can apprehend it well?  
Do I not know thee better than before?"

White, white the covering of that narrow bed,  
And drear the moaning of the wintry gale:  
There will he lie till the great judgment-day.  
"But look! Behold me more alive than thou!  
With all my human love immortal grown,  
Beloved, I wait; and thou wilt quickly come!"

EPES SARGENT.

## BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

## GRANGULA'S MOUNT.

"Charity for his fellow-creatures arrested half his words."—MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ, *speaking of the good Monsieur de Gourville.*

ON the lower portion of the lawn in front of Sydenham's house stood a stately elm, which, when the axe leveled the surrounding forest, the woodcutter had spared. Under its broad shelter, in full view of the village, sat two ladies—Mrs. Clymer on a rustic chair, calmly knitting, and our friend Leoline on a camp-stool, a small table with drawing materials before her.

The latter seemed greatly discomposed. "It's no use, Aunt Hannah," throwing down her pencil: "I can't draw a steady line this morning. I wish some old man would marry that horrid creature and carry her off to California."

"Thee shouldn't talk so, Lela dear. We should make much allowance for Catherine Wolfgang. Thee is too young to remember much of her husband, but she must have been sorely tried with that man."

"If his tongue was half as abusive as hers, I think she must, auntie. 'Seems to me if we have suffering ourselves, that ought to make us feel compassion for the sufferings of others."

"Yes. But she didn't know Celia was within hearing and had no intention of hurting her feelings."

"She's too cowardly to say it to her face: these creatures always are. They haven't a bit of real courage. She only abused the darling child, and insulted the memory of her parents, behind her back."

"Maybe it wasn't so bad as thee thinks. People sometimes exaggerate without intending it."

"I wonder if there ever was anybody you could not find some excuse for, aunt."

"We all need forgiveness, Lela."

"More or less. But I think if I had

ten thousand Aunt Hannahs, just like you, they wouldn't need as much forgiveness for the sins they committed all their lives through, as Mrs. Wolfgang needs for the backbiting she does with that bitter tongue of hers in a single year. I'm wicked myself, I know: if that woman had waited for Jean to carry her out to the garden gate, I'd have liked, of all things in the world, to be passing, just then, on the other side of the way: it would have been a sight to see. But I'm not vicious: I don't wish anybody any harm: if Mrs. Wolfgang were on her deathbed, and had nobody else, I'd be willing to sit up with her all night, provided they didn't insist on my crying if she died next morning. Then, you know, auntie, I've heard you repeat the texts about breaking the bruised reed and crushing the soul already nigh to perishing. I think anybody who would do that is too mean and cruel to live in this world."

"God does not think so."

Hannah Clymer was almost startled out of her equanimity when the warm-hearted girl sprang from her seat, threw her arms round her neck and kissed her: "You're an angel, auntie, that's the truth—an angel with a good-for-nothing niece. I wonder I don't contrive to be better, with you in the house all the time."

"Do I ever complain of thee, dear child?"

"Never, nor of Mrs. Wolfgang either. Ah, here comes papa. Who is that he has just parted from?"

"Some one who brought him a letter of introduction this morning."

"Who is it, papa?" as he came across to them.

"An Irishman. He and his wife are coming to live in the coachman's house and manage the farm and dairy. You remember Mr. Kullen, Hannah?"

"The temperance lecturer? I remember him well."

"He recommends this man highly.

The poor fellow, it seems, suffered three months' imprisonment on a false charge. Kullen proved his innocence, and he was released on the spot. A hard case."

"This foolish child," said Mrs. Clymer, with her kind smile, "has been grieving so sorely over another hard case, this morning, that she has scarcely touched her drawing."

"Celia Pembroke's? Mrs. Wolfgang—"

"Ah, you've heard of it, papa? And you said nothing to me about it?"

"Why should I vex you, my child, by repeating the coarse slanders of a cruel woman?"

"Poor, dear Celia! And no father, no mother, nobody to stand up for her!"

"Except you, my child, and sister Hannah; and myself, if you think me worth counting; and the Meyracs, and the Hartlands—the uncle has come out most creditably—and Mr. Harper, and the Creightons, and ever so many more of those whose good opinion is worth having. Mrs. Wolfgang has a party who hold with her—I'm very sorry it numbers as many as it does—people who like gossip seasoned with scandal, and take comfort in the misfortunes of others. They will run Celia down, of course; talk of pride having a fall, and justify Mowbray in casting her off—that will be their version of it—because her father deserved the penitentiary and left a stain on her birth."

"Mowbray!" said Leoline, her eyes flashing—"is that broken off?"

"So Ethan tells me—by Celia herself."

"Brave girl! I want to kiss her."

"Mowbray behaved badly—some jealous quarrel, I believe—"

"Just like him; all a pretence to shirk out. I'm so glad! I'm scarcely sorry Celia lost her money, since that selfish Adonis is gone along with it."

"You are harsh in your judgments, my child."

"So Aunt Hannah says; and as both of you agree about it, no doubt it's true. But consider, papa. How would you like me to marry a young man who had made up his mind it was better to do

nothing in this world except to live on the money you might be able to give me? How would you like a son-in-law without either trade or business or profession—the laziest young fellow about town, who spent half his time riding a horse he couldn't afford to keep, while his mother was slaving at home, teaching school and keeping house too? I won't say a word of the scandal about Ellen Tyler: I despise such things, and wouldn't hear them if I could possibly help it. But what is he good for, papa? What has he ever done in this world? What is he ever likely to do, except to wear kid gloves and a stylish necktie? Compare him to Ethan or to Mr. Creighton— By the way, I wonder if it wasn't Creighton he was jealous of?"

"Possibly. But, Lela, let me advise you not to meddle with your friend's love-affairs. I believe that Celia will not marry Mowbray now, and I am not sorry for it: there is too much truth in what you say about him; but she loves him still, depend upon it, and could not bear a disparaging word said to his discredit. And pray don't go recommending anybody else that you might think—"

"Papa, what *do* you take me for?"

"For a dear, kind, impulsive child, that is so indignant against wrong, and so eager to help her friends and make them happy, that I never do know what strange thing she will do next."

"Well, I'll try to behave well this time, papa," said Leoline, recommencing her drawing. "Please tell me how you like Mr. Harper's church."

"I think you've done the church correctly enough, but I can't say so much for the steeple. You must have been thinking of Celia when you drew these lines?"

"No, papa; it was not that."

"Your steeple leans all to the left. Look at it."

"It's not my steeple. If I had built it, I'd have made a better job of it. Here, papa," handing him a large opera-glass, "judge for yourself."

"Upon my word, you have a quick eye, Lela."

"You see it *does* lean on one side—to the north. The builder ought to have

been ashamed of himself. It's a crooked steeple, and nothing else." Then, with mock gravity: "'The truth of history must be vindicated,' as somebody said in the newspaper the other day. As a crooked steeple it shall go down to posterity in my drawing."

"Now, Lela dear," said Mrs. Clymer, in her gentle, coaxing tone of remonstrance, "why cannot thee let the poor steeple alone?"

This was too much for the young girl, and even Sydenham joined in her merriment. But the old lady took it so good-naturedly that Lela, repentant, exclaimed, "Well, I'll forgive the steeple for your sake, Aunt Hannah: I'll rub out the builder's transgression and set his work upright, as all men and all steeples should be."

"After that good deed is done, my child," said Sydenham, "I want you to walk down to the village and invite Celia to join our riding party this afternoon, as soon as school is dismissed."

"Yes, papa: I'm so glad."

"What with the communication from Cranstoun, then that scene at the Meyracs, and finally this rupture with Mowbray, no wonder if the poor child feels miserable and forlorn. The ride, at all events, will do her good."

When Celia rode over, she found that Lucille Meyrac had come to practice duets with Leoline; so the latter was unable to join the riding party.

"You prefer the forest road?" said Sydenham to Celia.

"Very much." She was quiet, but with a look of much suffering and depression.

Sydenham tried to win her from sad thoughts, relating to her Aunt Hannah's compassionate plea for the steeple, then branching off to talk of the school and of Ellinor Ethelridge. "She is like a sister to me," said Celia.

"It is good for both that you are associated," said Sydenham. "I am not acquainted with the details of her early history, but I know it is a melancholy one. Adversity has given her strength of mind and courage."

"I'm so weak and worthless! I have no fortitude."

"The best of us have days when the heart asks if there be any sorrow like unto ours."

"Ellinor has suffered far more than I, yet she—"

"Did not win the battle in a day. Darkness and tempest must be. The soul must cry out sometimes in the gloom—as poor Burns did when the burden was more than he could bear—"

'O life! thou art a galling load,  
Along a rough, a weary road,  
To wretches such as I!'

Celia started. The very words that had been haunting her ever since that terrible scene with Mowbray! And the tears rose, do what she would.

"To all of us the road is barred sometimes," Sydenham added, after a pause; "but how can we tell whether it may not be in mercy?"

Celia thought of Sydenham's widowed life, and of all the good he had done. Gradually she became calmer: but little more was said till they reached Grangula's Mount, the scene of Creighton and Emberly's political discussion. A little way down its eastern slope, as our readers may remember, was a sparse clump of umbrageous forest trees. Patriarchs were they, that had survived the fate of their companions—isolated patriarchs; not, as their fellows still in the crowd of the dense forest, shooting up tall and slender and restricted in their spread, like the constant indwellers of a populous city, cramped, by the crush and press around them, in scope of action and circle of habit; but spreading erratically out, like the lone-dwelling pioneer, who has taken root apart from his fellows, and whose uncribbed notions and doings dilate to the ample proportions of the wild and exuberant nature in which they grow.

It was one of those afternoons, typical of human life, when detached clouds flit across the sky and the landscape lies in chequered patches of light and shade. The riders drew rein and turned to the charming scene. "Shall we rest a

while?" said Sydenham. "I seldom pass this spot, especially on so beautiful an evening as this, without stopping to enjoy a prospect that never tires."

Celia assenting, they dismounted: Sydenham made fast each horse's bridle-rein to a depending branch, then led the way to the shelter of the grove.

Sydenham had too much wisdom and delicacy to advert to Mowbray. Though he well knew that the girl's disappointment in her lover weighed far heavier than loss of property or even of name, yet he knew also that time is the only styptic for a bleeding heart. He sought to divert her thoughts from what, for the nonce, admitted of no cure. When they were seated, "Celia," he added, "have you ever felt what a good thing it is to get away from one's fellow-creatures now and then, and renew acquaintance with inanimate Nature?"

"Of late more than formerly. I used to prefer—who is it that so expresses it?—having some one to whom to say how sweet solitude is."

"Yes; it is with years the conviction comes that to be alone, sometimes, with Nature in her beauty not only refreshes the feelings, but also invigorates thought. I don't know what world it is that Young bids us shut out before we can wake to reason and let her reign alone. If he spoke of the noisy world as it swarms in the thoroughfares of men, good and well; but if he meant such a glorious world as spreads out before us here, he is quite wrong. It is precisely before so grand a tribunal as this that the mind can grapple with the sublimest questions. If I had to argue against a man's prejudices, I'd like to undertake the task, not within the four walls of a room, but where we are now sitting. I'm glad we came here this evening, Celia."

"Have you some prejudice of mine to combat?"

"Perhaps."

The color rose in her cheeks.

"You have guessed aright," Sydenham continued. "It is of your mother and your own birth and position that I wish to speak to you."

Celia struggled for composure. "Speak

to me freely," she said at last. "I know it is right that it should be talked over."

"Tell me how you feel about this matter. It grieves you more than your loss of property?"

"Much more. I confess I have felt dreadfully about it. I can scarcely tell you how: as if I had been debased, degraded—as if every one had obtained the right to look down upon me, to despise me. The Pariahs of India came into my mind."

"Now I can answer your question. I have a prejudice of yours to combat."

"Is it a prejudice? Yet we must often suffer for the evil-doing of a parent. Are we not told that God visits the sins of the fathers on the children?"

"The sentiment is Jewish, not Christian: you would look for such an one in vain among Christ's teachings. But I will answer you more directly. In one sense—often in a terrible one—it is most true that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children."

"Just so."

"It is patent to all of us that a child neglected by ignorant or vicious parents often suffers through life the penalty of a crime or a neglect not his own. And the curse may descend more surely still. A parent persisting in a career of reckless dissipation may transmit to his offspring terrible disease. Nay, phrenologists assert, and I partly believe it, that violent passions or vicious inclinations, which years of indulgence have stamped on the nature, may go down—a frightful inheritance!—from parent to innocent child. If there be one motive, outweighing all personal considerations, that ought to warn off from excess of body or intemperance of mind, it is to be found in the reflection that we are becoming the deadly enemies of our posterity—that we are consigning to misery or vice the beings to whom we have imparted existence. In this sense well may we be reminded that God visits on the children the fathers' sins."

"I see that. Then, since so many thousands must suffer for the misconduct of their parents, why not I for the sin of mine?"

"How are you to suffer? By God's fiat? Has He doomed you to misery? Did your parents neglect or mislead you? No: from the wise training of one or both—"

"Oh, of both, Mr. Sydenham — of both. Let my father's misconduct in other respects have been what it may, to me he was always the kindest, the best—" She stopped. Warm recollections of past days melted her heart and filled her eyes, but she mastered her emotion and resumed: "Mr. Sydenham, I cannot tell you what consolation I feel in the favorable opinion of me you expressed the other day; but I should be most unworthy of it if I could forget that I owe whatever good may be in me not to my mother only, but also to the care and instructions of my dear, dear father."

"Your parents, then, both trained you in the way you should go. You have inherited, chiefly perhaps from a mother's gifted organization, health, beauty, talent, good dispositions. If you are to suffer for a father's sin, it will be man's doing, not God's."

"But if God does visit on children parents' sins, can it be wicked in man to do so?"

"Yes, Celia, wicked. You shall judge. Suppose that in the school you are now teaching you find some scholar ill-nurtured, untrained, sickly too perhaps, suffering sorely for a parent's faults. Have you a right to add, by your act, to the heavy burden? Have you a right, because the sins of others may have been visited on that poor creature, to neglect or vilify him?"

"Oh, none, none! I see it would be wickedness. I feel that such a cast-away should have more kindness than those who have been favored by Nature and Fortune."

"Your sense of justice informs you what is your duty to others. Be not less just to yourself. Because of your father's misconduct you will probably lose a comfortable fortune; but whatever you suffer, on the same score, beyond that, you will suffer through the base prejudice, or the baser malevolence, of

worthless people, just as any other innocent person might."

"But there is so much prejudice in the world, especially on this very point."

"It is daily diminishing. But you are right, Celia: there is much of it still. Try to listen to it as you do to the growling of a thunderstorm or the pattering of sleet against your windows. Try to encounter it as you would any other evil thing—envy, malice, hatred and all uncharitableness. That which is unmerited may, by a brave heart, always be borne. Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and if offence come, bear in mind that the woe and the shame attach not to you, but to the offender. Be independent—how well you can afford it!—of the self-installed arbiter. Even in the slanderer's evil pride there may be real benefit to you. If any one, puffed up with self-righteousness or blinded by false conceptions of right and wrong, seek to disparage you because of your birth, and assume that you ought to stand aside—he or she, spotless-born, being holier than you—remember that any such Pharisee is utterly unfit to be an associate of yours. If by any such you are avoided, how great the gain to you! The good-for-nothing are often winnowed from our acquaintance by what the world calls adversity."

The conversation continued for some time longer in this strain. Then they began to talk over the business points in the case, and Celia related all that had passed between her and Cranstoun, showing his letter, which she had been looking over just before she started from home.

Sydenham read it in silence. "It is his writing," he said at last: "one must believe one's eyes. Well, the frankness of that man's villainy is refreshing. Do you know what he expected, Celia?"

"No."

"Either that you would marry him, or buy him off: I don't think it mattered much to him which. And I verily believe the scoundrel thinks you will do the one or the other yet before the week is out. What a sealed book to such a rascal is an honorable heart!"

"But it is true—is it not?—that whether I write or he writes, the result will be the same to me."

"No: the fellow knows well enough that by turning informer he places you in a false position."

"How is that?"

"Had he suffered you to write, this Mr. Dunmore could not, for very shame, have demanded more than the original sum that Mr. Hartland received from your father's estate. But, getting the information from another, and having to pay heavily for it, he may possibly bring suit, in addition, for the mesne profits."

"I don't understand that term."

"It means the intermediate rents or profits that may have accrued from a property during the time it had been in the hands of a person to whom it did not belong: in this case the rents and profits of your father's property from the time it came into Mr. Hartland's hands up to the present day."

"That is terrible: then I or my guardian would have to repay all that he has paid out for my education and support. I shall be heavily in debt, besides losing all I have. How shall I ever be able to pay it?"

"I do not think any court in the United States would, under the circumstances, award more than the ten thousand dollars which the good management of your guardian has added, as your aunt informed me, to the thirty thousand originally put into his hands. At all events, dear child, do not vex yourself, in advance, about so uncertain a thing. Your affairs are in good hands. Don't let your thoughts dwell on them if you can possibly help it: better think of your school. Shall we ride?"

As Sydenham assisted her to mount, "By the way," he said, "what did you mean, that last day we rode together, by talking about parting with a favorite?"

"I cannot afford to keep Bess now."

"I don't know about that," said Sydenham, as they rode on. "I'm not sure that you can afford to part with her. You are right in wishing to husband your resources, but there is such a thing as false economy. Health, spirit,

energy—these are now part of your stock in trade. It's a very wearing thing, Celia, to teach school day after day: the world underrates the importance and the labor of such work. We mustn't have you worn out."

"Ellinor's school hours are but five a day—limited to that on your recommendation, I think she told me."

"Yes: it is enough for pupil and teacher. Children, properly taught, can learn more in that time than in six or seven hours of daily lessons. But as to Bess, I've a proposal to make to you."

"I must support myself and pay all my own expenses, or I shall not be happy."

"Be sure that I respect that feeling. But which do you think will be preferable—to teach five hours a day and walk on foot, or to teach five hours and a half and have the advantage of a ride whenever you desire it?"

"The latter, certainly."

"I agree with you. Now, Celia, you must have given Lela, in the last two or three years, at least a hundred music-lessons."

"It has been a great pleasure to me."

"I don't doubt it; and I accepted the kindness," he added, smiling, "from Celia, the capitalist, thankfully and without scruple. Will the teacher let me talk to her very frankly?"

"Surely, Mr. Sydenham. You wish to speak to me on business: that is what I must learn now."

"Right. I have been thinking seriously of sending Lela to Philadelphia to prosecute her musical studies. But I dislike, more than I can tell you, to part with the dear child. I should so much prefer to have her taught here. She ought to have three lessons a week, partly in singing."

"If you think me capable, I shall be delighted to teach her."

"You may remember that, two or three years since, in Philadelphia, I was present, more than once, when Madame Schönbach was giving you a lesson: a friend wished to know my opinion of her system of teaching. I thought it ad-

mirable; and I have observed that you adopted it, faithfully and skillfully, in giving Lela lessons. I shall commit her musical education to you with entire confidence."

"How much I thank you!"

"I shall be the gainer. Probably you have not yet thought of your scale of prices."

"No. Mrs. Mowbray charges sixty cents—fifty cents only, I believe, to her youngest pupils; but I am quite inexperienced—"

"Celia, I have usually been thought a good judge in musical matters. You are a better musician, and have a much better system in teaching, than Mrs. Mowbray. Besides, you understand thorough-bass: she does not. And then her lessons, at sixty cents, are but three-quarters of an hour long. If you charge less than a dollar an hour, there can be but one good reason for it."

"What reason?"

"Because those who apply are too poor to be able to pay what your lessons are worth. Do as you please in their cases. I am not too poor to pay a just price. Indeed, there is a reason why I should pay more than they. I propose that you should give Lela her lessons at my house, and you will have to travel each time more than two miles."

"I shall greatly prefer it. Your Chickering is so much superior to Mr. Hartland's piano."

So it was arranged that Celia should give Lela three music-lessons a week, of an hour each, for a hundred and fifty dollars a year. "It will pay for Bess' keep," Sydenham remarked, "and leave something over for farriers' and saddlers' items. Depend upon it, the mare is a good investment. She may save you several doctors' bills. And on her back you can come to Rosebank and return in twenty minutes, instead of three-quarters of an hour, which you would have to spend on foot. You save time, and time is money."

Sydenham's delicate thoughtfulness for her welfare and comfort touched Celia to the heart. As they parted, her thought was: "Should I ever, but for

the loss of fortune, have thoroughly known how good a man he is?"

Then the thought would obtrude itself: "How different the revelation in Evelyn's case!" But alas! alas! Though the eyes were opened, the heart was sick. Celia thrust back the thought as a disloyalty. Like the king of Israel when he learned the fate of his insurgent son, she still suffered love to cover a multitude of sins. By and by she might come to feel, as Sydenham had hinted, that the beautiful path of flowers she had been treading was barred in mercy. Not now. All she could do was to turn her thoughts resolutely to other things. There *was* comfort there.

As she rode home on the graceful little mare that was still to be hers, how marvelous the change a few short hours had wrought! Not in the external. She was still the daughter of an unmarried mother, and of a father who had led a life of deceit. She felt, as before, that her fortune—large for her, with simple tastes and living in a quiet village—was to go to another, leaving her almost penniless. Without, all was still the same. But within, a battle had been fought and won. The kingdom in the mind, that had been distracted by rebellious malcontent, was comparatively at peace. It had overcome its enemies and achieved independence.

It would have been a curious psychological inquiry how much of the victory which the young girl had that day obtained was due, as the greatest victories often are, to a petty incident.

"Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,  
And trifles, life."

Let Wisdom smile and Age forget youthful weakness. It is none the less true that full half the grief with which Celia Pembroke encountered loss of name and fortune was lifted from her heart when she felt that, in giving up forty thousand dollars, she was not called upon to surrender, along with it, her petted favorite—her daily companion—her spirited little beauty, Bess.

Sydenham was a sagacious man.

## CHAPTER XXXII.

## WHAT THE LAW SAID.

SOME one has said that law is but the crystallization of natural justice, and Aristotle claimed for Jurisprudence that it is the most perfect branch of Ethics. To a certain extent, especially as regards the great legal maxims underlying all statutory provisions—the *leges legum*, to adopt Bacon's phrase—this is true. But many of the Common Law usages are essentially barbarous; and while the guards set up under that system to preserve the public rights of the subject have done much for human liberty, some of its rules touching private rights in social life and the regulating of property are much less liberal and equitable than the corresponding provisions under the Institutes of the Roman Law.

Both systems are, in our own country, gradually undergoing grave and wise modifications, dictated by that merciful and Christian spirit which is stealing over the world as it grows older and calmer, and which finds expression, from time to time, in amendments to the Statute Law of our several States.

This occurred strongly to Creighton as he looked up the various law-points in Celia's case. Ohio, he found, had enacted remedies for an injustice which older commonwealths have left unredressed. It was with a feeling of encouragement that, on the same afternoon on which Sydenham and Celia had been moralizing on Grangula's Mount, he sought an interview with Mr. Hartland the elder to report progress. The facts he had to state were these:

That an Ohio statute, passed in 1831 and re-enacted (with a mere verbal alteration) in the Code of 1854, provides, "*The issue of marriages deemed null in law shall nevertheless be legitimate.*"\*

That an almost identical provision is found in the Missouri Code.† And that, although a Missouri circuit court decided, under that law, that the children of the second marriage could not inherit, the

\* Act of February 24, 1831, § xiii.

† "The issue of all marriages deemed null in law, or dissolved by divorce, shall be legitimate."

Supreme Court of the State reversed the decision.‡

That there had been no decision by the Supreme Court of Ohio on this point.

"My sister, Mrs. Wolfgang," suggested Hartland, "says Cranstoun told her that just such a case as Celia's had been decided adversely, not long since, in one of the counties of this State. Do you believe that?"

"It may be a mere blind or it may be true; probably the latter, for that would explain the grounds of Cranstoun's confidence. But it would be an endless task to look through the records of eighty counties in search of a decision made in one of them; nor is it important. Since a circuit court in Missouri decided against the rights of the children by the second marriage, one in Ohio may have fallen into the same error."

"But on what plea could a circuit court decide adversely?"

"Probably by construing the expression, 'deemed null in law,' as applicable only to marriages that are what the law calls *voidable*—that is, marriages which require a judicial sentence to establish their nullity."

"You think that a false construction?"

"Decidedly. I do not see how the language of the statute can, with any propriety, be so limited. I think the innocent child or children of the marriage *de facto*, though that marriage be deemed in law a nullity, come clearly within the letter and the spirit of the enactment."

Hartland sat for some time absorbed in thought. "Your opinion seems a logical deduction from the wording of the law," he said at last; "and I cannot help hoping, for Celia's sake, that you are right; yet I very much doubt whether

‡ *Lincecum v. Lincecum*, 3 Mo. Rep. 441. A case of bigamy, both wives being alive at the time of the husband's death. The children of the second marriage had sued, in a circuit court, for their share of the father's property, and had lost the suit. The case being carried to the Supreme Court of Missouri, the decision of the court below was reversed, and the right of the children to inherit affirmed. In giving judgment the court said: "Where a person is once clearly and positively legitimated, he ought not to be bastardized by implication or construction."

such a law is conducive to public morality. We are getting altogether too lax and lenient in our modern notions, Mr. Creighton. At this rate there will soon be no distinction between virtue and vice."

"We cannot punish crime until it is detected," replied Creighton. "Had Mr. Pembroke been detected and convicted, he would have been sentenced to hard labor in the penitentiary for one year at all events, and for six more at the option of the court."

"But if a man knew that after his death his wife and children might still suffer for his fault, it would be an additional motive to deter him from so heinous a crime as bigamy."

"Mrs. Pembroke and Miss Celia were as innocent in this matter as you and I, Mr. Hartland. Ought we to mete out punishment to the innocent by way of reforming the guilty? On the same principle we might enact that the widow and children of a bigamist like Pembroke should be condemned to years of imprisonment and hard labor. It is possible that such an enactment might occasionally exert a deterrent influence, but I think you would not recommend it."

"We shall not agree on such matters," said Mr. Hartland, coldly.

"Very true; and we are straying from the practical points at issue. On one of these points I think you may set your mind at rest. You are not at all likely to be held responsible for any reasonable sums which, having good cause to believe the property hers, you expended on your ward's behalf, nor can she be held to reimburse them."

"That is satisfactory."

Then they parted; Mr. Hartland somewhat nettled, as he always was when he came into contact with modern innovators who gave plausible reasons in support of their heresies, and with some misgivings also. "These sanguine world-reformers," he thought, "are not much to be trusted: their vagaries mislead them."

The next morning he called at Creighton's office. "You know," he said, "by

reputation at all events, Mr. Marshall of Buffalo?"

"Joseph Marshall, who practiced law for some twenty years in this State?—one of the clearest-headed lawyers in it."

"The same, and a very intimate friend of mine. I should like, if you do not object, to obtain his opinion in this matter. The amount at issue is large, and my duty to my niece requires that I should neglect no reasonable precaution."

"You are quite right, Mr. Hartland. I do not know Mr. Marshall personally, but I shall be much pleased to have him associated with me in the case."

"Then, if you will be so good as to make out such notes of your own opinion as you may desire to have submitted to him, I shall start for Buffalo next Monday."

"With great pleasure." Then, after a pause: "Mr. Hartland, I begged you not to say anything to Miss Celia about the hopes I entertained to bring matters out all right; but if you see no objection, I think, now that I have substantial grounds to go upon, I ought to lay these before her."

"I have no objection," said the other, apparently with some hesitation.

Creighton noticed it: nevertheless the same afternoon he called to see the young lady. Mr. and Mrs. Hartland had driven out, and he found her just returned from school and alone.

They had met twice already since the day when Celia heard of her father's misconduct, and his manner had puzzled her. It had certainly changed. Formerly, in the days of her prosperity—for so in her thoughts she now regarded her past life—he had frequently spent his evenings with them; and his somewhat off-hand style of addressing her (strictly within the bounds of good-breeding though it was) had left an unpleasant feeling—a vague impression, as she had told Mowbray, that he thought her vain of her position as a village heiress.

All this seemed to have passed away, and within the last week he had treated her with marked respect—with a delicate reverence, she almost thought, for her

misfortunes, but expressed in tone and manner, not in words.

Etymologists derive the term "lady" from two Gothic words, meaning bread-giver: "gentleman" has a less assured derivation, usually referred to birth rather than to disposition; yet I prefer to take it in the modern sense of our beautiful word *gentle*; so that the terms employed to designate those above the vulgar, and which ought to be restricted to Nature's *aristoi*, may both imply inherent nobility of character—in one sex that Charity, vicegerent of Deity, which dispenses earthly blessings; in the other, the same godlike attribute in a broader sense—that spirit, gentle and easy to be entreated, which Christianity has substituted for the stern, vengeance-dealing systems of an older world.

There are various qualities which mark the cultivated, well-bred man; yet not one perhaps is more characteristic than a gentle, deferential tone in addressing woman, especially in her season of sorrow. Celia felt this as Creighton spoke:

"I come, after consulting with your guardian, to talk a little law with you, Miss Celia. In a general way, I don't talk law with my younger clients, especially when I have hopes of success which may or may not be realized. But you have fortitude and a mind equal to adverse fortune, and with you I run no risk: you will not mistake probabilities for certainties."

Celia's color deepened: a wild hope sprung up in her breast, but she dismissed it, saying, "It is surely not probable—possible even—that there was no English wife living when mamma was married."

"Unfortunately, no; but that reminds me"—he took from a green bag a bundle of papers, selected one of these and handed it to Celia. "Will you have the kindness to look over these extracts, and to tell me if they correspond to what you read in your father's letters to Mr. Cranstoun?"

Celia read them carefully and said, "So far as I remember they correspond exactly."

"I did not doubt it. Cranstoun is not a man to commence, or even to threaten, a suit without some foundation. I grieve to think your father sinned, Miss Pembroke. I cannot remove from you the burden of that remembrance. Would to God I could!"

"But you spoke of hopes, Mr. Creighton—of probabilities?"

"Very important ones they are, but they regard yourself only; and I fear they will cause you less pleasure than your father's misconduct has caused you pain. You will forgive my speaking plainly to you?"

"I shall think you deal kindly with me," but the cheeks flushed.

Creighton colored slightly himself, saying in a low tone, "Miss Celia, you think yourself an illegitimate child?"

"I know it only too well," her eyes cast down. "I heard it," she added, shuddering, "from coarse and cruel tongues."

"What they said was false: you are mistaken. You are as legitimate as your aunt or uncle, or any inhabitant of Chiskauga."

Celia had not a word in reply, so astounded was she: and Creighton, adding, "You shall see the law," handed her another paper from the bundle, containing two lines only—lines almost of life and death to the poor girl. When she had read them, he said, "That was the law of Ohio at the time of your mother's marriage, and it is the law still. The marriage, at the time it took place, was null in law, but you see by that paper that you are nevertheless legitimate."

Creighton may have been right when he said that the joy would not be equal to the past sorrow. Yet it was a great joy, gushing over her heart, as if the breath of summer had penetrated, with sensible warmth, to its core. The badge of shame—a fancied letter B, which stung almost like the terrible A of old Puritan law,\* the badge of shame which

\* *General Laws and Liberties of Massachusetts Bay*, chap. xxviii., sec. 1: "A capital A of two inches long, cut out in cloth of a contrary colour to their cloaths," etc.

she had thought to wear through life—had suddenly dropped from her as by magic, yet the magician was a young lawyer, and his wand, two lines from a musty statute-book. A great mistake *he* made who applied to laws what Pope said of forms of government :

"Whate'er is best administered is best."

Laws, in their despotism, may save or destroy both soul and body. If the thirteenth section of that Act of 1831 had declared that "the issue of marriages deemed null in law shall be bastards," by what mode of administration would it have helped this poor guiltless orphan out of the pit of her grief?

Creighton sat watching Celia's countenance. It was a very interesting one, and—if love be dangerous—a somewhat dangerous one to watch. She had had, from early youth, a habit—very painful it had often been to her—of blushing at the touch of any emotion whether of joy or sorrow—at trifles, even, as at the unexpected sight of some girl-friend; and when deeply and suddenly moved the flush would overspread face and bosom.

Just then the changeful heaven of that countenance seemed suddenly overcast again, as if some cloud were crossing the sun of her new-found hope. It puzzled Creighton.

At last she looked up and said in low, eager tones: "Mr. Creighton, was mamma a legal wife?"

"I have looked carefully into that matter, knowing it would interest you, and I believe that during the three last years of her marriage she was. I will tell you why I think so. Kent, one of our best legal authorities, says that, by the Common Law, no peculiar ceremonies are requisite to the celebration of the marriage: the consent of the parties is all that is required.\* And it is the opinion of a learned writer on the Domestic Relations that the marriage, if made at Common Law, without observing any statute regulations, would still be valid.† We have no statute, though

I think we ought to have, providing that a woman who contracts a marriage in good faith, ignorant of a previous impediment, shall, as soon as the impediment is removed, become a legal wife; but this is the rule under the Spanish law, as it existed formerly in Florida and Texas;‡ and our State legislation tends in that direction. When the English wife died your father was free. Out of regard for your mother's feelings—mistaken regard, but doubtless most sincere—he did not renew, and cause your mother to renew, by the usual ceremony, the formal expression of that "consent of the parties" which undoubtedly suffices to legalize marriage. But that consent had been publicly given and recorded nine or ten years before, had never been withdrawn, and was substantially renewed by the continuance of your father and mother to live together as husband and wife until Mr. Pembroke's death. Thus the case seems made out. I must remind you, however, Miss Pembroke, that this is my opinion only, and that I may be mistaken, since I find no decision on the subject. But whether I am mistaken or not, the moral right of the case remains the same. And then, even if it should appear that the law fails to afford relief where justice cries aloud that it should, we must bear in mind—"He hesitated, as men who have been talking of worldly business often do when their thoughts stray off to a higher sphere.

"You promised to speak plainly to me," Celia said. "What must we bear in mind?"

"That your mother is now in a world which calumny cannot reach, and where legal injustice is unknown." He said it reverently and with emotion. Then, after a time, he added: "No law could have made her life more pure, nor her relations to your father more holy than they were. Do not, I entreat you, vex yourself without cause by imagining how, if the point had come up, legal technicalities might have caused it to be decided. It has no practical bearings on yourself or your future."

\* Kent's *Commentaries*, vol. ii., p. 86.

† Reeve's *Domestic Relations*, pp. 196, 200, 290.

‡ 1 *Texas Rep.*, 621.

He paused to see whether the question of property would suggest itself. No. She was thinking of her mother, and of that untried phase of being far better than the earthly phase—of that world whose denizens serve God, not Mammon.

"I thank you from my heart," she said. "What you told me about my mother did me so much good."

"I have done nothing for you, as yet, Miss Pembroke, but I do hope to render you substantial service."

Still no sign that the question of heirship had crossed Celia's mind. It seemed left for Creighton to moot it. "Have you no curiosity," he said at last, "as to whether the fact of your legitimacy affects your property?"

"I thought that question was settled against me. Mr. Cranstoun said so."

"He told you also that you were an illegitimate child, but you see what that assertion was worth."

"Is it possible that I am still my father's rightful heir?"

"I think so, because the fact of legitimacy carries with it the right to inherit. But I am not sure that the courts will ultimately decide in your favor. Let me tell you exactly what the facts are."

"Did not Mr. Cranstoun say to Mrs. Wolfgang that it had already been decided somewhere against the children of the second marriage in just such a case as mine?"

"She says so; and such a decision may have been made."

"How, then, can there be any hope?"

"Because the decision spoken of is said to have been made in a county court only. But when county—or, as we call them, circuit—courts make blunders, we appeal to the Supreme Court of the State to correct these."

"But the Supreme Court may think it is not a blunder?"

"I see I was right in trusting you, Miss Pembroke. The Supreme Court may think so; and in that case your property will be lost."

The telltale blush showed that this did affect her. The new-found hope was about to die. Creighton came to its re-

lief, adding: "But I feel convinced that our Supreme Court would declare such a decision to be contrary to law."

"Yet it is uncertain."

"Is any future event certain, except death? Then, too, law is proverbially uncertain. You do well to be prepared for the worst, yet I firmly believe we shall beat them."

As he took his leave he said: "You can afford to look with comparative indifference on the legal battle that is about to be fought in your behalf; for you will succeed in the world, Miss Pembroke, and will win the respect of the good, let it terminate as it will."

In pursuance of the purpose he had expressed to Creighton, Mr. Hartland set out for Buffalo, taking a Lake steamer at Cleveland. On board the boat, to his surprise, he met Nelson Tyler. The miller was on his way to Buffalo, to purchase a pair of burr-stones and some additional machinery for his mill. In conversing of Chiskauga matters, Mowbray's name came up, and the two did not differ materially in their estimate of the man.

When Mr. Hartland, soon after his arrival at Buffalo, called on Mr. Marshall, he found that that gentleman had almost withdrawn from the practice of law, and was residing at a pleasant country-seat a few miles out of town, where his time and thoughts were occupied in the collection and arrangement of a valuable cabinet of autographs—not of signatures, but of letters, more or less important, from most of the distinguished authors and statesmen of our own country since the days of the Pilgrims, and of European countries from a still older date. Hartland spent several days with his old friend, and had occasion to remark that never, in earlier years, when he had known him making ten or twelve thousand dollars annually from his practice, had the lawyer seemed so busily engaged as now, from morning often till late in the night, he was; sometimes in the delicate manipulation of old, creased, scarcely-legible letters of some great poet or philosopher; sometimes in

mounting rare and valuable portraits and landscapes with which to illustrate some favorite work. It was a labor of love, in the performance of which he seemed never to tire. Hartland marveled to see a man whom learned courts and dignified assemblies had once listened to with admiration, engrossed by such objects as these; and could not understand how, one day when a long, characteristic letter of Dr. Samuel Johnson, written near the close of the great lexicographer's life, unexpectedly reached his friend's hands, he should evince as much delight as a child just possessed of a new toy. He forgot that human character is far more interesting than insect life, and that it was ever a white day in his own calendar when some undescribed beetle or butterfly first blessed his sight. Men seldom comprehend the attractions of any hobby except their own.

It was a sacrifice to friendship which Hartland did not sufficiently appreciate when Mr. Marshall, with a sigh, locked the small fire-proof chamber that contained his precious manuscripts, and spent the greater part of two days among his law-books, studying Celia's case. In the end he came to nearly the same conclusions as Mr. Creighton, and wrote out an opinion endorsing the latter's views. This Mr. Hartland immediately despatched to Chiskauga, promising to follow it in a steamer which was advertised to leave Buffalo four days later; and in which the miller, having completed his purchases, had also engaged a berth.

#### CHAPTER XXXIII.

##### THE LAKE STEAMER.

"Roth, wie Blut,  
Ist der Himmel;  
Das ist nicht des Tages Glut!  
Welch Getimmel!"

SCHILLER, *Lied von der Glocke*.

WE are living through a period of transition, and our young country exhibits the exuberance incident to such a state. In legislative hall or traveler's

caravansary, in "silver palace car" or gorgeous steamer, we are wont to overlook the fitness of things, mistaking tinsel and glitter for appropriate enrichment, and often neglecting substantial comfort for worthless gauds.

Yet if there was extra gilding and carving and superfluity of mirrors and silk hangings in the stately "Queen of the Lakes," on which Hartland and the miller embarked, she was nevertheless a magnificent vessel, gracefully modeled and well appointed—a craft of which her genial captain might well be proud.

Full three hundred and fifty feet long, she had two decks stretching throughout her entire length. The lower of these was partially occupied, on either side, by the officers' berths, close to which rose the smoke-stacks, while the spacious forward deck and the open central space were crowded by a large number of steerage passengers, chiefly decent-looking German and Irish emigrants; a few of whom, however, had engaged bunks in the small, plain after cabin. Of the upper deck three-fourths were occupied by the main cabin for first-class passengers, handsome state-rooms being partitioned off on either side, and the after portion, which was appropriated to the ladies and their friends, was separated from the gentlemen's cabin by rich brocaded satin drapery. From the opposite end of this spacious room double doors opened on the upper forward deck, the favorite resort of the cabin passengers in fine weather.

Upon these two decks, on the present occasion, upward of four hundred passengers had found accommodation.

Captain Drake—for so the autocrat of this floating colony was named—had his wife and family on board, and had invited a number of friends on a pleasure-trip to Cleveland. A gay and thoughtless party they were; among them several young people of each sex, whom the captain, bent on the happiness of his guests, had apparently selected with special reference to their individual preferences, for they dropped naturally into couples, some secluding themselves in the ladies' cabin and looking over books

or prints together; others, deep in conversation, promenading the forward deck.

The captain entertained them generously: champagne circulated freely at the upper end of the long dining-table. In the evening there was music. One young lady, of distinguished appearance, but somewhat inappropriately attired in an elaborate ball-dress, was a charming ballad-singer; and her rendering of the old song, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," called forth, from a good many eyes, the tribute of tears. Then there was an impromptu ball, two negro violinists composing the band. Captain Drake, his fifty-odd years forgotten, joined jovially in the dance, which was kept up till past midnight—in honor of May-day, the captain said, for they had left Buffalo on a warm, bright first of May.

Among the sober spectators of this gay scene were Thomas Hartland and Nelson Tyler; the latter cordially enjoying it, the former sitting unmoved, with a silent protest in his heart against the levities of fashionable life. Without waiting the termination of the dance, Hartland retired to his state-room. Having delayed to secure his passage until the day before the steamer started, he had been fain to put up with a somewhat undesirable berth, the upper one in a state-room alongside the wheel-house. As this room could have no door or window opening outside, it was lighted by a frame projecting from its roof and glazed, so that any one occupying the upper berth could, by raising himself, see, through the side-panes, what passed on the hurricane deck.

Hartland lay awake. At first, the sounds of merriment and music outside chased sleep away; and when these gradually ceased and the cabin was deserted, he still lay, he did not know how long, listening to the plash of the great wheel hard by, sinking at last into troubled and broken slumber.

In the dead of night he suddenly became conscious of the sound of footsteps overhead. Looking through the skylight, he discerned the figures of two men moving silently about, one of them

having a lantern in his hand. Then he thought he heard their voices, speaking in eager, suppressed tones. Thoroughly roused, he donned a portion of his clothes and proceeded to the upper deck. A third man had joined the first two, and Hartland asked him what was the matter. In reply the latter pointed to one of the smoke-stacks, adding in a whisper, "Looks as if it might be fire." Hartland then perceived, dimly by the lantern-light, a slender line of light smoke or steam rising close to the starboard smoke-pipe, and he became aware that one of the two men whom he had first seen held a hose, of which he was directing the contents on this object of their suspicions. At first the stream of water seemed to quench the fire, if fire it was, but after a time, the smoke began to reappear and to drift aft, though still ascending only in feeble puffs. Hartland hesitated no longer, but returned at once to the cabin, where he roused the miller, and they awoke several other passengers, the doors of whose state-rooms happened to be unlocked; making no noise, however, for they were both men of nerve and courage, and they knew the effect of a sudden alarm at night among so great a crowd.

Those who had been aroused hastened from the cabin and met the captain speeding up to the hurricane deck.

Still that ominous line of smoke! gradually increasing in volume, Hartland thought. A deathlike stillness over the boat, broken only by the dull, rushing sound of its huge wheels.

"These emigrants below ought to be warned," whispered Nelson Tyler to Hartland; and they both descended, moving slowly and quietly among the sleeping multitude that lay on the deck. They awoke the men gently, speaking in an undertone, and telling them it was better to be ready, though there was no immediate danger. As the officers, fearing disturbance, and confident, no doubt, that they could soon master the fire, had given no alarm, the news spread but gradually and without arousing any violent demonstration. With a low murmur the crowd arose.

Then the two mounted to the floor above. Men and women, their faces deadly pale, were creeping silently from the cabin, and soon the upper forward deck was nearly filled. They could dimly see, on the cabin roof, a line of men who had been organized to pass what few buckets they had from the side of the vessel. The crowd watched the result with feverish anxiety. No one spoke above his breath. All eyes were turned to that long, dark cylinder of smoke. It had doubled in volume, Hartland saw at a glance, since he first had sight of it; and the conviction flashed over him that the supply of water was quite insufficient to check the hidden flame. The horrors he had read of, about fires at sea, rose vividly to his mind, but he thrust them aside by a determined effort. He looked at Tyler. It was evident that the miller too realized the situation, yet he said but a word or two, and in a tone so low that Hartland overheard only Ellen's name: then a look of stern resolution passed over Tyler's face. Conscious of his own strength and skill in swimming, he was nerving himself for the struggle before him.

What a magnificent night it was!—clear, cloudless; starlight serene in its splendor, but no moon; the wind a moderate breeze, fresh and balmy, just stirring the lake surface into gentle ripples. Nature in her quietest, holiest aspect, shining with calm benigance from heaven, as if to give earnest of peace and protection to the creatures of earth.

Solemn the hush over that awestruck crowd! They felt what *might* happen, though most of them, not having noticed the gradual increase in that fatal smoke-column, were still buoyed up by hope. How character, unmasked, showed itself there! Some seemed self-absorbed; others had gathered into groups, the selfish instinct overcome by affection. Here a mother had brought her children together and was whispering to them that they mustn't be afraid. There a brother, his arm around a favorite sister, was speaking some low word of comfort and encouragement. Hartland distin-

guished among the rest the fair songstress of the preceding evening, half clad now, careless of appearance, mute with terror, a young man, lately her partner in that gay dance, by her side; bewildered he seemed, panic-stricken like herself: poor protector in a strait like that! She was not the only one who found out, in that terrible night, the difference between a companion fit to enliven hours of idleness, and a friend who will stand stoutly by and succor, through gloom of danger, when life is at stake.

Even a touch of the ludicrous mingled, as it will in the most tragic scenes. One gentleman had a silver-bound dressing-case strapped under his arm; another carried a hat-box, which he seemed to guard with scrupulous care. Tyler saw a young girl, who was standing near him, deliberately unclasp a pair of handsome earrings, then roll them carefully in her handkerchief, which she deposited in her pocket. And one old lady, walking distractedly up and down near the cabin door, kept eagerly asking the passers-out if they were sure they hadn't seen anything of her bundle. But all such frivolities were soon to cease.

How often, to the storm-tossed and bewildered mariner, has there shone, from watch-tower or pharos, a feeble ray, welcome as Hope herself, life-guide through night and tempest! But the hope, the safety of this waiting crowd was in merciful darkness.

A faint flicker of light! God in heaven! It had shot up along the edge of that large, dark smoke-pipe! For a moment it dimly showed the wan faces—a signal-fire, omen of coming fate.

Another! A shudder crept through the watchers—a long, low moan: they saw it all now. The fiery element, gathering power below, was slowly creeping upward upon them. The crowd glared around with the instinct of flight. Nothing but the waste of waters, with here and there a star reflected from their dark depths! And still, as dreary monotone, the rushing plash of those gigantic wheels!

Then there were eager inquiries for life-preservers. Not one, they were told,

on the boat !\* And the gilt glitter in that luxurious cabin—what a mockery now ! The thousands squandered there might, wisely spent, have saved that night hundreds of human lives.

As it was, a portion of the passengers went in search of something to keep them afloat in case of the worst, returning with chairs, stools, pieces of board, and the like. Others, utterly unmanned and abandoning all exertion, gave way to wild bewailings.

A mother with several children, entreated Mr. Hartland to take charge of the youngest, a little girl.

"I am going below, madam," he replied, "where the crowd is dangerous, and where she would run great risk of being lost or crushed."

The mother submitted, kissing the child and taking it in her arms, and Hartland whispered to Tyler, "Let us go down. We may approach the shore before the flames gain head ; and if we have to swim for it, the chance is better from the lower deck." So they descended.

Below, the forward deck was a mass of human beings. To them the danger was even more apparent than to those above. Flakes of flame already rose, here and there, from the deck near the smoke-stacks. Even the heat was beginning to be felt. But there was one favorable circumstance. The wind was westerly—a head wind, though veering a little on the starboard quarter—and flame and smoke were blown aft, leaving the forward half of the vessel clear.

Soon a larger fork of flame shot up, and there were screams faintly heard from the small after cabin. Some of the inmates, attempting to lower the yawl that hung astern, had been caught there by the drifting fire : their fate was sealed.

That last burst of flame must have shown itself on the upper deck, for there was a smothered cry from above, and then a voice—the captain's it seemed—shouting in loud tones to the pilot.

\* The law which now requires that all passenger steamers shall be fully supplied with these had not then passed.

The alarm gained the crowd below, which swayed to and fro. Women and children shrieked in terror as the press came upon them. Men's voices rose—a hoarse murmur, like the gathering of a great wind. Tyler endeavored to make his way to the bow, but found that impossible : several stout Irish laborers turned threateningly upon him. "I'll risk my chance above," he said to Hartland, but the latter stayed below.

When the miller reached the upper deck a sheet of fire already rose nearly as high as the smoke-stacks, and the roof of the main cabin had caught. But he saw also in a moment a change that kept hope alive. The smoke and flames, instead of drifting aft, now blew dead to larboard. The captain's command to the pilot had been to port the helm and run the boat on shore.

But this change, bringing the mass of flame closer to the passengers, so that those nearest the cabin felt the hot breath on their cheeks, at first increased their alarm. They crowded fearfully toward the bow, and many must have been thrown into the water then and there, had not a voice called out, "Don't crowd : they're heading her for land." This assurance in a measure quieted the terror-stricken throng. There was the suppressed voice of lamentation, an appeal to Heaven for mercy here and there, but still no clamorous shout, no wild outcry. There could be seen, by that red glare, on some faces the calm of resignation, on others the stillness of despair.

Though the flames spread steadily, the engine continued to work, the wheels did their duty, and the pilot—noble fellow !—still kept his post, though smoke, mingled with thick sparks, swept in circling eddies around him.

Each minute was bearing these four hundred souls nearer and nearer to safety, and all eyes were now strained in the direction of the vessel's course. The blaze from that terrific bale-fire lighted up the lake waters far and wide, and—yes ! was at last reflected on a low shore and trees. Some one near the bow cried out, "Land ! land !" Others

caught and repeated the soul-stirring cry. And though the passengers in the rear of the crowd were already in perilous vicinity to the spreading flames, a faint shout of exultation went up.

But terrible and speedy came the reaction! The boat had been headed more and more to the left, and ere five minutes had elapsed—with a *thud* so heavy that she shuddered through all her timbers—the vessel struck a hidden sandbar, remaining fast, but before she settled swinging by the stern till her after cabin lay directly to windward. Thus the breeze, which was fresh, blew right from stern to bow.

Fearful was the result! In an instant the whole body of flame swept straight over the masses that had huddled together on the forward decks. At the same moment the huge smoke-stacks, loosened by the violent shock, fell, with a loud crash, down through the cabin, their fall being succeeded by a sudden and tremendous burst of surging fire.

No restraint now! No thought among that doomed multitude save one—escape from the most horrible of all deaths, to be burned alive! In the very extremity of despair they crowded recklessly on each other, sweeping irresistibly forward till the front ranks were borne sheer off the bow: then the next, then the next! Ere three minutes had elapsed the water swarmed with a struggling throng—men, women, children battling for their lives.

A few of the passengers in the rear rushed to the stairs, but they were in flames. No escape from that scene of horror, except by a leap of some twenty feet—from the upper guards down to the waves below, already covered with a floundering mass. But most of those who were left accepted the desperate alternative, flinging themselves over the side of the boat. Many fell flat and became senseless at once, sinking hopelessly to the bottom: others, dropping straight down, soon rose again to the surface. Now and then an expert swimmer, watching an opening in the living screen, dived down head foremost. Scarcely a score remained, the miller among them, on the extreme bow. Even

at that appalling moment his attention was arrested by a brief episode in the scene of horror before him. A young mother—tall, graceful, with a look of refinement and a pale Madonna face, her arms around a baby asleep, it seemed, in their shelter—stood on the very edge of the deck where the rush of the headlong crowd had broken down the guards—alone!—her natural defender—who knows?—swept away by the human torrent, or perhaps, under the tyrant instinct of self-preservation, a deserter from her whom he had sworn to cherish and protect. All alone, to earthly seeming at least, though she might be communing even then with the Unseen, for her colorless face was calm as an angel's, and her large, dark eyes were raised with a gaze so eager it might well be penetrating the slight veil, and already distinguishing, beyond, guardian intelligences bending near, waiting to welcome into their radiant world one who had been the joy and the ornament of this.

As Tyler watched her, a tongue of flame swept so close he thought it must have caught her light drapery. A single look below, a plunge, and she committed herself and her babe to the waves and to Him who rules them.

Tyler rushed to the spot where she had stood, but mother and child had already sunk. For a brief space—moments only, though he thought of it afterward as a long, frightful dream—he gazed on the seething swarm of mortality beneath him—poor, frail mortality, stripped of all flaunting guise, and exhibiting, under overwhelming temptation, its most selfish instincts bared to their darkest phase.

The struggle to reach the various floating objects, and the ruthlessness with which a strong swimmer occasionally wrenched these from the grasp of some feeble old man or delicate woman—it was all horrible to behold. Then again, many swimmers, striking without support for shore, were caught in the despairing clutch of some drowning wretch, unconscious perhaps of what he did, and dragged down to a fate from

which their strength and courage might have saved them. From the midst, however, shone forth examples of persistent self-devotion: husbands with but one thought, the safety of their wives; a son sustaining to the last an aged parent; but above all the maternal instinct asserted its victory over death. Tyler, even in those fleeting moments, caught sight, here and there among the crowd, of a woman with one hand clutching a friendly shoulder or a floating support, holding aloft in the other an infant all unconscious of impending fate. In one instance, even, a chubby little fellow, thus borne above the waters, clapped his tiny hands and laughed at the gay spectacle of the bright flames.

Meanwhile, the wind, veering a little to the south, and thus blowing fire and smoke somewhat to larboard, had left, on the starboard edge of the forward deck a narrow strip, on which, though the heat was intense, some ten or twelve persons still lingered beyond actual contact with the flames. But each moment the fire swept nearer and nearer, and Tyler felt that the last chance must now be risked. He dropped into the water, feet foremost, and disappeared.

While these things passed, Hartland, below with the steerage passengers, had witnessed similar scenes. Human nature, cultivated or uncultivated, is, as a general rule, in an extremity so dire, mastered by the same impulses. The difference inherent in race, however, was apparent. The sedate German, schooled to meet hardship and suffering with silent equanimity, and now standing mute and stolid—eyes fixed in despair—contrasted with the excitable Celt, voluble in his bewailings. Hartland, like Tyler, had kept himself aloof from the dense crowd, and so escaped being carried along by the frenzied fugitives when the flames first swept the forward deck. He was one of those men whose perceptions are quickened by imminence of danger. He noticed that the starboard wheel-house, which had not yet caught, afforded a temporary shelter from the drifting fire; and acting on a sudden conviction, he climbed over the guards on that side of

the vessel, a little forward of the wheel, and let himself down till his feet rested on the projecting wale of the boat. Thus, holding on by the rail, he was able to maintain himself outside of the blazing current until only a few stragglers were left on deck.

There he remained some time, deliberately thinking over the situation. As a boy he had learned to swim, but for the last fifteen years he had been almost wholly out of practice. He called to mind the rules with which he had once been familiar, and the necessity of keeping the eyes open so as to elude the grasp of drowning men. As he held on there the risk from such a contingency was painfully brought to his notice. From time to time several of the passengers from the upper deck had slid down near him. At last one heavy body, from immediately above, dropped so close that it brushed his clothes and almost carried him down with it. He turned to see the fate of this man. After ten or fifteen seconds he saw him rise to the surface again, and with a start recognized Nelson Tyler. He was struggling violently, and Hartland observed that some one, as the stout miller rose, had clutched him by the left arm with the tenacity of despair. Both sank together, and Hartland saw them no more.

Several times he was about letting himself down, but held back because of the crowds that he saw rising to the surface and wrestling with death and with each other beneath him. At last he was warned that his time had come. Looking toward the bow, where several men, imitating his example, were holding on outside the bulwarks, but unprotected by the wheel-house, he saw the flames catch and terribly scorch their hands, the torture causing them to quit their grasp and fall back headlong into the waves. Still he watched, until, seeing a whole mass of bodies sink together, and thus leave an empty space just below him, he commended his soul to God, and, springing from his support, sank at once to the bottom.

After a brief space, when his eyes had cleared a little, he saw what it has sel

dom been the lot of human being to witness. On the sand, there in the lower depths of the lake, lighted by the lurid glare of the burning boat, loomed up around him ghastly apparitions of persons drowned or drowning—men, women, small children too: some bodies standing upright as if alive; some with heads down and limbs floating; some kneeling or lying on the ground: here a muscular figure, arms flung out, fingers convulsively clenched, eyeballs glaring; there a slender woman in an attitude of repose, her features composed, and one arm still over the little boy stretched to his last rest by her side. Of every demeanor, in every posture they were—a subaqueous multitude! A momentary gaze took it all in, and then Hartland, smitten with horror, struck upward, away from that fearful assemblage, and reached the surface of the lake and the upper world once more.

There he found the water, not only around the bow, whence most of the passengers had been precipitated, but

also between himself and the shore, so overspread with a motley throng that he resolved to avoid them, even at risk of considerably lengthening the distance. He swam toward the stern, where the surface was comparatively free, and after passing one or two hundred yards beyond, seeing no one now in the line of the land, which was distinctly visible, he struck out vigorously in that direction.

Then he swam on, but with gradually diminishing strength and courage, and a little nervous trembling.

He estimated the distance to the land at half a mile. It was, however, in reality, a quarter of a mile farther. But the air was balmy, and, though the wind blew, the waves were not sufficient to impede a stout swimmer. There are hundreds among us who can swim a much greater distance. Yes, if they start fair, mind and body unexhausted. But after such a terribly wearing scene of excitement as that—the man fifty-seven years old, too—will his strength hold out to reach the land?

## A WEEK IN AN AQUARIUM.

**H**YDROPHOBIA means an intense dislike to water—oinophobia, an intense dislike to wine. An old friend of mine, who was sadly afflicted with the latter disease, thought that there was danger of my contracting the former malady; so he induced me to go for a season to Dr. Parrish's "Aquarium," or institution for regenerating wild young gentlemen.

"Well," thought I, as I got into the cars at the West Philadelphia Station, "if I do not like it, I can come away—that's one comfort."

Still I went only half willingly—under protest, as it were, to avoid divers moral thunderbolts that I knew were forging to hurl at my dissipated head. Dr. Parrish himself met me in the cars: he

had been up to town, and was returning to his place, some twelve miles distant; so that I had the pleasure of his society; and a very great pleasure it was, in my then state of mind, to find a congenial, entertaining companion, like my good friend the doctor.

While I am thus whirled along to the Aquarium in the society of its superintendent, let me say a few words about that institution, its object and plan of working. Dr. Parrish certainly deserves well of the republic. He is one of the few philanthropists I have met who, in adopting a certain theory, did not appear to take leave of common sense, and endeavor to twist all creation into a distorted conformity with their own individual views. Some years ago, while he

was visiting one of the hospitals in Rome, he noticed several epileptic patients strapped down in their beds, simply to prevent their *tumbling out*: he was informed that they had been treated thus for years, and that it was no uncommon occurrence in the hospital. Shocked at such wanton cruelty, he set about obtaining an interview with Cardinal Antonelli, the all-powerful Secretary of State for the Papal dominions. This interview was at last granted: the cardinal, who received him rather coolly at first, perhaps confounding him with that numerous crew of curiosity-seekers who always besiege men of rank, warmed into awakened interest as the object of his visit was unfolded, and promised to have these abuses inquired into. This was done; and before Dr. Parrish left Rome he had the pleasure of receiving the thanks of the Pope, transmitted through the cardinal, and was only prevented by his departure from enjoying a personal interview with His Holiness. So much for the man. Now for the institution over which he presides.

In combating that terrific vice, intemperance, which, worse than war or pestilence, threatens the destruction of our young generation, the doctor has wisely accepted the teaching of all experience, and starts with the fundamental principle that, as cures for inebriety, all cruelty, personal invective, physical violence, harsh treatment of whatever kind, are not only useless in themselves, but in the vast majority of cases they absolutely tend to increase and aggravate the very propensity they were intended to correct. He recognizes the much-ignored fact, that the only effective mentor to sermonize an inebriate should be found in the awakened conscience of that inebriate himself, roused to a sense of his own degradation and spurred by a determination to recover his own lost manliness; and that the only effective asylum for such an individual is one to which he comes voluntarily, seeking assistance to work out his own reformation. Now this is just exactly what Dr. Parrish's institution is intended for—to extend to fallen humanity a sup-

porting crutch, not a belaboring cudgel. The doctor has gallantly developed this theory in the face of manifold opposition, with what success I leave the reader to determine.

"My establishment," he exclaimed, emphatically, "is no prison, no insane asylum: my young men are free to go where they please and when they please; nor do I wish them to feel under any restraint, except such as may be self-imposed by their own desire to benefit themselves and gratify me. If they wish to leave me, they are free to do so. I will not act the ignominious part of turnkey. While they stay with me I trust to their honor that they will not infringe any of my regulations."

During my residence at the Aquarium—or, to drop hyperbole and give the institution the title by which it is commonly known, the "Sanitarium"—I had full opportunity of seeing and judging the benefits resulting from the excellent system pursued there, until I wondered that men should ever have been so narrow-minded as to attempt the cure of intemperance by any other means. This institution is under the charge of an association of citizens chartered by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, so recently as 1866, to purchase lands and erect buildings for the cure of intemperance. It is pleasant to turn from the long list of failures to effect the latter object that the records of so many other institutions furnish, to the cheering words of the president of the Citizens' Association, Dr. Joseph Parrish, embodied in his first annual report. Young as it is, the institution prospers already, for it is skillfully conducted, in accordance with that system which experience indicates as the only one offering a prospect of success. "Men say"—I quote the words of the report—"that drunkards are beyond hope, because they have tried everything within their reach and have been unsuccessful; but this does not prove that because a jail, an almshouse, an asylum for the insane, a change of residence or travel, has been unsuccessful, everything else will be. *It only proves that the means that were tried in the particular cases*

were not successful, and probably because they were not the best means. If there is truth in humanity, in science, in religion, there is truth in the declaration that a large proportion of cases may be cured. We are an association for the purpose of strengthening a class who need strength, and of saving from additional shame those who are too often classed as criminals, by throwing around them the allurements of a domestic retreat and the refinements of elevated society, that they may be relieved from a condition for which they are not always directly responsible."

What cheering, hopeful, benevolent and sensible language is this! Come with me now, I beg you, O reader! that I may show you how this admirable theory has been developed into beneficial practice.

The cars bore us southward to the little town of Media, on the outskirts of which the Sanitarium is situated, in the midst of a landscape made attractive by alternation of swelling hill and retreating valley. The woods were bare as yet, for it was very early in spring, and kind Nature only put forth, here and there, some stray floweret, of violet, hepatica or anemone, as an earnest of that more profuse bounty she was about to lavish upon her children. The town itself, as we drove through it, looked like many other country towns I had seen. There was a court-house; a large hotel, where I was informed, however, that they sold no liquor; stores; a post-office; any number of churches, of different denominations and various styles of architecture; a factory or so; private residences *ad libitum*, some newly built, standing out boldly in unshaded barefacedness—others old, retreating modestly behind their yet leafless trees; and above all—or rather below all—plenty of mud, turning rapidly into dust under the influence of wind and sun. I was not sorry when the ride was over, and the little carriage stopped before a paling fence that divided the Sanitarium and its grounds from the road. There was nothing to distinguish the institution externally. I

saw before me, as we walked up from the gate, an ordinary-looking house, with high steps and a porch leading to the principal entrance. To the main building was attached on one side a sort of wing, which looked as though it had been recently added. The house was of stone, painted white, with a high basement. Beyond the wing the ground sloped down to a little brook, then rose again to a grove of trees which bounded the view in that direction. Workmen were engaged in turfing the nearer slope and getting the grounds in order. There was altogether about the place outside an unfinished look, which I doubt not the doctor has corrected by this time.

In the house it was very different. My kind host led me from the main hall into a handsomely-furnished parlor; then to a library on the other side of the hall; then along the corridor that ran to the wing of the building, having doors of sleeping apartments opening on either side, where he showed me the room I was to occupy. Then we went down stairs to the basement. Here, under the parlor, I found the dining-room with little tables placed along each side, like a restaurant; then a kitchen under the library; then bath-rooms; and finally, in the extreme end of the wing, we came upon the great gathering-place of the guests, for I will not call them patients—the billiard-room—wisely placed as far away from the main building as the doctor's limited accommodations would permit. It was an ordinary-looking room enough: but for the absence of a bar I should have thought myself in the billiard-room of some country hotel. A number of young gentlemen (the establishment had some fifteen or twenty inmates) were grouped about. The single billiard-table was in full operation, and the rest of the guests were reading, talking, smoking, and passing the time just as suited their fancy—except drinking. I was kindly received by my fellow-boarders, and was not long in following the doctor's advice to make myself at home. It was surprising to see how completely the doctor identified himself

with the amusements and occupations of his guests: any stranger, not aware of their relative positions, might have taken him for a popular boarder there. He came and went among the young men as if his whole aim in life was to make them enjoy themselves; nor did I ever see him so busy that he did not lend an attentive ear whenever they wished to speak to him. Through the open door of the billiard-room we passed out into the grounds, and found Mrs. Parrish in the garden, adding that attraction to the place which the gracious presence of woman alone can bestow. I had wondered hitherto at the home-like atmosphere that pervaded the institution, at the cordial frankness manifested toward the good doctor by the inmates, but now I found out his secret. He treated them, one and all, as members of his own family. At the genial greeting extended me by Mrs. Parrish my wonder ceased.

This story of mine is no fictitious flight of fancy. There is not one of the many good fellows with whom I associated at the Sanitarium who, when he sees these remarks, will not corroborate them. I think I can see some among them now, perhaps far distant from the scenes I am attempting to describe, as they read this article, looking up from the paper to exclaim, in trite but emphatic English, "That's so!" It were hardly proper for me, in a paper intended for publication, to divulge any family secrets; and having been thus warmly received into the doctor's family, I must pass over a hundred little acts of kindness which I should otherwise like to mention as having been extended to others and to me by the ladies of this institution. The best evidence of the benefit accruing from their sunny presence—their gentle but potent influence—was to be seen in the appreciative conduct of the young gentlemen with whom they came in contact. Their brightest reward must be the happy consciousness that they have thus succeeded in clearing and calming the *jeunesse orageuse* of many heretofore considered incorrigible (including the writer of this article),

by whom they are ever remembered with respect and gratitude.

To exemplify the pleasant cordiality existing between the young men and the doctor, I should like to relate one or two occurrences that came under my own observation. On one occasion an ex-inebriate felt somewhat disposed to indulge his appetite for stimulants. It would have been no hard matter for him to have gone off quietly and found a place where he could gratify his desire: this, I must in candor admit, had been *sometimes* done, but very rarely—so rarely as to afford an additional argument in favor of the lenient system pursued at the Sanitarium. During my short stay there I saw or knew of no attempt at any such manœuvre. The young man went to the doctor and told him that he would like to have a drink, just as he would have gone to any other friend. Now, what did the doctor do? Or, rather, what did he not do? He did not want to refuse the young man's request, and yet did not deem it advisable to grant it. To have followed the old example of many people, and taken advantage of the opportunity to deliver a long-drawn lecture on the glory of total abstinence and the abomination of intoxication, would have been, under the circumstances, equally stupid and inexpedient: the young man would probably have gone off, irritated, to the nearest grogshop he could find, to poison himself with the "kill-me-quick" generally dispensed at such places. The doctor, with that tact which eminently fits him for the position he holds, *made the young man refuse himself* and deliver to himself his own moral lecture. Drawing the key of the liquor-closet from his pocket, he put it on the table before the young man.

"There," said he, "is the key: you may take it and get a drink if you wish to; but before you do so, as I am granting you a favor, grant me one in return. I ask you to let that key remain on the table where it is for fifteen minutes. If, at the end of that time, after sober consideration, you think it would be beneficial to you to take a drink, go and get one."

The young man thought a moment, and went away without taking the drink, while the doctor returned the key to his pocket, having not only gained his point, but—what was of far more importance—having retained the young man's confidence and friendship.

During the earlier part of my stay at the Sanitarium, I noticed a well-grown lad lounging listlessly about the house and grounds. This was an unfortunate youth whose imbecility made him an object of compassion to all, and who had been sent to the institution through some mistake on the part of his family. The doctor had written, stating that he could not keep him there, and requesting that he should be taken away; but, while waiting for some action on the part of the boy's friends, he was retained and treated with the utmost kindness.

It was finally decided that the boy should be sent, for his own sake as well as for others', to Dr. Givens' private hospital for mental diseases, some six or seven miles distant, where he would receive proper care. This brings me to a part of my story to which I would call attention.

One pleasant afternoon a carriage and pair drove away from the Sanitarium, containing, if I remember right, eight young men—one employé of the institution and seven guests—who volunteered to take poor — and his trunk to Clifton Hall, as Dr. Givens' place was called. I happened to be included among the volunteers. Dr. Parrish himself did not go with us, but gave the necessary papers and instructions, and off we started, one of our number, Mr. D——, navigating the vehicle so skillfully as to cover us with glory and mud. The first part of the trip was not particularly pleasant: all felt the responsibility entailed by the presence of our unfortunate companion, and we were glad at last to find ourselves ascending a hill on the summit of which we could see Clifton Hall standing in the midst of pretty grounds. Dr. Givens was not at home; so we waited in the parlor till he made his appearance, and then delivered up our charge. We

were very anxious to see the place, but the doctor gave us no encouragement. Perhaps he very properly did not desire that his establishment should be made a show-place to gratify idle curiosity by the exhibition of the unfortunate inmates to strangers. At all events, he frankly informed us that he could "dispense with us;" so we had nothing to do but get into our carriage and drive off, an Irish wit in the party remarking, as we did so, "Faith! I thought it was an asylum we were coming to, but it seems a dispensary, just."

Then, relieved of all care, we had a right jolly drive back, and gratified our good doctor immensely when we got home by giving him an account of our expedition—how we were treated, what we saw and what we did not see. Again, during this drive back, I saw the advantage of the doctor's system of perfect confidence. No indiscretions were committed, no liquor obtained, no halts made at taverns by this party of exuberant young men, who would have broken through all restraint and "played the devil" generally had any attempt been made to overrule their inclinations by stupid brute force alone.

It should be borne in mind that in dealing with his guests the doctor had often not only to divert their desire to drink, thus insensibly, by cultivating a fondness for some harmless occupation, but that he was obliged, in very many instances, to contend with the pernicious effects of ignorance and maltreatment on the part of others. Young men came to him not sick, often not intoxicated—nor even particularly desirous to become so when they found that no harsh measures were employed to prevent them—but simply with their hearts *frozen* by the misjudged cruelty with which they had been treated elsewhere. Ah! how soon they thawed and warmed beneath sunshine! If I were asked in what the wonderful treatment at the Sanitarium consisted, I might answer that it consisted as much in the absence of maltreatment as in anything else. The young men were treated as sensible, intellectual beings, not as social outcasts,

at whom the ultra-righteous might pleasantly throw stones ; and if they were not weaned from their bad habit all at once, they were at least not driven to it by harsh and unchristian comment. Woe to any temperance lecturer that had tried his eloquence among us ! It was held that an unsuccessful attempt at reformation should no more be sneered at as a failure, or as an evidence that no future attempt would be successful, than want of success at the beginning of any other undertaking. The child totters and falls many times before it learns to walk ; the musician must practice long and wearily to acquire facility of hand and voice ; nor, if a man fell overboard and were drowned, would the bystanders be justified in concluding that it had been impossible for that man to learn to swim, but simply that, from some cause or other, he had not learned. On the contrary, an unsuccessful attempt to reform should be hailed as evidence of a *desire* to do right (half, ay, two-thirds of the battle !), and as a signal of encouragement to try again, and again and again if necessary.

There is one question connected with an inebriate's reformation to which I will refer now, and will quote, in this connection, a few words from an English writer in *The Piccadilly Papers*. Speaking of the recent importation of light wines into Great Britain, he says : "Without any great leaning toward the temperance movement, and utterly rejecting the utter absurdity of total abstinence being a panacea for all physical and moral ills, it is impossible to exaggerate the frightful case exhibited by teetotalers of the mischief wrought by the illegitimate craving for stimulants. . . . I hope the light wines will drive the heavy ones out of the market, and that those who take beer and brandy like sots will learn to take their wine like gentlemen." Now, that it is possible thus to drink wine like gentlemen is daily proved by the example of gentlemen all over the country (excuse me, Mr. Parton). But whether it is *expedient* for the ex-inebriate to drink wine at all, after he has conquered his thirst

for stimulants, is a question which has been much discussed, which has never been decided, and which can only be properly determined, *in propria persona*, by each individual for himself. Every gun has its own calibre, and the proper charge can only be ascertained by experiment. A man's disposition, state of health, former mode of life, etc., must be considered before he can make up his mind on this important point ; and teetotalers are not expected to take any part in the discussion. *Ceteris paribus*, if a man enjoys fine health without wine, does not care about it, and cannot well afford to buy it, he is at perfect liberty to let it alone if he chooses.

I do not remember ever hearing Dr. Parrish give an opinion on the subject : he was probably too wise, and felt the impossibility of laying down a general rule to meet all cases. I do not even know whether he drank wine himself, or not ; and do not care. Once a week, at the Sanitarium, there was a sort of informal meeting held in the evening in the billiard-room. The doctor would read or deliver extempore some remarks that he thought would interest his "boys," and then we could all express our own opinions. The conversation often turned, naturally, on the vice of intemperance, and the experience of every man in that room—the matter being discussed without any mawkish hesitation—would be different, showing that each case required a treatment particularly adapted to it. I may not here divulge much I heard that might interest the reader, for I must cautiously avoid saying anything to betray those companions who made my stay at the Sanitarium so pleasant. Much disgust was excited on one occasion, I know, by the arrival of a box or package directed to "*Dr. Parrish's Institution for Drunken Inebriates*," and again by some individual going to the door of a hall where Ethiopian minstrels were in full blast and inquiring if any of Dr. Parrish's *bloats* were in there.

It is singular how, in a little town, people immediately find out what every stranger is doing. On the Sunday fol-

lowing my arrival I walked to church, expecting to take a seat unnoticed. To my surprise, the sexton met me at the door, inquired blandly if I were "one of Dr. Parrish's young gentlemen," and on receiving my blushing answer in the affirmative, ushered me into a nice pew, where I found several of my newly-made friends already seated; and, sooth to say, it struck me that "Dr. Parrish's young gentlemen" formed a highly respectable part of the congregation, and were objects of particular interest to the young ladies from a neighboring boarding-school, who clustered in a charming bevy on the other side of the main aisle. There was a legend going the rounds of the country-side to the effect that the lady who conducted this school was endowed with more than ordinary courage, and did not hesitate to show it when any profane foot invaded the academic precincts. Nay, that on one occasion she actually drew a revolver on a daring "Gray Reserve," and the rash young soldier fled in affright before the scholastic Boadicea. She did not even deign, like the Princess Ida, to command "eight daughters of the plough" to execute her behests.

But it is time to bring this article to a close, and I must forbear narrating many pleasant little episodes that brightened my life at the Sanitarium. The regulations there, as far as I could dis-

cover, amounted to these: We were requested not to drink intoxicating liquor, and not to take any very long trip away from the establishment (for instance, a trip to Philadelphia or Baltimore) without informing the doctor. On one occasion I came up and spent a day in Philadelphia. This was all the restraint, if restraint it could be called—we certainly did not feel it as such—that the doctor sought to exercise. He did not want men to come there under the influence of liquor: he wanted them to come there to avoid thus disgracing themselves, and his little establishment could not accommodate half the applicants who were desirous of availing themselves of his treatment.

Breakfast was served from seven to nine o'clock, lunch in the middle of the day, and dinner at four or five. Every evening, at nine o'clock, a short religious service, consisting of reading the Bible, prayer and singing, was held in the parlor; and I can give no more convincing proof of the desire of the young men to gratify their host than the simple fact that they not only attended these services, but took part in them: one of the ladies generally accompanied our voices on the piano, sometimes one of the guests. Can it be wondered at if, amid such agreeable scenes, my "week in an Aquarium" passed rapidly away?

MALCOLM MACEUEN.

## THE NATIONAL DEBT.

**I**N a recent report to his government, Mr. Francis Clare Ford, Secretary to the British Legation at Washington, bears the following important testimony: "The majority of Americans would appear disposed to endure any amount of sacrifice rather than bequeath a portion of their debt to future generations." The best evidence there could be that Mr. Ford is right in attributing such a

sentiment to our people is that his proposition sounds very much like a matter of course, and might easily pass for a commonplace. The plausible doctrine that money should be allowed to "fructify in the pockets of the people," instead of being drawn out by a manful and resolute effort to clear off indebtedness once for all, has made but little public progress as yet among us; and as a people

it may truly be said we believe in paying off our debt.

But while Mr. Ford's remark would hardly arrest the attention of a casual American reader, Mr. Ford's own countrymen have seen enough of national debts to recognize the importance of such an announcement, and heartily to envy the noble economical freedom, the royal opportunities, the energy, courage and hope which make it possible even seriously to think of such a thing, much more to undertake and accomplish it. To such high talk an Englishman listens with the same mixture of pleasure, envy and regret with which the gouty valetudinarian hears a party of school-boys plan an evening's campaign of sausage, poundcake and toasted cheese. Doubtless he appreciates the privilege of the youngsters far more than they do themselves, and in his hopeless insolvency of liver, brain and stomach is disposed to give them quite as much good advice as they are ready to receive upon the employment and husbandry of their youthful capital of health, strength and digestion.

No Englishman really expects to see the end of his national debt, any more than he expects to see the last of the Thames run by Chelsea some fair day and slip away under London bridge. There are plans, indeed, highly approved and eminently respectable, for its gradual extinguishment; there have been spasmodic movements for a reduction of the principal; and only just now some forty millions of the capital have been converted into terminable annuities. But all efforts of this kind in England have amounted to no more than the struggles of the swimmer to maintain his place against the current when he either will not or cannot strike out for the shore; and the present laudable exertions for the same end will only result in accumulating some trifling stock of credit, on which the nation will greatly felicitate itself, which will form the staple of a few successive speeches from the throne, and make the fortune of a Chancellor of the Exchequer or so, to be utterly swallowed up in the first six months of a Continental war.

For a nation which has once committed itself to the policy of a standing national debt, and has put its obligations into a form *in which they never come due*, a persistent reduction and an ultimate liquidation, if not financially impossible, are morally hopeless. Without giving the weight of our authority to either side in the great controversy about the freedom of the will, it is safe to assert that the laws of human nature combine with the exigencies of national life to make it practically certain that those who accept a debt as a finality will increase that debt and become subject to it in hopeless perpetuity of bondage. They may make virtuous resolutions against enlargement; they may display a spasmodic heroism here and there in reduction; but these are of little avail against the steady, unremitting pressure of the motives which urge an increase, and the clamorous necessities of war or rebellion. Debts, like bad habits, are not to be regulated or limited by those who remain in them. There is but one attitude for a man or a nation to take toward them, and that is the attitude of aggression. Simply to stand in defence against the insidious motives which urge to make the future servant to the present is wellnigh impossible.

It has been an Americanism to believe in paying off debts; and the strong practical sense of our people has thus far reinforced their traditional dislike and distrust of signed paper, in resisting the earliest suggestions for deferring the liquidation of their national debt to another generation. And so far, at least, Mr. Ford correctly interprets American sentiment as favoring payment rather than postponement, even at the cost of severe or distressing taxation. Our Yankee nation would, indeed, have much to unlearn before it could deliberately settle down to the policy of endless debt; and formally, or even consciously, such a plan cannot be said to be "in all our thoughts."

Yet it is not difficult, on a more careful observation, to discern the beginning, and even the rapid growth, among us of the seductive philosophy of "fructifica-

tion." And though it is for the present true that this sentiment is chiefly confined to the exchange of private opinion, the freedom of expression and the strength of conviction are manifestly on the increase. Our people would indeed have much to unlearn before they became capable of consenting to what is in truth practical despair under the guise of optimism; but under heavy taxation people learn and unlearn fast; and it cannot be questioned that the first enthusiasm with which we went to work to liquidate the floating debt at the close of the rebellion has been pretty well drawn down, and that it is not an unpopular suggestion now that the country should wait for "better times" before applying itself in earnest to the payment of its war-obligations.

A more dangerous feeling could not exist. We are looking down the road by which other nations have reached the condition of hopeless bondage to funded debt; from which, though it might be financially possible for them to emerge, it is morally certain they never will. Whether we shall take that road to come to the same end, depends very much upon the courage with which the nation bears the taxation, and the wisdom with which it applies the surplus, of the next two or three years—very much, even, upon the beginning we shall make the present year. A single vigorous effort now would be a wonderful argument for continuance in well-doing. The application of our entire fiscal surplus (already certain to exceed the most sanguine estimates), augmented as it might be by thorough and searching retrenchment, to the reduction of the principal of the debt, would be such an achievement, in our own eyes and in the eyes of Europe, as to constitute almost a bond that we would not hereafter give way to the wretched infatuation of the "fructification" theory.

No issue of more moment can be presented to the American people than this: Shall the debt be paid, or shall the mortgage remain on the estate? and as it is decided will be the degree of economical, if not of political, freedom which the

country shall enjoy. The taxation which a people voluntarily imposes on itself for the sake of its own future, and in a noble scorn of debt, has none of the depressing and degrading effects of taxation imposed by the annual charge of interest on a debt from which no relief can be expected. Taxation to meet interest, and nothing more, is slavery: taxation to clear off debt and redeem the future is the bravest act of political manhood. It is the sacrifice which the free-man gladly makes for independence, while the other is the task of the slave, which neither enriches him nor brings his deliverance nearer. There has been a great deal of very base materialism in political philosophy; but what philosopher was ever materialistic enough to assert that what a nation could do in simple endurance of burdens bore anything like equal proportion to what it could do with hope and courage and the prospect of a speedy release?

If any one quality has more distinguished the American people than any other in the past, and made them to differ from less prosperous and progressive peoples, it has been the strong and controlling sense that debt was always and everywhere an evil; that it was a good thing to "work off" the mortgage, even if it involved working very hard; that it was not brave nor wise to sit down in helpless endurance; but that the farm was to be free, the man was to be free, the future was to be free, cost what of present exertion it might. This is the best of Americanisms. The triumphs of our industry, to which history can furnish no parallel, have been owing to nothing more than this sturdy Anglo-Saxon love of economical freedom. There will be great reason to suspect that the genius of our people is failing them when we find them coming deliberately to accept the worst maxims of that false philosophy with which the Old World seeks to cover its own shame, and surrendering the glorious possibilities of their destiny in the desire of immediate relief and the ignoble fear of present exertion and sacrifice.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

## MAGDALENA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD MAM'SELLE'S SECRET," "OVER YONDER," Etc.

## CHAPTER IV.

WERNER'S house, which lay in the broadest and handsomest street of the town, had also once been a convent. When it became a private residence important alterations had been made in it. The whole front wing, which extended toward the street, had been torn down, and in its place a handsome dwelling-house had been erected, with walls so thick and massive that each niche of the broad windows was almost like a little boudoir. The windows on the ground floor were amply protected by those thick, stout iron bars that always inspire a sort of respect, seeming to announce that it is their task to protect objects of value, and at the same time betraying the secure existence of said objects.

Several back buildings, which enclosed the broad courtyard, had been allowed to stand on account of their strength and the later period at which they had been erected. The tall, unusually strong wall of the cloister garden had likewise been spared, and upon it, here and there, still remained colossal statues of various saints, embowered in the branches of primeval linden trees.

To-day, night came on early. Over the city hung a dark sky, full of gloomy thunder-clouds. Not a breath of air was moving, but rivers of flower perfume flowed from every garden out into the quiet, sultry streets. It had just struck nine when the "Dragon-fly," accompanied by Magdalena, appeared before Werner's house to make Jacob the promised visit. The wings of the great door were slightly bowed, but through the narrow crack came such a brilliant stream of light that the old woman could not summon courage to widen the opening with her own hand and allow her timid figure to be illumined by the aristocratic atmosphere within.

But Magdalena pushed the door open composedly, and followed her aunt, who hastened quickly across the great vaulted hall to the courtyard door. A lighted window opposite on the ground floor showed them the road to Jacob's dwelling. The curtains were not drawn, and allowed a free view of the cozy little home within. The old man stood before the tall, antique house-clock, and was winding it up with great care. His wife was seated at the clean-scoured table, knitting by the light of the bright little lamp. Beside her, before the arm-chair with the high, cushioned back, lay the open prayer-book from which apparently Jacob had just read the evening service. The guests were met with great cordiality, but with reproaches for their late arrival, and Jacob said "he knew his night-raven, Lenchen, of old: she couldn't bear the sunshine, and only went about after dark like a ghost;" whereupon Magdalena replied that her aunt was more afraid of lamplight, for she had hardly dared to venture in the brilliant hall.

"Yes, indeed: it's bright enough up there to-night," said old Jacob, and around his lips played the humorous expression which often rendered his face so characteristic. "The Frau R  thin has a grand company. She has been for three days baking cakes and tarts, roasting fowls and having carpets beaten and shaken, though there's not a bit of dust in them, for they are thoroughly cleaned nearly every day."

"Every one has his own idea of happiness," said Jacob's wife, teasingly; "and if Frau R  thin is fond of water, you are no enemy of beer; so you needn't laugh at her."

With these words she placed on the table a jug of foaming beer, giving her husband at the same time a light, loving blow on the shoulder. They were

a very happy couple, the old man and woman.

Then she took from a corner-cup-board, black with age, three beautifully-painted cups, a shining tin sugar-bowl and a plate of wheaten bread, evidently the forerunners of a comfortable cup of coffee, which soon stood steaming on the table.

During these preparations the old wife had been talking to the "Dragon-fly" ceaselessly and pleasantly, and asking her questions. Magdalena had seated herself, as though weary, on a little low bench not far from the arm-chair: she was gazing fixedly up, her chin on her hand, at the opposite row of brilliantly-lighted windows, whose shutters were flung wide open on account of the heat. What did the girl see? The white curtains were fluttering in the night wind, that, soft and moist, hovered gently around them. Was she dreaming of the mighty river that watered her native place? Far away a boat is gliding, its white sails swelling in the wind. Or from the mass of splendid climbing plants around the window does her father-house in the South seem to rise, with the glorious sunlight slumbering on its walls and its low door, through which seemed to step the golden-haired mother, with her clear, holy eyes?

Up there, on a pure white wall, and illumined by the dazzling light from the crystal chandelier, hung the life-size portrait of a boy—a proud, handsome child, with brilliant eyes and a wondrously clear brow beneath the abundant fair hair; and the blue eyes shone with such vanquishing power that home and father-house vanished in the dim distance from the black eyes in the poor room below.

Some chords on the piano now sounded through the air, and a figure stepped to one of the windows: it was the blonde Antonie, the granddaughter of the old Ráthin. She was dressed entirely in white. Her bare shoulders, pure as alabaster and beautifully shaped, were surrounded by a perfect mist of tulle and lace, and on the almost white hair rested a garland of lovely roses. She looked very elegant and very pretty.

Scarcely had she withdrawn to the window-recess when Werner joined her. The light from the chandelier fell as brightly on his features as on those of the portrait above him. The likeness between them was remarkable, but the slender child had become a tall man, with an almost kingly bearing.

He took the young lady's hand in both his imploringly. She seemed unwilling to grant his request, but at last, when he drew her arm through his own, she went with him, and laughed behind her fan when he bent his head confidently and whispered something in her ear.

Magdalena had witnessed this little scene without moving, but she set her teeth as though in bitter pain, and her flashing eyes followed the young lady as she stepped to the piano with a piece of music in her hand. A moment afterward arose a somewhat hard, sharp voice, which gave a beautiful and touching song without the slightest particle of feeling.

"She sings badly," murmured Magdalena: "her voice is as thin and hueless as her hair."

When the song ceased a perfect storm of applause rang through the quiet court. But old Jacob bent over Magdalena and laid his hand caressingly on her glossy braids.

"Lenchen," said he, "that's not the way our bells do, is it? When they begin, then one understands wherefore they open their brazen mouths, but nobody can make any sense of that piping up yonder. I don't see what pleasure people can find in having a knife run through their ears."

But the "Dragon-fly" and the old wife did not agree with him. They thought the song beautiful, and could not weary of gazing at the young lady as she sang, rolling her eyes and throwing her garlanded head first on one side, then on the other. They thought she looked like an angel in human form as she stepped immediately afterward back to the window-recess, where Werner's tall figure had leant motionless during the singing; and as she laid her hand confidently on his arm, and with a grace-

ful, mischievous gesture raised a giant bouquet to his face that he might inhale the odor, the two old women thought that he who did not fall in love with her on the spot must be utterly and entirely without a heart.

"Now don't make such a fuss," said Jacob, and the ironical smile appeared on his face. "You are delighted when the old charity-women in the church quaver till one almost loses his senses; and when a young woman like that one is dressed in white trash, you think an angel is nothing to her. That girl up there is not a whit better than the old woman, I say. Both of them are as proud and haughty as they can be; and if the little one puts on such pretty tricks, and flatters and dissembles as she is doing now, she knows why she does it as well as I do. She's as poor as a church mouse, and it wouldn't be at all disagreeable to feather a nice nest for herself here, and to settle down as a rich married woman. But Herr Werner knows too much for that: he sees plainly enough what the girl's aiming at."

He took with a great air of discretion a pinch of snuff, which he had held between his fingers during the whole oration; then he continued:

"Don't try to persuade yourself that my young master is going to marry any one from this town: I know better. I was busy to-day, toward evening, arranging his room where he paints— Now, what is it he calls it?"

"Atelier?" said Magdalena, without turning her head toward him.

"Yes, that's it! And a large painting lay on the table. It was only sketched, as you call it, Lenchen—not colored. I couldn't see the face plainly, because I didn't like to go close enough up to it, but I saw it was a woman with a white cloth on her head, like your dear mother used to wear in those foreign lands. Just at this very moment Herr Werner came in: he laughed when he saw how my neck was stretched out. But he threw a cloth quickly over the picture, and said: 'Listen, Jacob: I can't let you see that yet a while, but I will confess one thing to you—the woman

on that canvas will one day be my wife.' He was six years in strange countries, and I expect he has seen some very beautiful women there."

Magdalena had listened to him without moving, but with the closest attention. She leaned her head against the wall, her hands lay clasped together upon her knees, and the long black lashes rested upon her white cheeks as though she slept.

Meantime the music was renewed. Antonie allowed herself to be persuaded a few times more: she now sang an elaborate Italian aria, whose execution led Jacob to an expression of the fear that somebody must be tumbling down stairs and breaking their arms and legs. Young Werner had left the window some time before, and seemed also to have quitted the room, for he was no longer visible.

Just at this moment, when four hands were belaboring the piano in a not very artistic duet, some one knocked at the window, and when the old man opened it, Werner's servant handed in a basketful of splendid oranges for Jacob from his master. The man added that he would have brought them over earlier, but had been occupied in handing tea and then in assisting to pass the wine.

Jacob held out the basket to Lenchen with a beaming face.

"Look, Lenchen!" said he: "I'm so glad to get these, for your sake. Don't you remember how you longed for one of these yellow things once, until you almost became ill?"

"Yes," said the girl raising her dark eyes to his face—they were full of tears—"I know, dear Jacob. And you made me well again, for you bought one at a high price and brought it to me on the tower. It seemed to me then as though I had had a glimpse of my dear home. I was most happy. But now you might lay treasures before me, and for all the gold in the world I would not touch yonder fruit."

Jacob stared at her in amazement, but the "Dragon-fly," who, in her simplicity, thought the girl's refusal fully explained by the scene which had taken place that

afternoon between the donor of the fruit and herself, pulled warningly at his coat and nodded to him to be silent. He consequently said nothing, but drawing out his pocket-knife opened an orange for the two old women.

Up in the house all had grown more quiet. The music had ceased, and the hum of voices was stilled. In their stead the thunder growled in the distance, and the night wind blew wildly through the open windows, slamming doors and driving the white curtains like swans out into the pitch-black night. The "Dragon-fly" became nervous: she prepared to depart, and soon the two women were hastening across the court, their heads enveloped in huge neckerchiefs. In an open glass door, which separated the steps from the hall stood Antonie, the old Rätthin's granddaughter. She had just kissed all her female friends, wrapped in their hoods and cloaks, one after another, and turned away laughingly because some of them rallied her about her "handsome cousin," when she perceived the "Dragon-fly" and Magdalena, who were about to withdraw in alarm. The maiden raised her blonde eyebrows, glanced down once more at them, while a haughty expression settled around her mouth, and then nodded to one of the servants, who, with a lantern, was awaiting her ladyship's pleasure, and who at once demanded rudely what the women wanted. As they made no reply, the supercilious blonde turned toward the staircase with a systematically nonchalant manner, and cried, in the tone of a proud, spoilt child, "Grand-mamma, there are strange people in the hall."

The old Rätthin, who was coming slowly down stairs, engaged in conversation with a very stout gentleman, hurried her steps as much as possible, and when she stood below, her false toupée shaking angrily under her large cap, the young ladies gathered timidly around her, like lambs around a faithful shepherd, and on their lovely, innocent features appeared an unmistakable expression of alarm, united with an endless amount of curiosity. Even the man-

servant joined the flock, and disregarding the brilliant light which streamed from the ceiling, raised his lantern over the heads of the delinquents, so as to deprive them beforehand of all hope of hiding their guilty faces in protecting darkness. The old woman, without further ceremony, seized the black kerchief over the head of the "Dragon-fly" and pulled it off.

"That's the 'Dragon-fly,'" said she in a hard, cold voice. "And who is this demoiselle?" she continued, pointing her withered forefinger at Magdalena. "She conceals her face, as though she were bad conscience personified. Instantly tell me what your business is here."

Magdalena did not reply, and the "Dragon-fly" was so terrified she could not bring out a word.

"Well, can't you answer?" cried the stout gentleman, doubtless some mighty functionary, out of whose eyes, nose and forehead—nay, out of whose very coat-pockets—justice seemed peeping. With these words he struck his cane violently upon the marble floor, and gazed at the unfortunate "Dragon-fly" as if looking through and through her.

This manœuvre brought the palsied tongue of the woman into the desired motion, and she explained stammeringly that she had been to see Jacob.

"Ah, dear Egon," cried the old Rätthin, turning at this moment and speaking in the gentlest, softest tone imaginable, as young Werner appeared over the banisters above, "here is a convincing proof that my well-meant representations were not unfounded. In this Jacob you have brought upon yourself—to say nothing of me—a regular torment. Under the pretext of visiting him, all sorts of people introduce themselves into the house under cover of darkness, and before long we will have to keep our hands on our silver spoons."

At this horrible conclusion Magdalena stepped quickly in front of the speaker. The kerchief had fallen back upon her shoulders, and with sparkling eyes, the ideal head thrown proudly back, she stood before the old woman, who looked at her startled and alarmed.

At the same moment Werner sprang down the steps. A deep flush glowed on his cheek, and when he began to speak his voice trembled as though with anger.

"What are you thinking of, aunt," cried he, "to insult these people in this unprovoked way? Is it a criminal offence to visit an acquaintance? I have already told you, more than once, most respected aunt," continued he, with a scornful ring in his voice, "that I positively will not suffer these attacks upon Jacob, and now feel myself compelled to confirm this declaration by not allowing his friends to be insulted."

With these words he stepped to the hall door, opened it, and with a slight reverence gave "good-night" to the two women, who hastily slipped out.

Shortly afterward a violent thunder-storm burst over the town; and when the yellow lightning hissed around the old cloister, making Magdalena's little room as bright as day, it illumined the figure of the girl, seated, white and ghost-like, upon her bed, her hands twined in the masses of her rich, unbound hair, victim to a wilder storm than that which rattled the convent walls.

#### CHAPTER V.

"AH, Jacob, is this a destiny which is come upon Lenchen?" sighed the "Dragon-fly," as, a few days later, she entered Jacob's little room.

"Why, what can be the matter with the girl?" asked the old man, in sudden alarm.

"Would you have believed she would treat me so in my old days?" replied Suschen, as the hot tears ran down her cheeks. "I have been a poor, harassed woman my whole life long; I have borne meekly everything that Heaven has decreed to me, but this is almost too much: this is the worst that I ever had to endure. Lenchen is determined to leave me—to go into the wide world—and I shall be alone once more. I am now sixty years old, and may expect my death at any time; and I will not have

a human being to close my eyes. Woe is me! woe is me!"

"Why how did the girl get such an idea into her head, all of a sudden?" asked Jacob, in surprise.

"I don't know," said the "Dragon-fly," drying her eyes on her apron. "But she seems completely changed since that evening when the old Râthin—she will be punished for it some day—was so rough with us. She will not eat nor drink; and yesterday evening, when we were sitting quietly together, before we had lighted the candle, she put her arm around my neck, like she always used to do as a child when I gave her anything or was putting her to bed. 'Dear, good aunt,' said she, 'you love me, don't you? I know you do—as dearly as though I were your own daughter. A true, kind mother makes every sacrifice for her child, and never asks if it be an easy or a difficult one. That is what you have always done for me. And when a mother sees that her child is suffering, and that nothing but separation from her can heal him, she makes even that sacrifice, aunt, does she not?' Oh, Jacob," the "Dragon-fly" interrupted herself—and fresh tears rose to her eyes—"I didn't entirely understand her even then; but one thing I saw clearly, that she was going to leave me, and I wept bitterly. She tells me now that she cannot bear it here any longer—that people are not kind to her, and she is going to seek service in some distant town. She says she is able and willing to work, and promised that all she earned she would send to me. My entreaties might as well have been spoken to the wind; and when I had lighted the candle she took out her savings-box from the closet and counted the money—six thalers: how hardly had she earned them! She said she knew this would not carry her far away, but it would at least serve to take her to some larger town. Oh, Jacob, I implore of you," she cried, turning to the old man, "persuade her out of it! I should never be able to sleep in peace if I knew Lenchen was amongst strangers. She is so odd! Others wouldn't be as pa-

tient with her as I am, and she would be unkindly treated."

Jacob's wife, a very practical woman, viewed the subject in a different light, and thought that perhaps, after all, it would be a good thing for Lenchen. The "Dragon-fly" couldn't expect to live for ever, and at her death the maiden would have to depend upon herself. But neither Jacob nor Suschen would hear to this, and the former promised the troubled old woman to go that very night to the convent and "set Lenchen's head straight," as he expressed it.

The "Dragon-fly" had not exaggerated when she said that Lenchen was completely changed. Where was the elasticity of her movements, and the proud, firm poise of the head, that made her so remarkable, and which, in connection with the expressive features and dignified glance, told of powerful mental force? The girl's altered looks seemed to strike even the inhabitants of the cloister, for to-day, when she had carried the basket for her aunt as far as the outer door, and then was walking slowly back through the court, their neighbor, an industrious weaver, pushed open his window and cried,

"Lenchen, are you sad because the naughty children have thrown down the old image of the Virgin in the cross-way from its pedestal?—your Mary, before which you have sat thinking so often?"

Magdalena looked up, as though awaking from a dream. The old man continued:

"Why, didn't you know it? Go in there and look! I saw it this morning."

On hearing the weaver's communication, Magdalena opened the door, and saw in the distance the statue lying at the foot of its pedestal.

A few weeks before, when one of the boys had climbed upon it, and was just about to adorn the wooden face with black eyebrows and a black moustache, she had bestowed on the young vandal such a passionate and stern lecture, and gazed at him with such angry eyes, that he sprang down frightened. Now, however, she only raised the ill-treated image quietly and in silence, wiped the earth

from its face, and then leaned it carefully against the wall in a corner by the pedestal. She walked slowly through the open space out into the grass-plot which lay so tranquil and bright in the sunshine, enclosed by the cloister and the church. How often had she hastened nimbly over the green space, and mounted on some projections in the wall, so as to attain the open church window, in which she would disappear! Then she would be alone in the quiet, solemn church, undisturbed save by the sound of her own footsteps and the twitter of some bird, that, settling on the elder-bushes without, stuck his head curiously into the cool, dim porch, and then, frightened, soared away to bathe his wings once more in the golden sunshine.

Here, among the mighty pillars, she seemed to breathe more freely, and her soul spread the pinions repressed and confined in the narrow walls of her home. Her imagination conjured up the days when incense floated through the air, when the *Hora* echoed and magnificent adornments glittered on the high altar. She seemed to see the forms of the pale Sisters seated before the ruined organ, while their wan hands touched the yellowed stops. How often may those notes have breathed forth the passionate agony of an aching, only half-subdued heart! She looked at the sunbeams that glided through some remains of the beautiful stained glass in the lofty windows, making brilliant colors quiver upon the slender pillars, and strewing them among the scrolls and ornaments of the cornices, untouched by human finger since the last stroke of the chisel given by the master hand long since crumbled to dust. She could sit for hours before that old image of the Madonna, dreaming herself back to her Southern home, where she had seen thousands kneeling in the deepest fervor before such an image, which her father never passed without respectfully baring his head and making faithfully the sign of the cross.

But Magdalena was not thinking of all these things now. She almost shrank shivering from the dark church, and felt,

for the first time, the deathlike stillness of the deserted temple, which lay amid the sunlight like a giant corpse under gold and purple coverings. She had turned her back on the church and seated herself beneath an old apple tree, on whose weatherbeaten trunk only one solitary but broad and full branch remained. Long, upstart grasses, over which gold and green beetles were busily running, waved their feathery heads at her knee, and a large family of chamomile flowers bloomed at her feet.

And if she left aunt, cloister and town, and went forth into the wide world—another heaven over her troubled head—wherever she looked strange faces—nothing friendly or familiar to greet her—her rebellious heart plunged in a human stream that rushed heedlessly by, taking nothing, giving nothing! Yes, that was what she wanted—to be alone, to hear no more of the past, to meet no loving, anxiously-questioning gaze—to forget! to forget! That was the remedy for her aching heart, which the mighty tempest of new, hitherto unsuspected, emotions threatened to shake to the very foundations.

Truly the tears of the faithful old aunt fell heavily in the opposite scale, and struck a thousand tender chords in her struggling soul. But how slight was this pain compared to that which she imposed upon herself by remaining, and beneath whose tortures she must succumb did she not seek refuge in flight! How terribly had she striven in these last few weeks! She thought herself contemptible because she could not hate this man as she imagined she ought to do! What golden glory had her heart shed around him as he shielded her aunt and herself from the insults of the old Ráthin?

The next day she had met him in the convent yard, as he was going to the "Dragon-fly's" room to get the church-key. His icy face, the proud repose of his manner and the few indifferent words he addressed to herself, all seemed to show how foolish she was in fancying that warm sympathy could dwell in that cold heart. He had only been

desirous to assert his rights as master of the house to the presumptuous aunt, and did not care what was the occasion of this assertion.

A bird that had been hopping about for some time on the branch above her, flew quickly away. She did not heed it, but noticing suddenly the delicate perfume of a cigar, she rose in alarm and gazed around her. A man, his back turned toward her, was seated not far off on a mossy stone, occupied in drawing. That man was Werner! He appeared so absorbed in his work that Magdalena, whose heart was beating violently, hoped that he had not seen her, and that she could slip away unperceived. She rose noiselessly and glided like a shadow beneath the overhanging branches, her anxious eyes fixed upon the diligent artist. But she had only taken a few steps when Werner, without looking up, called to her:

"Forgive me for having invaded your kingdom."

He then turned around and raised the light straw hat that rested on his blonde curls.

Instantly Magdalena's whole face and bearing changed: the timid anxiety gave place to a dark defiance.

"My kingdom!" she exclaimed, bitterly, and pausing in her flight. "Not a foot of this ground could I call such without involving myself in a difficulty with the worthy town authorities."

"Well, I don't wish to interfere with their rights," said Werner, indifferently, as he erased an unsatisfactory line. "I cannot believe, however, that they lay claim to the mystic air that hovers around the old tower: that is the kingdom to which I referred. I cannot sit here, even for a moment, gazing at yonder gloomy walls, without beholding dusky forms soaring around them and peopling every niche and aisle. For instance, in that window yonder, which no longer can boast even a solitary pane of glass, I see a maiden-like form ever appearing and disappearing whenever I look there. Perhaps the shade of some unhappy young nun who wholly misunderstood life—beautiful life!—and now is restlessly

seeking the happiness she once disdained. What do you think about it?"

Magdalena felt the blood rush to her cheeks. Doubtless Werner had been watching her when she was in the church. She was annoyed at her indiscretion, but replied with tolerable calmness: "I have no opinion on the subject. The spirits of the cloister have so far considered me unworthy to behold them. At all events, I would advise the supposed nun to confine herself for the future to her narrow house, for it might be displeasing even to a shadow for a stranger to play the spy upon it."

A slight smile, which, however, instantly vanished, appeared upon the face of the young man. He gazed attentively at the church window, traced the pure, beautiful Gothic form in graceful lines on the paper, and then said, tranquilly,

"Certainly not; especially when this shadow, filled with bitter thoughts of the world, sees in the harmless beholder a hostile foe, who must at once and without further ceremony, be pursued with fire and sword. Woe is me if this bride of Heaven so thinks! Perchance on my next meeting with her I may fall a guiltless victim to some terrible form of vengeance invented by the worthies of the sixteenth century."

"How easy it must be to mock at bitter experiences when one is cradled in the lap of luxury!"

"Very easy, doubtless, but certainly not quite right, and, maybe, also a little frivolous; but I think this dangerous wantonness perhaps much less blamable when a young heart, after sorrows and sad life-lessons, withdraws into its shell, and thenceforth, in its intercourse with the world, never appears otherwise than armed to the teeth. Ah! your face betrays you are not of my opinion!"

He laid down his pencil, leaned his elbows on the drawing-board which rested upon his knee, and measured the girl with a sarcastic smile.

"Well," he continued, "you yourself are an example of such a heart, for the simple reason that you would act precisely in that way, or perhaps have already so acted. But really I do not see

what justifies your thus throwing down the gauntlet to mankind in general. You stand here on a narrow enclosure of ground; over yonder the cloister walls terminate; without are a few streets and the few dwellers therein; beyond, the fields and woods, with the lonely steeple of a village church or the long arms of a signpost here and there; and then the mountains rear their sharply-defined boundary-line, over which the eye cannot reach. I wager that even your eye and your foot have explored no farther than to that narrow horizon—"

"And therefore it is unpardonable presumption in me to form any opinion of the world and its inhabitants?" interrupted Magdalena, striving to imitate his sarcastic tone, though her voice trembled perceptibly. "There are other ways," she continued, "of surmounting narrow horizons and confining circumstances; therefore I take the liberty to believe that the moral defects of mankind are the same all over the world, even as the dark spots on the moon are reflected just as faithfully in the smallest lakelet as they are in the boundless ocean. For the rest," she resumed, after a pause, and heaving a deep sigh, "I must beg of you not to 'wager' so readily. I have once already crossed these mountains, and know since that moment but too well how our unhappy first parents must have felt when the gates of Paradise closed behind them: I was leaving my beloved Southern home to come and dwell in the North."

"Ah! but you were only a child then."

"But not a child that played thoughtlessly about on its native soil—that, from long acquaintance with them, had lost all appreciation of the beauties or faults of its surroundings," replied Magdalena, excitedly. "Oh I knew that my home was beautiful! The sea-foam kissed my feet, and above me rustled the laurel. And the sunlight! how it flamed there! and how the moon glowed as she floated up so solemnly! There are light and glory! there is life! You call this faded space above you 'the sky!' On Sundays, when the church-bells are silent,

you leave your houses, walk a certain number of steps from the door, relate everything that your neighbors ought not to have done, and from time to time exclaim, 'Oh how beautifully blue the sky is to-day!' Ah! at home I used to lie for hours under the trees: I heard the roar of the sea as it dashed against the strand: gold seemed quivering on the twigs above me: they moved gently to and fro upon the breeze, and the deep, glorious blue poured through them. That is the sky—the sky that I dreamed full of beautiful angels! I was brought here, where the sun looks coldly at me, like the eyes of the people—where the snow falls noiselessly down, treacherously smothering the lingering flowers. I was placed amongst a crowd of rude, wild children. The little one, until now touched only by the soft hand of a tender mother—watched anxiously and dotingly by a faithful father, because she was the only one spared to him—was pursued and ill-treated by the wanton children because she was poor, strange and—ugly, and because she would not, like them, scuffle and quarrel about a

miserable apple, or join with them in mutual reproaches over the wants or failings of their relations. I learned to know bitterly the difference between rich and poor. The golden belief that food fell from heaven was dispelled by the careworn brow of my good old aunt, who struggled hard for daily bread, and who was reproached by the neighbors for encumbering herself with me, a new burden. Ah! how often did my passionate childish heart seem bursting! When I was alone I cast myself on the ground and wept and sobbed and cried for my dead mother!"

While Magdalena was speaking she had stepped once more under the old tree. With burning eyes fixed on the church, she spoke as though her hearer were forgotten, and as if against her will the stream of thought, till now with difficulty repressed, were welling forth to the light, regardless upon what shore it rippled. At her last words she threw her arm passionately around the trunk of the tree and pressed her brow against the hard bark.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## SNOW UPON THE WATERS.

THE clocks of the city of Berlin were striking the midnight hour. It was a cold, clear night in January: the marble groups on the Schloss Brücke were half hidden under wreaths of snow, the frozen surface of the Spree looked dark and glassy where the wind had swept away its snowy covering, and the graceful colonnade of the Crown Prince's palace was hung with icicles instead of the swaying vines that decked it in more propitious seasons. The moon was just rising, and under the magic wand of its beams the fairest city in Germany seemed transformed into one of the gorgeous visions of the Arabian Nights—a city of silver, paved with pearl and flashing with

diamonds. Two belated pleasure-seekers were hurrying along the Jäger Strasse, and one of them, looking up at a window on the third floor of a house which they were passing, and from which glimmered a light, said:

"That is Herr Mansfeldt's room: he did not act to-night."

"He is doubtless having a carouse with some of his boon companions. These actors are a sad, dissipated set, and I have no doubt but that Mansfeldt is as bad as any of them."

And the speakers passed on.

Notwithstanding this charitable surmise, Herr Mansfeldt was at that moment sitting quietly in the small *salon* of the

suite of apartments which he occupied in Frau Wagner's lodging-house—alone, unless the spirit of Goethe were with him, for he was studying the part of Mephistopheles, which, in a few weeks, he was to enact for the first time.

Though the furniture was plain and worn, the room wore a comfortable and cheery aspect. The walls on three sides were hung with prints and pictures of various kinds—a copy in oil-colors of the portrait of Wallenstein, an old print of Garrick in the character of Richard III., a pencil-drawing, representing the vision of Egmont in Goethe's tragedy of that name, and engraved portraits of the great German actors, Seidelmann and Devrient, being among the most important. A pair of swords, another of foils, and an assemblage of daggers, pistols and such small weapons, all remarkable either for their antiquity or their workmanship, were arranged on the wall over the low sofa. A gigantic white stove, towering almost to the ceiling, diffused a genial warmth. Two objects of luxury alone adorned the apartment—one of which, a beautiful bust in white marble of Melpomene, stood on a pedestal between the windows, while the other, a large cheval glass, had been wheeled into the centre of the floor, and a small table, on which were placed two candles and a copy of Retzsch's outline illustrations of *Faust*, stood before it. Beside this table sat Herr Hermann Mansfeldt, the leading actor of the Royal Theatre of Berlin, and the most gifted and successful young tragedian of the day.

Nature had richly endowed him for the profession he had chosen. Not above the middle height, with a slender, finely-proportioned figure, dark, lustrous, expressive eyes, features as regular and as severely outlined as those of an antique bust, a voice whose soft, deep tones were capable of all varieties of modulation, and a grace of movement that made each of his attitudes on the stage a study for the sculptor—such were the gifts which Fortune had bestowed to aid the rarer gift of genius in the youthful actor. Notwithstanding these personal advantages, Herr Mansfeldt was singularly

free from vanity, that most common and natural defect among dramatic artists. The photographers complained that they could not persuade him to sit to them half often enough to supply the demand for his picture, and the perfumed notes which he occasionally received were invariably cast, half read, into the fire, while the only expressions that they ever drew from his lips were words of indignation and disgust. His life was devoted to his profession, and he loved his art with a passion that had as yet found no rival in his heart.

And yet Hermann Mansfeldt had not been born in the station which he occupied. Twenty years before the opening of our story, Joseph Heinrich Hermann Ruprecht von Adlersberg, an officer in the Austrian service and a member of one of the proudest of noble Austrian families, committed suicide, having dissipated his small patrimony at the gaming-tables of Baden-Baden. His only child, Heinrich von Adlersberg, then a boy of nine years of age, was left totally dependent on the bounty of his aristocratic relatives, one of whom generously offered to educate him, and nobly fulfilled his promise. But when young Heinrich left the University, he found himself regarded as a burden and a nuisance by those relations to whose hands his destiny seemed to be confided. His one friend and protector amongst them was dead, and had died without making any provision for the future of his protégé, for whom he doubtless thought he had done enough. No other member of the Von Adlersberg family was inclined to accept the charge Providence seemed to have thus bestowed upon them; but while sundry angry discussions were going on respecting the future destination of this poverty-stricken young aristocrat, the youth himself put a stop to all further dispute, and effectually severed all connection between himself and his relatives, by announcing his determination of changing his name and going on the stage. It is needless to describe the uproar and indignation which this resolve created, nor is it necessary to enumerate the various small

temptations which were offered to induce him to change it. Suffice it to say, that a marriage with a wealthy lady of thrice his age, and a stewardship on sundry neglected estates in Hungary, were among the number. But Heinrich, strong in the consciousness of his fitness for the profession he had chosen, and loathing the idea of a life of aristocratic pauperism, remained firm, even when formally renounced by those who had never regarded him in any other light than that of a burden. On his part, he was as careful to sever all connection between his future and the past as the proudest member of the Von Adlersberg family could have wished. Like all nobly-born Germans, he was amply supplied with Christian names: a surname was easily selected, and, laying the cognomen of Heinrich von Adlersberg aside with his father's sword and sealing, he applied, under the name of Hermann Mansfeldt, at the Royal Theatre in Berlin for an engagement, and was so fortunate as to secure one at once. Beginning, of course, at the very foot of the dramatic ladder, he rose steadily, step by step, till, six years after the date of his debut, he occupied the position of leading actor in that theatre—acknowledged to be the first in Germany; and two years later we find him about to represent the character which is probably the most difficult in the whole circle of the modern acting drama—that of Mephistopheles.

Not without toil and suffering had this success been won. The struggle upward had been fraught with weariness and pain: many had been the trials and privations which he had been called upon to endure; but Heaven had made Hermann Mansfeldt an actor, and he loved his profession as only the career marked out for us by Providence ever is loved. As the dinner of herbs that we relish is far pleasanter to us than the stalled ox of distasteful flavor, so better are privation and discomfort when we toil at the occupation of our choice than ease and luxury when joined to the claims of a hated and uncongenial duty.

He ceased at last from his study of

Retzsch's spirited designs, and laying aside the volume, he bent forward and fixed his eyes upon the mirror. Beneath his gaze the reflected face changed to that of a fiend, and wore the mocking glance, the sneering smile and the baleful eyes of Mephistopheles. Then, rising, he pushed the table aside and stood before the glass, and its polished surface gave back the attitudes, the gestures, the whole bodily semblance of the malignant demon created by Goethe and depicted by Retzsch. At length he turned away and commenced to pace the room with hurried steps, reciting aloud passages from his rôle as he did so. The fever of art-inspiration was upon him: he had flung aside his individuality, and, for the time being, he was Mephistopheles, the tempter and the betrayer. His eyes glittered with an evil lustre, his deep, melodious voice had a serpent-like hiss amid its tones, the finely-cut lips quivered with a mocking, malicious smile, and the slender hands which he stretched forth in moments of impassioned declamation seemed to grow claw-like and to wear unseen talons. At last he grew weary, and sinking into a chair, the baleful sparkle vanished from his eyes, and Mephistopheles fled to give place to Hermann Mansfeldt. A distant clock at that moment struck two. Mansfeldt passed his hand over his brow with the half-bewildered air of a man just awakened from a troubled dream.

"Two o'clock!" he said at last. "I had better retire to rest if I wish to be at rehearsal in time to-morrow."

He extinguished one of the candles, and taking up the other, was about to quit the room, when his eyes fell upon a little table in a remote corner, which up to that moment had remained in obscurity. On that table there lay a letter.

"A letter here!" said Mansfeldt with surprise. "Strange that I should not have been told of its arrival!"

He put down his candle and seated himself to examine this unexpected epistle. It was directed, as usual, to Herr Hermann Mansfeldt, but beneath that name was written, in the style

adopted by high-born French and German married ladies, "born Heinrich von Adlersberg." A scornful smile flitted across his lips :

"Heinrich von Adlersberg died eight years ago, and Hermann Mansfeldt has no desire to call up his ghost. But let us see what this oddly-inscribed missive contains."

He turned the letter over and glanced at the seal before breaking it. It was of red wax, small but massive, and bore on its surface, in high relief, instead of a crest, coat-of-arms or motto, but one word, *Morgen* (To-morrow). Within the envelope was a single folded sheet of thick, satin-smooth paper, which exhaled a faint odor of violets as he opened it, and on which was written, in a firm yet delicate female hand, the following :

"Are you content with the Present ?—have you no regrets for the Past, no aspirations for the Future ? Nobly-born as you are, it is impossible but that the vagabond life of an actor should have become distasteful to you. She who now addresses you is all-powerful to restore you to that station which you renounced eight years ago. Will you accept wealth and title, and a full restoration to the honors to which you were born, from the hand of a wife ?—a wife whose love may be unsought, but the very intensity of whose devotion will not fail to win your heart in return. More than this I dare not now reveal. The time is at hand, however, when I may tell you all, and may implore you to pardon this act for my love's sake. We shall meet soon. Look on the seal I send : it says To-morrow, but the day will soon be here when it will tell you, To-day. Till then, farewell."

He cast the letter indignantly from him. "Wealth—rank—honors !" he said, disdainfully. "Heaven has made me a great dramatic artist : shall I sell my birth-right for a mess of pottage ? Shame on this woman, who can stoop to woo an actor through the medium of an anonymous letter !"

He took up the paper again as he spoke and held it in the flame of the candle. It soon fell, a heap of white

ashes, on the table ; and next morning the servants swept away the last trace of the mysterious letter and of its promise-freighted seal, To-morrow.

Mansfeldt approached the theatre the next morning with more than usual interest in the coming rehearsal. A young actress from the Leipsic theatre, named Bertha Markstein, of whom report spoke highly, had been specially engaged to perform the part of Gretchen in the forthcoming revival of *Faust*, and on the morning in question she was to make her first appearance among her future comrades. She was said to be no less beautiful than talented ; and though her celebrity as an actress was of recent date, it was widespread and well-deserved, having been created by her performance of Goethe's Margaret and Schiller's Thekla during the past season in Leipsic, where she had produced a marked sensation. A considerable degree of curiosity respecting her had therefore been created in the minds of the members of the Berlin company, and even the usually *distract* and indifferent Mansfeldt was moved to more than ordinary interest on the subject.

He had been for some minutes in the theatre, and was standing on the stage engaged in conversation with the stage-manager, when a fair, graceful girl came toward them and riveted his gaze at once. Bertha Markstein was a perfect specimen of that rare but exquisite type of feminine loveliness, a very beautiful German girl. The pure oval of her countenance, the paly gold and silken abundance of her shining hair, the lustrous azure of her large, soft eyes, and, above all, the sweetness and innocence of her expression, combined to form in her a faultless representative of Goethe's guileless and ill-fated heroine. She was not tall, but her figure was beautifully proportioned, and her every motion was grace itself.

"Our new actress," whispered Herr Müller, the stage-manager.

"If the vision Faust beheld in the Witches' Cave were half as lovely, I do not marvel at his madness," was Mansfeldt's reply.

"Ah, Fraulein Bertha, good-morning to you!" cried Herr Müller. "Let me present to you Herr Hermann Mansfeldt, our leading tragedian."

The lovely girl came forward, blushing deeply as she caught the admiring gaze of the young actor's dark, expressive eyes. Only a few words, however, were exchanged before the business of rehearsal began in earnest and their varied duties separated them, although the eyes of Mephistopheles continued to dwell with ardent and most inappropriate admiration on the fair face of Gretchen.

At last came that scene where Margaret, standing before her mirror, unbraids her hair while murmuring to herself the ballad of "The King of Thule." It was the first in which the young actress had found an opportunity of displaying her powers, and every one present, from the leading actors down to the scene-shifters, were deeply interested. The event justified all expectations. As Bertha stood before the mirror, unwinding the massive golden braids that when unloosed fell far below her waist, singing the lovely melody to which Goethe's words are wedded, despite the lack of theatrical appliances, despite the daylight, the ordinary dress and the prosaic surroundings, the illusion was perfect: it was Gretchen herself, in all her sweetness, her simplicity and her unconscious loveliness.

When the scene was ended, Mansfeldt came quickly forward.

"I have seen my ideal of Margaret at last," he said, earnestly. "Thank you, Fraulein Bertha, for the pleasure you have given me."

The long, silken lashes drooped to the blushing cheek, and she made no audible reply, but a smile, sweeter than words, was his sufficient answer.

Thus began the acquaintance, which, long before the dramatic critics had exhausted their praises of the wonderful perfection of the *Faust* revival, had ripened into an attachment mutual, tender and enduring. The young actress proved to be as good and gentle and lovely as her looks had promised. Her character was beyond reproach: she had

been the sole support of an invalid and widowed mother, and after the death of this sole surviving parent she had resided under the protection of an aunt, whose removal to Berlin had been one of the chief inducements to accept the proffer of an engagement in that city. She had received many excellent offers of marriage, but had remained in "maiden meditation, fancy free," till wooed and won by Hermann Mansfeldt. The pair, whom report had ever stigmatized as cold-hearted, had met the one love of their lives at last.

In this manner was that love avowed. The successful run of *Faust* was destined to be interrupted for one night, on which a benefit was to be given to an aged and celebrated actor of the company, who on that occasion was to bid farewell to the stage of which for so many years he had been the honor and the ornament. The play selected was Schiller's *Wallenstein*, wherein the beneficiary was to personate Wallenstein, while Bertha Markstein was to enact Thekla, and Herr Mansfeldt volunteered his services for the rôle of Max Piccolomini. The first rehearsal took place, and passed off smoothly till that scene was reached wherein Max, noble, confiding and deluded, speaks in enthusiastic terms of praise respecting Wallenstein, and urges Thekla to allow him to confess their mutual attachment to her father.

"He is so good, so noble!"

Thekla answers, throwing herself into his arms,

"That art thou?"

It was the first time that the exigencies of stage-business had ever called upon the as yet unacknowledged lovers to embrace, and Bertha, instead of losing her identity in that of Schiller's gentle heroine and sinking into the arms of the expectant Max, blushed, hesitated, drew back, and finally compromised matters by laying her hand on Hermann's shoulder as lightly and timidly as though he were clothed in porcupine-skins instead of superfine broadcloth. He noticed the change in her manner, and after rehearsal contrived to meet her in one of the narrow passages at the wings. She was

about to pass him with a shy greeting, but he arrested her steps with a gesture of entreaty :

"Fraulein Markstein."

She paused: "Can I serve you in any way, Herr Mansfeldt?"

"I wish to ask you one question: Why did you shrink from me at rehearsal just now?"

"I—I do not know. I think—"

"One of two feelings prompted your avoidance of me. Was it hate?"

"Oh no, Herr Mansfeldt—no!" exclaimed the young girl, too much agitated to perceive how much this denial implied.

"Bertha, was it love?"

The fair face was instantly averted, and the little hand he had taken in his own struggled to free itself, but he only folded it in a firmer clasp.

"Listen to me, Bertha, ere you go: I love you as I never dreamed of loving aught in this world save my art. Mine has been a lonely and a loveless life. I have a faint remembrance of a soft hand smoothing tenderly my childish locks, and of gentle eyes that looked fondly upon me; and this dim vision, which I call my mother, represents all that my existence has known of love till I met you, and learned that henceforth the sunshine of my life must beam on me from your eyes or else be darkened to me for ever. Can you not love me? will you not bring peace and brightness to my dreary home and my lonely heart? Now go. Leave me if you will," he continued, stepping back a pace and letting fall her hand, "or else come to me—my wife, my love, my own. *Liebchen—Liebchen*, come!"

She turned toward him, blushing, trembling and yet smiling, and radiant with his new-found happiness her lover clasped her to his heart. As he bent over the fair head drooping on his bosom, he whispered, in the words of Thekla's hero-lover—

"Look not away—look on me, O mine angel.

Let who will, know that we both love each other."\*

Early in April the formal betrothal of the lovers took place. The day after

\* *Wallenstein*, Part Second, Act III., Scene 18.

that event, as Mansfeldt was ascending the stairs leading to his lodging, he was met by his servant.

"Here is a letter for you, sir," said the man: "it arrived some hours ago."

Mansfeldt took the letter, but scarcely glanced at it till he reached his own apartments. The instant he looked at it he recognized the peculiar handwriting of his anonymous correspondent, whose first letter, with all its mystery and its promises, he had entirely forgotten. It was with a gesture of impatience that he tore the missive open and read as follows:

"The obstacles which have hitherto prevented our meeting are at last removed. Be at the Brandenburg Gate to-night at nine o'clock, and my messenger will not fail to find you. I might now sign my name, but I wait to let you learn it from my lips—from the lips of the woman who loves you, and who hopes to bring you, as your bride, the fairest dower that your wildest ambition could desire. Till to-night farewell."

The seal was of snow-white bridal wax, while its surface bore one word—*Heute* (To-day).

Upon the table lay another missive, which Mansfeldt had that morning received—a gift which Bertha Markstein had sent to her betrothed. It was a miniature portrait of herself. Hermann took it up and gazed tenderly on the fair pictured face, to whose beauty the pencil of the artist had been powerless to impart new charms.

"My love—my art!" he said at last: "who shall separate me from you both? Not this unknown, who stoops to enact the unwomanly part of a wooer, and who strives to purchase my hand with golden gifts and empty honors. I prize more the laurel wreath which Devrient and Talma wore than the coronet of a noble. Your love, my Bertha, is to me a treasure greater than all that this writer of anonymous letters, all-powerful though she claim to be, can e'er bestow."

He tore the letter into minute fragments, and opening the window cast them forth to flutter in the guise of mimic snowflakes in the April air. The

white seal, with its inscription, *Heute*, fell at his feet and was crushed beneath his tread as he turned to quit the apartment. And when evening came, the hour which was to have seen him waiting at the Brandenburg Gate for the messenger from the unknown, found him seated beside his betrothed in the opera-house, and listening to the sublime music of the *Huguenots* with all a true German's appreciative delight. The anonymous communications had in no wise stirred the depths of his being: they had but touched the surface of his daily life, and then, like snowflakes on the water, they had passed away and left no trace behind.

On a sunny day in June the marriage took place. It was a very quiet and private affair, though one incident occurred in the church which was worthy of remark. Near the conclusion of the ceremony, a lady, dressed in black and closely veiled, who had occupied a position near the door, came near fainting, and was obliged to retire, but she refused all offers of assistance, and without raising her veil she quietly withdrew, the occurrence being noticed by but few of the persons present.

Shortly after her marriage, Bertha Mansfeldt, at her husband's request, retired from the stage. Though ever intelligent and charming in all that she undertook, she lacked that true dramatic fire and that intense love for her profession which were Hermann's distinguishing characteristics, and which he rightly deemed essential to success in the higher walks of his art. Her youth, beauty and sweetness made her personation of such characters as Gretchen, Ophelia and Desdemona absolutely faultless, but she did not possess either the physical or artistic force necessary for the adequate representation of more intellectual and powerful heroines.

But it was the *woman* that Hermann had loved, not the fellow-artist: he had chosen her to be the companion of his life, not the sharer of his toils. And she was in truth all that the wife of a great actor should be—a loving yet appreciative critic, a faithful counselor, un-

failing in her sympathy and untiring in her devotion. She rejoiced in all his successes, gloried in his triumphs, and soothed away all the irritation produced by the petty annoyances incidental to a theatrical life, and which sometimes fretted his delicate, sensitive nature almost beyond endurance. She always, if possible, accompanied him to the theatre, but when detained at home he ever found her awaiting his return; and if the first and fondest kiss was bestowed upon her husband, the second and proudest embrace was always given to the distinguished actor. It was a happy and cheerful home; and though wealth and splendor might not abide there, love and content and perfect congeniality dwelt in their stead. One child came to perfect their happiness—a blue-eyed girl, who to her mother's beauty and gentleness united the dramatic talent of her gifted father.

Ten sunny, uneventful years passed swiftly by, and gave to Mansfeldt's genius a wider and riper development, lending to his countenance a nobler and more intellectual beauty; while Bertha's loveliness, thanks to her cheerful nature and the unclouded serenity of her life, remained unimpaired, and only assumed a more dignified and matronly type. And Mansfeldt's fame and fortune waxed greater with each succeeding year, while his wife's love and sympathy were, as ever, his most efficient aids. They had indeed been to him as a fair pedestal, on which the peerless statue of his genius had been raised to a clearer light and a nobler elevation.

The tenth anniversary of their wedding-day saw this attached pair on the eve of separating for the first time. Hermann had received a munificent offer to play a short engagement in the principal cities of Holland, and after much hesitation he accepted it. It had always been Bertha's custom to accompany her husband when the closing of the Berlin theatre enabled him to fulfill engagements in other cities, but her health at this period was in a precarious state, and her husband was unwilling to allow her to expose herself to the discomforts of a journey, as well as to the damp,

unwholesome atmosphere of a Dutch summer.

"Remember, you must give me another daughter," he whispered tenderly, as he folded her for the last time in his arms.

"I have prayed for a son, undutiful wife as I am," she answered, playfully, though her blue eyes were full of tears—"a son with your eyes and your noble nature—to make hereafter some woman's life as happy as you have made mine. Oh, Hermann, how happy we have been in all these years!"

Two weeks later, from the windows of the express-train which left Oberhausen on the Prussian frontier in the evening for Berlin, there peered a white, haggard face, that would hardly have been recognized by the habitués of the Berlin theatre as being that of Hermann Mansfeldt. "Your wife is dying. Come home at once!" so ran the telegram which had summoned him. O flying train, rushing onward at lightning speed, how you creep, how you loiter, how slow your whirling wheels, how powerless your mighty engine, when you bear the loving to the deathbed of the beloved! On! and the moonlight shows a spectral city, which the guards name Hanover, and at which the wide-open eyes of the one sleepless traveler stare unseeing. Then come long stretches of landscape, fields and forests and far-off hills, all peaceful and quiet in the shining silence of the night. Another sleeping city, silent and motionless under the silvery light, and this is Brunswick, and the agonized watcher writhes as if in physical agony, and mutters, "They stop so long—so long!" Again the train rushes on, and the gray dawn shines on the pallid face and clenched hands of the hapless husband. Potsdam at last, its palaces showing fair and bright in the golden morning sunshine; and then the train thunders into the great station at Berlin, and the miserable journey ends.

Pale, wearied and utterly exhausted with fatigue and misery, Hermann Mansfeldt reached his home. His little daughter Bertha met him on the threshold and sprang weeping into his arms.

"Oh, father! mother has left us—mother has gone to heaven!" she sobbed.

He had come too late.

The next moment he stood beside the bed whereon lay, calm and beautiful in statue-like repose, all that earth still held of the gentle being whose love and loveliness had made the sunshine of his life. Little Bertha followed him, and after a short pause she gently raised one end of the snowy covering that lay lightly over the silent form.

"Father," she whispered, pointing to a little waxen image that lay pillowed, as if in sleep, on the dead mother's arm, "is *that* a little angel God sent to take mother back with him to heaven?"

But Hermann did not hear her. He had sunk upon his knees beside the bed, his head drooped forward, and a merciful insensibility brought to the burning brain and the breaking heart a momentary respite.

The day after the funeral the bereaved husband sat alone in the room in which our story first discovered him, but which Bertha's loving thoughtfulness and busy hands had made far more comfortable and pleasant. It was still strewn with traces of her occupancy. A book which she had been reading lay on one table, with her mark, a ribbon which she had herself embroidered, between its leaves; while on another stood her work-basket, the half-open lid revealing the brilliant colors and glittering fringes of a scarf which she had been hurrying to finish, that her husband might wear it as an adjunct to his splendid Oriental costume as Othello. The bust of Melpomene bore on its marble brow a wreath of silver laurel, which had been one of the last tributes Bertha had received from the public during her brief theatrical career; and Hermann remembered vividly the day, a short time before his departure, when the wreath had been brought down to display to a visitor, and how his wife had playfully crowned the bust with it, declaring that she was tired of taking care of it, and that she should look to him to supply her with laurel wreaths in the future. And on

the mantelpiece lay folded the last piece of work on which her loving hands had been engaged—a tiny shirt, with the lace edging but half sewn on, the needle still sticking in its folds and the thimble beside it, as if she had put it aside for a moment and would speedily return to complete her task. But the summons of Death had interrupted her as she wrought, and had stricken with eternal paralysis the mother's skillful fingers and loving heart.

A letter lay before Mansfeldt, but though it had arrived hours before, its seal was as yet unbroken, the superscription as yet unscanned. He saw naught with his bodily vision: he was gazing with the eyes of memory upon the fair, bright face of his lost Bertha. Now it rose before him, bending over his sleeping child: then he saw it, pale yet smiling, under the snowy blossoms of her bridal wreath: then again he beheld it as when its beauty had first charmed him, with the downcast lids and timid smile and braided tresses of Margaret: then, with a sharp and sudden pang, he recalled its statue-like beauty when the marble hand of Death had closed the soft eyes and frozen into stillness the mobile features. At last thought became agony: he shook off the lethargy which possessed him and rose abruptly from his chair.

"I shall go mad if this continues," he exclaimed.

His sudden action displaced the letter and it fell upon the floor, thus attracting

his attention. He took it up and opened it mechanically. After ten long years, the handwriting of his unknown correspondent again greeted his sight, and he read as follows:

"You are free, and I love you still—but it is too late."

And the black, heavy seal bore for the motto the one word *Gestern* (Yesterday).

O wasted love, unnoticed, uncared for, even in that moment of deepest desolation! The letter dropped from his listless grasp, scarce read, wholly unheeded, on the floor. And the hapless widower, bowing his head on his hands, forgot all else save the darkness of the Shadow of Death which brooded over his spirit.

A timid touch roused him from his stupor. He raised his head and his little daughter climbed, crying, into his arms.

"Take me, father," she said—"take me and pet me a little. I am so lonely, and I have nobody but you."

He folded her to his heart, while his tears, the first he had shed since his bereavement, fell thick and fast on her sunny hair. At last he looked up. He extended one hand toward the bust of the Tragic Muse, while with the other he pressed the golden head still closer to his breast.

"*These* still are left to me," he murmured—"my child and my art. I am not wholly desolate."

And the letter lay forgotten at his feet.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

## THAT MAN.

TWO little notes are necessary by way of introduction.

The first is as follows, to Curtis Marston, Esq.:

"DEAR MARSTON: Dine with me next Thursday, at six P. M., *precisely*. You *must* come. Monkhouse is to be

there, and two others, and we want you to be on hand to put the said M. under an extinguisher. He tells such awful romances that he must be suppressed, and you are the man to do it.

"Yours, truly,

"F. SIMMONS."

No. 2, to Frederick Simmons, Esq. :

"DEAR FRED: I don't know why you select me. I never had a gift at telling crams, especially against such a superior artist in that line as Monkhouse. However, I will come and do what occurs to me on the spur of the moment.

"Yours, truly,

"C. MARSTON."

The rest of the story Mr. Monkhouse shall tell himself.

"Come and dine with me, next Thursday. Bachelors' dinner, six precisely, and mean it; so don't come dropping in at half-past." This was what Fred Simmons said to me.

What I said to Fred was, "Thanks! I believe I will."

I always dine with Fred when he asks me. First, because he was my classmate in college, and roomed in the same entry with me. Fred then was poor, and I was not. Now Fred is not, and I am. He used to dine with me then: now I dine with him. I figured up the account between us the other day, and I make it that Fred still owes me twenty-eight dinners and seventeen teas. The teas were coffee and cakes, you know, at Marm Haven's, in School street, before walking out on Saturday nights. And then interest, during twenty years. It only makes Fred's conduct the more unprincipled.

Reason Number Two is, that Fred gives good dinners—perhaps better than I used to give him. But then, in those days, our appetites were better, especially after the long walk over Williams' river bridge, from Yalehaven to Botolphsville. At least, Fred's was. He boarded in commons then, and college commons were—well, apt to induce a disregard of expense when we dined in the city on Saturdays. Now my appetite is the better of the two. I board at Mrs. McSkinner's, and dine down town in Maiden lane or thereabouts. I have no more money than before the war, but dinners are twice as dear.

Reason Three is, that I meet queer people at Fred's. Others who dine there

say the same thing, so that I know it is not prejudice on my part. It was only a month ago, after dining with Fred, when there was but one guest besides myself—a man who writes for the papers. I heard of his saying the next day that Fred Simmons cultivated more eccentricities in his kitchen-garden than any other man in —. Will it do for me to tell the city's name? No, I think not: we will say, "in Chicago Atlanticensis." I thought it was candid in the fellow to say so, for a queerer fish than *he* was I never met.

One thing I do not fancy about Fred. He lets men tell such extravagant stories. I suppose he thinks them brilliant and all that, but I never could see the wit or the humor. Fiction is my abomination. I would not send this paper to any magazine in which all the stories were not strictly true. I don't mean "founded on fact"—a compromised title which always reminds me of Mrs. McSkinner's coffee—but all fact, as I am assured by the Editor all the stories in *this* periodical are.

I hate lying. When I was a little boy I once was guilty of a trifling inaccuracy of statement—I now think, unintentionally. I was in consequence shut up in a dark closet for a whole week, until I had read through—and in fact learnt by heart—Amelia Opie's *Illustrations of Lying*, a book which in my youth was deemed efficacious for reforming juvenile Ananiases and Sapphiræ. The horror of that experience has always since kept me from the least deviation.

But to return to my story. I read the other day in a newspaper, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The man who wrote that must have dined frequently with Fred. Truth at his dinner-table is the greatest stranger possible.

I went to Fred's last Thursday. Of course I did not dine down town that day. And I was not late.

There were six of us at table—four others, Fred and me. It was a good dinner. But there was too much talking. And too much space between the courses. The time might have been

filled up better, and where there are these delays men will drink more wine than they otherwise would. The consequence is, they tell too long and too marvelous stories.

Fred calls this the "Feast of Reason, etc." He should be ashamed of such a trite and absurd quotation. If he boarded at Mrs. McSkinner's and dined at Fulton Market, he would know better than to talk when he should be eating.

One of the four guests (I don't consider myself a guest at Fred's, but *l'ami de la maison*—at least I used to be) was an Irishman—an Irish gentleman, Fred called him. To my taste, *gentlemen* should be less prosy. He was full of his stories—could not wait for dinner to be done, and the proper time for story-telling, if such a thing must be, to come. I was just getting ready—it was after the soup—to mention a little adventure of mine at Naples—in the crater of Vesuvius, in fact—because I really thought it might interest the company. Fred *may* have heard it before, but they had not, and it was suggested very neatly by the vermicelli. Fred cut in upon me by asking that provoking Patlander, that ferocious Fenian, if he had been much cheated by the hackmen in this country.

"Nothing to speak of," said he, "after Dublin. I was seasoned there. You *can't* satisfy a Dublin car-driver. We tried it once when I was in Her Majesty's service—Twenty-sixth, line regiment. A bet was made at mess on the subject, and Arthur Ponsonby took it in ponies. If the man asked for more, he was to lose. Pon called a car to take a couple of us to the theatre—the maker of the bet, and myself as umpire. The theatre was only a square off. When we alighted he pulled out a sovereign and tossed it to the driver, saying, 'Here, Mickey, that will do you for our bit of a drive, won't it?' Pon meant to make it a sure thing, but he had overdone it. Mickey looked at the coin a moment to see if it was good, then at the faces of us watching, and he seemed to have an instinct of what was up, for he pulled a regular blarney face

and began: 'Ah, yer 'onor, captain, sure it's a purty piece, and 'ouldn't it be a shame in me to break it drinkin' yer 'onor's health? Couldn't ye spare me the small sixpence to the back of it?' Pon paid the bet, but he never could stand the chaffing he got in consequence."

They all laughed at this trumpery anecdote, which I would soon have capped with a far better one, but just then the fish came on and I had to give my mind to the salmon; so I lost my chance.

After fish I was thinking of a very striking fact which happened to me in Iceland, and just running over the heads in my mind before telling the story, when my *vis-à-vis*, an Englishman, struck in ahead of me. I do not say an English *gentleman*, for I do not consider that there is such a thing in existence: the English are a nation of snobs, always domineering and pushing out of the way better men. And no Englishman, in my experience, ever tells a story without embroidery. If you want to know what an Englishman is, just read Sir John Mandeville's travels.

"Ponsonby of the Twenty-sixth! Wasn't he cousin to Merivale of the Sixteenth Light Dragoons!"

"Oh yes, but quite a different style of man, I assure you."

"I dessay he is; only the name somehow reminded me of Merivale. (I never taste salmon: capital salmon this, Mr. Simmons. I suppose it is as easy to bring it from Norway here as it is to us. Only a little more ice; and, by Jove! you seem to have ice in loads.) Well, as I was saying, I never see salmon without thinking of Merivale. The Sixteenth, you know, were famous for being the greatest puppies in the service, and Merivale was leading the pack: at least between him and Charley Ffrench it was neck and neck. I met them once at the Marquis of Downshire's." (Why must an Englishman always lug in a lord?) "One night, in the smoking-room, Ffrench lisped out, 'I thay, Mo-theth'—(he always called Merivale, Moses, and Merivale always took it from him, though he would have had

out any other man)—‘I thay, Motheth, I thaw your fawin fwiend, Printh Thalm-Thalm, dining at the Wag and Famish; and, I thay, what do you think he wath doin’?’ ‘Pon me wawd, I don’t know. What did he do?’ drawled Merivale. ‘He took *cold buttah* with hith thalm-on.’ ‘Did he daye?’”

I had a beautiful thing on the end of my tongue about gravy; only I could not get it into shape before a leg of Southdown mutton was brought in, which changed the subject somewhat. It was Southdown, and as my mutton is not always tender, I confess I was eager to pay my respects to it; and when it went out I was in such a happy frame of mind that I could not think of the point of a good anecdote which the late Louis Philippe always used to tell when I dined with him at the Tuileries. No such good stories are told there now.

However, I do think Fred might have asked for it, and that would have given me time to think as well as have recalled the anecdote. Instead of that, he turned to my neighbor (a Boston man) and asked if he was as fond of billiards as ever.

I say a Boston man, because he wore a coat and pantaloons and those absurd English side-whiskers—“Piccadilly weepers”—but I never feel sure that these Boston men are not strong-minded in disguise. I have a small place in the Custom-house, and if ever this infamous Woman’s Rights business comes uppermost, why voting implies holding office, and then where on earth shall I be?

“I am glad you asked me that,” was the reply of the hateful Boston creature, “for it reminds me of a good thing I have for you. I *do* play billiards as much as ever, and I was at the T—— Club the other night playing with Bill Perkins; and I needed only one point to go out. It was a rather brilliant shot before me, and H—— and some others were looking on, which made me a bit nervous, especially as Bill was only ten behind me. I was so nervous that I made a miss-cue, but after all got the point. H—— clapped his hands as

soon as he saw it, and exclaimed, ‘How classical! — *Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit.*’”

“How very good!” said the Englishman. “Really, I did not suppose you did that sort of thing in America.”

I had a great mind to put him down with a smashing retort, only I would not help out the Bostonian; but the appearance of canvas-back ducks closed my mouth, or rather opened it to a better purpose.

“Next time!” thought I. Three fellows had had their innings, and the fourth man, Curtis, was as silent as I was. So I let Fred have his own way and get off his stupid stories about the English judges, at which everybody laughed, as in duty bound: when Sosia tells stories, poor Amphitryon has to grin. I am not sure that I have the names quite correct, but everybody will understand what I mean—that the man who goes out to dine has to applaud the jokes of the fellow who gives the dinner.

At last, the fruits and ices came on, and then Fred said to me, “Monkhouse, shall I send you some of the ice?”

“No, thank you,” said I. “I once saw ice enough to last me a whole lifetime.”

I saw Curtis give a sort of waking-up start, and then fix his eyes on me as if he was going to begin a regular yarn. I hate that sort of thing, and I was bound to get before him, if only for the sake of the rest; so I gave up my chance for the fruit (with a pang, I confess, for I do not get fruit, especially *out* of season, every day), and began at once: “When I was in the South Pacific, gentlemen—”

Here Fred looked queerly and shrugged his shoulders, which was *not* polite at his own table. I should like to know why I have not as good right to have been in the South Pacific as he, if he is a rich man?

I went straight on: “When I was in the South Pacific, on board the razez Independence—her captain, Commodore Conner, was a friend of mine, and offered me a passage home from Valparaiso—no, I mean from Quito—” (by the way,

is Quito a seaport? one's geography slips away from one so; but I could not stop to ask, for they were all watching to cut in)—“we were becalmed off the island of Juan Fernandez. It was in S. lat. 63° 30', W. long. 104° 22' (nothing like being accurate in these details), and we saw a huge iceberg approaching us. It was a dead calm, but the ice came on very rapidly. It must have been at least five miles in circumference, and quite a mile high out of water.

“Conner was in a dreadful fright, and I confess I was not quite easy as I watched the enormous mass slowly heaving and settling, and every minute fragments the size of Trinity Church tumbling down its sides. Its color was—”

“Never mind that,” said Fred: “we have all seen Church's and Bradford's pictures, and read Dana's *Two Years Before the Mast*. Skip to the catastrophe: did it run over you?”

“No, sir,” I retorted: “it did not. On it came and on, till the boldest held his breath for a time. Every man in the ship was on deck, the nimble top-men swarming far out upon the yards, and the gold bands of the officers' caps gleaming along the quarter-deck. On it came, and the ship was beginning to rock helplessly upon the swell which drove before the mighty mass.

“Conner was just ordering out the boats to try and tow the ship off, when I called his attention to something I had just discovered. (My eyes were very good in those days.) I said, ‘Conner, see that black speck coming down the side of the berg?’ He turned his glass upon it—a capital Dollond I had given him—and exclaimed, ‘It is a bear.’ ‘Conner,’ said I, ‘who ever saw a *black* bear on ice? It is a man and a brother.’ Conner turned red as a beet, but presently, after another look, replied, ‘By George! I believe you are right, and he is making signals to us; but we can't help him: no boat would live in that sea which is breaking at the base of the berg, and we've enough to do to save ourselves.’

“The berg, however, must have gone

aground—they are very deep, you know, under water—for it remained stationary; only the attraction was sucking us in imperceptibly. We saw him reach the water's edge—and how he did it I can't tell: I was not near enough to see—but presently he was coming off to us.

“You might have heard a pin drop on the deck, gentlemen, such was the breathless silence of all, which the stern discipline of a man-of-war permitted no one to break. We made out that it was a man in a canoe—a Marquesas Island canoe; and the strangest thing of all was, that he had nothing to propel it with but an umbrella. He neared the side, and Conner and I went to the gangway to hail him. He was dressed in superb sealskins, which would have been a fortune in New York, and he managed his umbrella wonderfully, shooting his light bark along like a racing wherry. The first words he said were: ‘I thought you were in a bad way when I first sighted you, but my craft has come to anchor; so you are all right now. There is a breeze creeping up on the other side of the berg, and you will have it in twenty minutes strong enough to take you clear. To tell you the truth, I was in a great funk when I saw you, for, allowing the half of you to be drowned, I should have hardly more than enough to dine the rest; and if there is anything I hate it is to give my friends short commons.’ ‘Then you won't come on board?’ said Conner. ‘That's a good one! No, I rather think not. Man-o'-war accommodations are a little too close’ (he said ‘clust,’ and then I knew he was a Yankee, and remarked so to Conner) ‘quarters for a man who for a month has had a whole iceberg to himself. However, I won't brag, for the berg is shrinking as we get up into the warm latitudes. I *shall* have to leave pretty soon, but as you are bound round the Horn and I am for the Sandwich Islands, I guess I won't trouble you. There is one thing you can do for me, Captain Conner. (B'lieve I've the honor of addressing Captain Conner of the U. S. razee Independence?) Would you oblige me with your reckoning?’ Con-

ner called the First Luff to the side, and they gave him the figures, just as I told you a moment ago. That is why I remembered them so distinctly. 'Pretty well, pretty well!' said he. 'I make you three seconds out of your true latitude, and perhaps a trifle more to the east'ard than you think, but that is near enough for navy men. I have to be a little more particular—*my* craft makes so much leeway. I'll report you, commodore, wherever I conclude to put in. Good-bye;' and with that he made off for his berg again.

"Conner ordered the first cutter and gig both to pull after him, but, I give you my word, gentlemen, he just walked

away from them hand over hand; and before they were halfway to the berg, he was climbing up it with his canoe on his back."

Here I stopped to take breath and a sip of sherry, when that wretched Curtis, whom I thought I had silenced, burst out:

"Thank Heaven! I can break the long silence I have kept for fifteen years upon the most remarkable adventure of my life, because nobody would, I thought, believe me. You are my witness, sir—I WAS THAT MAN!"

If ever I dine at Fred's table again, he'll know it—that's all.

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#### AN EMBASSAGE.

ROSEBUD, with the dewdrops early trembling on thy crimson heart,  
Where the failing Night her pearly tears hath shed, all loath to part,—

From thy prison I enlarge thee, than thy fellows lovelier,  
And on all thy faith I charge thee bear a message unto her!

Speed upon thy tender mission, dainty Rosebud, Rosebud red!—  
Barred thou art of thy fruition, yet no tears for thee be shed.

Leave thy parent stem ungrieving: thou shalt have a holier nest:  
Lift thy head in proud believing, Rosebud—'tis a maiden's breast!

Hide thee there, and mark each throbbing of the virgin heart within,  
All the joy and all the sobbing—all the pureness, all the sin;

All the passions, sweetly human, working out life's wondrous plan;  
All that makes the perfect woman—all that charms the wayworn man.

And while joys and woes unrisen with soft tides thy soft leaves stir,  
Nestling in thy dainty prison, whisper *my* name unto her!

G. HERBERT SASS.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE 18th of August, 1864, witnessed a gala-night at the Grand Opera in Paris. A special representation had been commanded by the Emperor, to entertain his princely guest, the king-consort of Spain. Three or four large boxes, directly facing the stage, had been thrown into one, to accommodate the Imperial party, while the rest of the grand tier was reserved for the Court and *corps diplomatique*. A distinguished Russian dancer, Mad'le Mouravieff, was to appear in the ballet of *Nemca*, and display her well-known powers of translating poetry into motion.

Long before the Imperial party arrived the theatre was filled with a brilliant assemblage, comprising many noted personages at the Court of the Second Empire. The proscenium box, usually occupied by the Emperor, was appropriated to the daughters of Prince Lucien Bonaparte. One of the Court journals remarked of them next day, with intended wit perhaps, but decided impertinence, that they were "deliciously pretty." The Austrian Embassy occupied the opposite box. There sat that Princesse Metternich whose lively talents, unaided by other personal charms, enabled her successfully to sway the shadowy sceptre of Fashion hitherto wielded without dispute by the fair Empress Eugenie herself. She was attired simply in an aerial-looking dress of white tulle, but wore a necklace of three rows of large diamonds, the upper row just touching the top of her low corsage, while the lowest fell to her waist. A similar necklace adorned the throat of the languid, soft-eyed Duchesse de Morny; and near by, Madame de Pourtales, then recently wedded, was beautiful in bridal lace and pearls. The marshals of France lent their military splendor to adorn the scene, while officers of rank in gorgeous uniforms flitted from box to box, chatting with the fair inmates, and (to use an old

simile appropriate to such occasions) sipping, butterfly-like, the honeyed fragrance exhaled from this parterre of human blossoms, to say nothing of the full-blown roses and withered specimens there to be met with also, alas!

The Imperial party arrived, and the diamonds of the duchesses before the splendor of the Crown jewels paled like stars at moonrise. The Empress looked one blaze of light: she had driven in from Compéigne in a carriage open at the sides, with a lamp suspended from the top, that the populace of Paris might feast their eyes on her magnificence. Upon her head there arched in graceful curves an antique diadem, at whose summit the peerless "Regent" diamond flashed like a sun. Her corsage, of lustreless scarlet silk, was edged with a row of large diamonds set in black enamel, from each of which hung two gems of smaller size. What a pity that the sultanas of Haroun al Rashid could not have seen her then! They would have paled with envy certainly, but might have saved their white throats from the scimitar or bowstring by getting fresh gossip for their bloodthirsty lord. The Imperial necklace was similar in shape to those of the Princesse Metternich and the Duchesse de Morny, but of far finer stones. The earrings were great drops of solidified light, and the bracelets were single rows of immense diamonds. Think of that and weep, O ye uncrowned empresses of our American hearts and purses! Next the Empress sat the king of Spain; and next to him, Napoleon III., looking unusually well. Not far off was the Princesse Mathilde, dressed in white with a wreath of diamond leaves around her head, while a similar wreath bordered the top of her dress; and our fair readers will be glad to hear that Anna Murat, the only American princess who has ever graced a European court, was the most

beautiful of the Imperial group. She was attired in an elegant but simple ball-dress of blue silk looped with pink roses over a train of white puffed tulle.

Thus far for court millinery. It is for your benefit, remember, fair readers, that we describe the dresses. And if pussy may look at a king, may not Gossip sometimes behold an empress? Though, sooth to tell, there would arise, for all the glitter of jewel and rustle of silk, some reflections of sterner import which perhaps you would like to hear too.

Ten years before (that is, in 1854) the writer of these lines had frequent opportunities of seeing the Empress Eugenie, then a charming young lady, beautiful with the slender loveliness of a swaying flower. A slight form, pensive smile, sweet soft eyes and a snowy throat, which seemed to bend under the weight of her finely-shaped head, combined to render her a vision of beauty. As one again beheld her, still fair, but fatter—if we may use so plain a term—and nearer forty, her full white shoulders and rounded arms displayed by her low corsage, her blonde hair changed to dark brown by some mysterious process, it was impossible not to give a sigh to the memory of the delicate flower to whose summer loveliness had succeeded these more earthly and autumnal charms. There she sat, silent and motionless, with a wearied, worried look on her otherwise expressionless countenance, and so immovable that the gems with which she was covered did not flash or sparkle, but flamed with a steady lustre. The Emperor, on the contrary, was very lively and animated, chatting with the king of Spain, using his opera-glass incessantly, and apparently in the best spirits. Pleasant indeed must have been his thoughts did he allow them to stray to the realms of politics and potentates. Bismarck had not yet bent over the grand chess-board on which Napoleon was playing his successful game, to interpose with an ominous "Check." The guest by his side, though the first, was by no means the most distinguished of many sovereigns to whom the Imperial nephew of the great Corsi-

can was to play the host. This great republic seemed tottering to its fall, and the Mexican expedition had been prosperously begun. Doubtless images of a shining Western empire and a shattered Western republic loomed then before the Imperial gaze. "I have carved you out an empire in a block of silver," said he to Maximilian. Nor did he fathom the political alchemy which should change that block of silver to a tomb of marble in the funeral vault of the House of Hapsburg.

Since that night many changes have passed over that brilliant assembly. The king of Spain, a dethroned exile, inhabits to-day the city he then visited as a fêted and honored guest. The Duchesse de Morny, having passed through the stages of widowhood and second marriage, her splendid necklace, doomed by the terms of the Duc de Morny's will, has found a purchaser, and doubtless now adorns some other snowy throat. The Princesse Anna Murat, abandoning all hopes of a royal alliance, is now the Duchesse de Mouchy; while, strangest of all, the graceful Mouravieff has become a cloistered nun, and exchanged the plaudits of a crowded theatre for the quiet of a convent cell. Thus five years have brought great changes: who can tell what five years more will bring? Where will the actors in that scene be on the 18th of August, 1874? One cannot help thinking of the soliloquy of the English Cardinal, and applying it to the chief performer:

"I have touched the highest point of all my greatness,  
And from that full meridian of my glory  
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall  
Like a bright exhalation of the evening,  
And no man see me more."

Such Nova Scotia papers as are opposed to the annexation of the Province to the United States are trying to bring about a reciprocity treaty, and at the same time they lose no opportunity of casting a stain upon the honor and credit of this country. Every murder and riot, every case of immorality of any kind, occurring between New York and San Francisco, is duly chronicled with ignoble satisfaction. Nevertheless, the

ball is rolling, and it is anticipated that at the next election seven-eighths of the members of the Nova Scotia legislature will be annexationists. Then will come a sharp struggle. They cannot form a government to the satisfaction of General Doyle, the governor, and they will have to be dismissed, to be again elected, with the same result. Nova Scotia will then have to be governed by a military council. Sir John A. Macdonald will probably move for the abolition of the local legislature, and by depriving the people of the *ritualism* of patriotism—that is, the *rite* of election—will sap their public spirit, and take all power into his own hands. "Patriotism," says De Tocqueville, "does not linger long among conquered nations;" and the Nova Scotians, if help does not come from their friends in Canada, in Great Britain or the United States, will be in the position of a conquered nation.

There can be no greater mistake than to think that the invention of the printing-press first made it possible to multiply copies of a book with rapidity and at a moderate price. On the contrary, numerous references in the Roman writers about the beginning of the Christian era leave no doubt that books were then manufactured with a speed, sold at a cheapness, purchased with an avidity, and circulated throughout the whole Roman world to an extent, at first mention, almost incredible. "Enter," says a writer in the *Contemporary Review*, "one of the large halls of a Roman publisher, and you find probably not fewer than a hundred slaves at work. They have all been educated, trained, for the purpose. They write a swift, clear hand; and while one dictates, a hundred copies are springing at once into existence for the great public. No sooner are the copies written than they are passed on to other workmen ready to receive them; and with a speed not less astonishing than that with which they have been written, are revised, corrected, rolled up, bound, titled, and, when thought desirable, adorned for the market. Let us add to these circumstances that the workmen, being slaves,

require only maintenance from their master, and one shall be better prepared to accept what seems the well-established though remarkable result—that a single bookselling firm at Rome could produce without difficulty, in a day of ten working hours, an edition of the second book of Martial consisting of a thousand copies, and that a somewhat similar work, plainly bound, if sold for sixpence, left the bookseller a profit of one hundred per cent."

... Whence does such a substance as common mould come? How is it that a vessel of water containing decaying vegetable matter, although at first devoid of traces of animal life, soon becomes charged with living organisms, animal and vegetable? The usual answer to these questions has been that the air is charged with the floating germs of infusoria, fungi and the like, and that these find a favorable nidus in decaying vegetable solutions, in which they develop into perfect beings. But serious doubts now exist in the minds of naturalists on this point, and indeed many of the most eminent, such as Professor Owen, advocate the doctrine of spontaneous generation. In a review of Dr. Penmetier's *Origine de la Vie*, in the *Popular Science Review*, the editor of that magazine expresses his opinion that the weight of evidence lies on the side of the iconoclasts, recent microscopic researches having demonstrated that in ordinary cases there are neither animal nor vegetable germs in the air.

The other day, when a lot of young gentlemen were being examined for the post of assistant surgeon in the U. S. Navy, the following was one of the questions put to a candidate: "Define the terms Specific Gravity and Centre of Gravity." The answer (by a graduate of the University of —) was: "It is the difference of weight between the bulk and the length!"

"I went to London" (writes a friend who has seen of many men the ways and towns) "when George IV. was king. He was on his last legs, to be sure, if so

vulgar a phrase may be used in regard to the first gentleman of Europe—which perhaps he was, from the skin outward, to steal a phrase of Carlyle. The great Duke was Premier. I heard him speak more than once, and may assert, without wounding his reputation, that he was no orator as Canning was.

"The last time I heard the Duke was on the announcement in the Lords of the death of George. It must have been a hard task for him to praise such a Cæsar, but he did it as if resolved that the portrait should make up in paint for what it wanted in likeness. Other eulogies were delivered, the best of which was by Lord Goderich, the unfortunate ex-Premier, who so unmistakably proved the frequent fact that 'Tel qui brille au second, s'éclipse au premier.' He spoke feelingly and fluently, whilst the warrior-statesman, who had played the first part with such success, mumbled and stumbled and daubed in a way that almost excited commiseration. There are cobblers and cobblers. Most of them, like Lord John, think that if they have passed a Reform Bill, they can command a fleet; and the soldier who buried so many that need not have died, fancied he could praise one who need never have lived.

"The last time I saw the Duke was the day of the dissolution of Parliament by William IV.: I was at a window on the route of the procession, and a gorgeous show it was. The Duke was not in it, but made his appearance on horseback soon after it had passed, threading his way with great difficulty through the densely-crowded streets. His popularity at that time was at its nadir, and the noises with which he was saluted were not as flattering as those which greeted him on his return from Waterloo. Just opposite my window he was brought to a stop by a coal-cart, in which was a sooty wretch who began shaking a bag at him with stentorian shouts and covering him with dust. Several minutes must have elapsed whilst he was thus ignominiously enthralled. What he said I could not hear, but I could see the expression of

his face, and it was certainly not the same as it wore when he cried, 'Up, Guards, and at them!' The spectacle was so painful that I heartily wished somebody would heave the heaven from his dirty eminence. The sympathy, however, of the many-headed, to my amazement, was with the blackguard, who was evidently an exponent of the then popular voice. Had I been older, I would have been less astonished. It is quite *en règle* that the path of glory should lead to coal dust.

"The best speaker among the Peers was 'the luminous, learned, law-lord Lyndhurst;' and it may be questioned if there was ever a better at any period. The worst, or at least the funniest, was the most noble the Marquis of Clanricarde, son-in-law of Canning, and the same high-born Hugh whose appointment to office some few years since had nearly brought 'Pam' to grief, the most noble having behaved most ignobly a short time before. At that epoch he was a tall, skinny, skimpy youth, who would incessantly jump up and begin to speak with his hands pinned to his sides, until, as if galvanized, he would make a sudden spring at a neighboring table and give it his right with an energy in ludicrous contrast to the vigor of his thoughts. This performance he would frequently repeat throughout his harangue, to the great amusement of the uninitiated and the indubitable bother of their lordships. They preferred him, however, to the Earl of Winchelsea, the loudest lord of all, with whom Wellington once had shots, and with whom, in my hearing, he once had words. The Earl complained bitterly that, at a previous sitting, the Duke had left whilst he was criticising his policy, to which the Duke replied that he had done so because he did not expect to hear anything worth listening to; and the coolness with which he spoke did not allay the other's heat. If eloquence is strength of lungs, according to a great French authority, his earlship would have beaten Demosthenes all hollow.

"In the Commons, Brougham and Peel and O'Connell were the great

guns, but the pleasantest speaker was Charles Grant, afterward Lord Glenelg. He never fulminated like the first and last: silver-tongued like the second, he was more eloquent, or at least more elegant, if not so cogent and clear. I heard his celebrated speech on the Terceira question, and a more finished piece of oratory has rarely delighted an audience, and hardly could an audience exhibit more delight. Manner, matter, diction, delivery, all seemed perfect to my juvenile appreciation.

"O'Connell was amazingly powerful at times; but one of his most effective displays was a silent reply to a youthful member who had made an attack upon him that was quite unique. The almost breathless assailant was so much frightened at his own audacity that, after a few stammering sentences, he broke down, and making various wild and voiceless gestures, tumbled upon his seat amid a chaos of sounds. The shouting having subsided, the great Agitator rose and looked at the greatly agitated with so comic a smile that uproarious laughter was the immediate result: then, shaking his head as much as to say, 'The poor fellow has quite enough,' he turned quietly to the Speaker and began to talk about 'something else.' Better acting was never seen on any stage."

It is singular how a word so long disused as to be almost or quite obsolete is, if one may say so, "re-invented." The other day we saw among the *facéties* in a newspaper column the following: "They call a harness-maker a 'horse-milliner' out in Chicago." Probably a great many who smiled at this item as they read it were ignorant that the latter compound word is perfectly allowable as a synonym for the former, if age can give authority. It is surely as old as the sixteenth century, for it is quoted in Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic* from a document of that period, and it was not forgotten in Sir Walter Scott's time, for in *The Heart of Mid-Lothian*, chapter xii., Bartoline Saddletree says: "Whereas, in my wretched occupation

of a saddler, horse-milliner and harness-maker," etc.

*Apropos* of this note on a supposed new word, we have received from a lady the following interesting paper in reference to some omissions in our late article on American Provincialisms:

MR. EDITOR: The word *admire* is used in New England instead of "like." I have never heard it in the way the author of "Our Provincialisms" expresses it: "I admire to know." "I *should* admire to know" is the common way, or, "I admire to go to the opera," "I admire to read *Lippincott*." I think this use of the word *admire* is found in some of the oldest English writers, although long obsolete.

In Maine and New Hampshire the word *tackle* is used instead of harness, as, "Tackle the horse." In Pennsylvania, "Gear up the horse" is used.

The exceedingly common use, even by well-educated people in Pennsylvania, of the words *will* for *shall*, and *would* for *should*, the writer did not mention. Probably as a Pennsylvanian he had not remarked it, but it is a provincialism, as far as I know, confined to this State. It is even met with in well-written books. In *John Ward's Governess*, for example, I observe it in frequent use. The old joke of the Frenchman saying, "I *will* drown—nobody *shall* help me," would lead us to believe that he had been taught English in Philadelphia.

The use of the word *like* for *as* is another Pennsylvania provincialism: "Do it *like* I do," instead of "as I do."

In Jersey and some parts of Pennsylvania the noun *heir* is used as a verb, as, "He heirs the property;" "She heirs the farm," instead of inherits or inherited.

The letter *w* is used in the neighborhood of Burlington, New Jersey, for *v*, as in winegar, weil and weal, for vinegar, veil and veal. I have never heard this in New England, except among the people of Marblehead.

The Saxon word *tend*, to watch, take care of, is common in New England; as, "Will you tend the baby?" "He is tending store." I have never heard it used in Pennsylvania.

*Cricket*, applied to a small footstool, is a New England word. I remember very old-fashioned ones which were not unlike the form of the insect bearing that name.

In Massachusetts the accent is always laid on the second syllable of *inquiry*—here, on the first.

Several words as used in the English ver-

sion of the Scriptures, and now considered ungrammatical, are still in common use in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The word *be* for *are* was doubtless once good English, as, "How many *be* you?" "They that *be* for us," etc., in the English Bible. *For*—"The people came *for* to hear him."

The word *right*, used as "right away," "right early," must once have been good English (though Dickens,\* in his first visit to America, remarked on it as a provincialism of Boston), as it is frequently used in our version of the Psalms: "I myself will awake right early;" "I hate them right sore."

*Clean gone*—common in New England: "Let his name be clean put out." Psalms.

*Smack*, for *slap*, is common in Philadelphia, but if we told a New Englander to smack a child, she would kiss it, as the word there is used vulgarly for kiss.

*Muslin*, as applied to thick cotton cloth, is never so used in New England: it is there called shirting, sheeting or cotton cloth. A Pennsylvanian ordering muslin shirts in Boston, was reminded that they would be cool for the climate, but he persisted in saying he had always worn muslin: when the garments came home he found, to his dismay, that they were made of Swiss mull, like that used by the Quakers for their neckerchiefs. The word there is only used for thin, clear fabrics. Paper muslin is in Boston called saracenet cambric.

*Quarter dollar* is universal in Philadelphia, while in New England, though *half dollar* is thought correct, "quarter of a dollar" is always said.

The word *nigh* for *near* seems obsolete out of New England: it is constantly used in our version of the Psalms.

Also the word *mite* for a very small piece, as, "Give me only a mite of butter," was probably used in this sense by the translators of the Gospel in the phrase, "the widow's mite." I. J.

As this is the season for letters from "Our Summer Resorts," we give room to the following curious communication:

MR. EDITOR: As I have never seen myself in print, save in a scurrilous song in which I am falsely accused of feeding my horse on pork and beans, it occurred to me

\* In Dickens' *American Notes* he relates that the waiter at the Tremont House asked if he would have dinner *right away*. The traveler thought it meant in some particular place, instead of "directly." The phrase is universal in the United States, although it may be obsolete in England.

to write you a letter from the Profile House, White Mountains, where I am detained by the weather. (The true pronunciation, as I am assured by the stage-driver, is *White Mountings*.) These hills should be approached by easy stages—those made at Concord being the easiest. As we were coming to the Glen House, our driver, who was intoxicated—as is customary here—drove the stage against a boulder on the side of the road. I was sitting on the top of the coach on a trunk, and having nothing to hold on by, I was violently thrown forward, and, turning a somersault in the air, alighted on the back of the "nigh" wheel-horse. Being fortunately considerable of an athlete, I immediately turned a "backward flip-flap" on to my seat again, and the stage went on as if nothing had happened! I could see, however, that by this feat I had won the affections of a young Yankee woman of middle age who sat by the driver. She had with her a little boy, who, Yankee-like, was for ever asking questions. Pointing to a tall plant with a yellow flower by the roadside, he asked me, "What is his name?"

"Mullen, my dear," I replied.

"And is that little one a mullen too?"

"No! that fellow's name is MacMullen." Rather smart for the horse-marines, wasn't it, Mr. Editor?

I found the ascent to the summit of Mount Washington quite easy, and the exercise not being as much as I wanted, I rambled down Tuckerman's Ravine about three thousand feet and back again, bringing to the ladies a snow-ball weighing forty pounds. It is not everybody, however, who can even walk up the "mounting." There was an old man of forty-five, fat and with a bald head, who undertook the job. He went very well to the foot, but when he had walked up-hill about three hundred yards, he suddenly recollected an important business engagement, and turned back to fulfill it. I guess his engagement was with the barkeeper. He estimated that it was one hundred miles to the top, and about a mile and a half to the bottom.

In coming to this hotel, we passed the remains of the Willey House, the terrible loss of whose inmates first suggested the idea of Whittier's bacchanalian song, "Oh, Willey, we have missed you."

But I must close, having just been stung by one of the black-headed flies which abound here. These insects are of enormous size, and a good many of them would weigh a pound. They have annoyed me very much

during the past ten days, during which I have been fishing in the Lake some five hours each day, which, at forty cents an hour for the boat = \$20. My success has been moderate, having caught but one trout, about three inches long, which weighed an eighth of an ounce. *I put him back in the Lake.*

More anon.

CAPTAIN JENCKES,  
(*of the Horse Marines.*)

MR. EDITOR: Can any of your correspondents "do" a translation of the following little piece of French sentiment, which, unlike ordinary French sentiment in its pretty pathos, its tender grace, I find untranslatable? There is a "scent of the roses" about it, which, as you will see, vanishes when put into my English:

Pierre, mon ami Pierre,  
Bien loin s'en est allé,  
Pour un bouquet de roses,  
Que lui ai refusé.

Je voudrais que la rose  
Fût encore au rosier,  
Et que mon ami Pierre,  
Fût encore à m'aimer.

In the first place, you must keep him "Pierre;" make a "Peter" of the hero of so touching a little romance, and you destroy him on the spot.

Pierre, my own dear Pierre,  
Went far enough away  
For a foolish little rose,  
For which I said him "nay."

Oh how I wish that rose  
Grew once more on the tree!  
And how I wish that Pierre  
Once more did love poor me!

In the first number of *Lippincott* a lady correspondent, I remember, made an inquiry about Dante's "*Ricordarsi del tempo felice, nella miseria.*" Have you ever seen the other view, taken by a French writer whose name I forget, who says,

"Le bien-être est peut être  
L'oubli de l'ancien bonheur?" P.

A heated city in summer is hardly the place in which to look for sparkling or entertaining Gossip. One would seek it rather among those gay throngs who at this season flock to sea and lake and mountain-side, to tumbling cataract and breezy brae, hunting for health, amuse-

ment, novelty—what you will. Oh the huge Saratoga trunks we have watched *en route!* Large enough to carry all the Black Care that ever mounted behind a squadron of old Horace's cavalry. Then how those fiends in human shape, the expressmen and "baggage-smashers" generally, do knock the trunks about! You villains! why is there not some McCool or John C. Heenan present to avenge upon your ugly mugs the indignities you inflict upon many a fair creature's luggage? Don't you know, sirrah! what is inside of that Noah's ark I just now saw you manipulating as if you were a burglar in an insurance office? Because, if you do not know, rest happy in your ignorance. If that trunk were perchance to slip from your clutches and burst open before your eyes, who knows but your sight might be blasted for ever? If the mysteries of feminine dress and undress now lying happily *perdu* in that mighty receptacle were but once revealed to public gaze, who knows what would be the effect? Why the horses in the passenger-cars would start with horror at the unwonted spectacle, and the nimble wheels of Time's chariot would pause in mid career!

And now, to turn from practical trunks to their poetical possessors, let us, who are, alas! obliged to stay in town, try to close our Gossip with appropriate verse:

Now leave your rest, and quit your nest, my happy  
bird of song:  
The day is here, the time is near, we've waited for so  
long.  
Go seek those seagirt regions where, at sunset, clouds  
are rolled  
Over purple islands floating in a sea of molten gold,  
And lend fresh music to your voice, fresh vigor to your  
wing;  
For she is charming who awaits the song I'd have  
you sing.  
Tell her the classic legend of that Wingless Victory  
Triumphant Athens held enshrined as "*Ἀντρεος  
Νίκη*;"  
And say that when my Cupid lost his pinions and his  
bow,  
He was obliged to stay with me, though known as  
Friendship now.  
So rouse yourself, song-eagle! Spread your plumage  
and be strong!  
I charge you, with this birth-day strain, to bear my  
love along. M. M.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Five Hundred Employments Adapted to Women. By Virginia Penny. Philadelphia: John E. Potter & Co. 12mo. pp. 500.

Think and Act, Men and Women, Work and Wages. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. 12mo. pp. 372.

In the moral as in the material world there are periods of slow and silent development: there are, too, upheavals of the social system as marked and overwhelming as those produced by the volcanic convulsions of Nature. Men wonder at the whirlwind, the earthquake and the fire, but heed not the still small voice that speaketh ever to the listening ear.

To an American residing in India, and burning with love of his native land as from afar he watched her life-struggle, the change effected in the sentiments of the people of these United States on the subject of Liberty seemed almost miraculous. Between the intervals of receiving home-news great moral chasms were bridged over, and the very men who had justified the cause of Slavery walked side by side with persecuted Abolitionists, singing with them the songs of freedom till their united shouts drowned the roar of cannon and the groans of the battle-field.

Is it so that now, after long and weary years of waiting, the appointed time draws near for another and a greater change to sweep over our beloved land? Are we ready for a further and fuller development of the principles of Liberty declared by our fathers? The seed has been sown: are we ready for the harvest?

Not in vain have the Sunday-school and the grammar-school been educating mind to think: not in vain, though with much imperfection and much commingling of error, has the nature of human rights and responsibilities been taught from the pages of history, sacred and profane, to all classes and both sexes. Verily, "a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump." The public mind is beginning to be visibly agitated by a great question interesting directly one-half and indirectly the whole of the people; for whatever pertains to the happiness of mother, wife, sister, daughter or lover, is interesting to father, hus-

band, brother, son or lover worthy of holding such relationship. Every work or word whose tendency is to separate what God hath joined together is narrow, one-sided, worse than useless, sure of defeat. Intelligence and patient investigation, and an active sense of justice, are mainly requisite for the solution of the questions arising relative to the needs and claims of Woman. Investigation must prove to every candid mind the existence of wrongs to be righted, whilst the sense of justice alone can make man willing to render to all their dues. A few men have carefully studied the matter, but most men fail in the discussion of the question, because, having never experienced the difficulties and disabilities that clog every woman's movements, they fail to take the true stand-point. Can men realize the import of such words as these: "The proportion of women's wages to men's in the industrial branches is from one-third to one-half." "A woman receives half price for all she does, and pays full price for all she needs. No hotel takes a woman at a discount of fifty per cent. Butcher, baker, grocer, all ask her the utmost penny. No omnibus carries her for half price. She earns as a child—she pays as a man." "Men have not reflected enough on the poor compensation for woman's labor, or have not seen how to remedy it."

Timid men therefore shrink from the Woman question; unfeeling men are indifferent to it; coarse men sneer at it; very young men ridicule it; selfish employers try to stifle it; the philosopher is interested; the philanthropist rejoices in hoped-for good.

"There is a time to keep silence and a time to speak." Is not this a time and this the theme when woman should speak and man should listen? Miss Virginia Penny has spoken, and to the point, in two very useful volumes now lying before us—*Five Hundred Employments Adapted to Women*; and *Think and Act*: a series of articles pertaining to Men and Women, Work and Wages. The first embraces the result of three years' constant observation and inquiry. Its object is to direct women to productive fields of labor, and to enable each to find the kind of employment adapted to her taste and ability.

It contains descriptions of occupations in which women are or have been engaged, suggests some as yet untried, explains the effect of each employment on the general health, the qualifications needed, the length of time required to learn, the number of hours employed, the comparative superiority or inferiority of women to men in each branch, and a comparison of the wages paid to men and women for labor of the same kind.

The first-named volume, unpretentious and thoroughly practical, deserves to find a place in every homestead of the working-classes through the land: it is a *vade mecum* full of valuable hints and suggestive information, and properly dedicated to "worthy and industrious women, striving to earn a livelihood." Of it Miss P. says: "So far as I can learn, no work setting forth the occupations in which women may engage has appeared except mine."

The succeeding volume is more comprehensive in its nature, and addresses to general readers "a few sober reflections on woman and her business interests." Having carefully collected her facts, and seeing clearly the wrongs and injustice endured by women, and seeing, too, the frequent inefficiency of women in their work, Miss P. endeavors to point out practical and immediate remedies for the latter, and makes earnest efforts to influence public sentiment so as to lead to the removal of the former. She holds that woman's labor is not justly compensated—that a few employments are overcrowded—that women need more employments—that employments should be suited to the tastes, habits and capacities of those employed—that women should not take men's employments, nor should men take women's employments—that women should engage in such as are favorable to health of mind, body and morals—that woman is capable of attaining to excellence, and should be trained to skilled labor, to business habits and to independence—that the same wages should be paid to men and women for the same kind and amount of labor—that all unjust and oppressive laws in regard to the property-rights of women should be abolished—that every father of means should give his daughter a practical business education, or invest money in some permanent way for her support, that in case of pecuniary reverses she may secure to herself a home and independence.

"I advocate," says the author, "the opening of all occupations to women: I would ask for them the privileges of the ballot-box

and trial by their own peers. I wish to see them possessing equal rights with men—domestic, social, educational, industrial, civil and religious." To the common objection, that "women would supplant men in certain occupations," Miss P. answers: "If men thereby enter occupations more suitable to them, and leave vacancies that women can profitably fill, where is the harm to either?" "There are occupations we would like to see men deprived of, such as superintending a work-room where women only are employed." "Look at a tall, bearded man selling laces and ribbons, feathers and flowers and hoop-skirts to women, measuring the waists of women in mantuamaking establishments, or selling dolls and toys, candies and fruits to children: then tell me if the occupation looks *manly*?"

Miss P. does not limit her articles to the needs of the working-classes. She ascribes the too-frequent loss of health and dejection of spirits in the wealthier classes to the want of congenial and regular occupation or elevating pursuit. "All works for the moral improvement of the race are especially adapted to women," and many devote their best energies to the amelioration of the poor, the afflicted and the ignorant. There are women of affluence who wear no jewels nor costly array—who expend their incomes in noble charities. Such might wisely establish and patronize industrial schools for girls. Others are ill adapted to such labors. "Some were made for head-work. Let such have head-work." "Women of talent should not be content to occupy subordinate departments of labor, nor devote time and talents to executing only mechanical drudgery." To some a congenial and noble employment is now open in the study and practice of the healing art. Carefully-trained and intelligent physicians—women—have the means of disseminating instruction by lectures and by writing on hygiene and the laws of health—a kind of instruction greatly needed by women who have the care of children and youth. Some women find happiness in the cultivation of the fine arts—some in the pursuit of science—some in the walks of literature. Why should hindrances be thrown in their way? By the attainment of excellence in industrial and professional life, as well as by writing and conversation, woman may benefit not only her own sex, but also elevate the other, until no man shall be found mean enough to offer to a woman one-half the compensation he would give to a man—"to cut short a wo-

man's wages merely because she is a woman," and then add insult to injustice by addressing her with flattering words or toasting "the fair sex" in late cups, where women would gladly excuse the doubtful compliment.

Woman believes that the day is coming when the "higher law" shall bear sway; that her Magna Charta, the Bible, shall supplant the law-books of men, wherein too often might makes right; that so long as the Golden Rule sparkles on the pages of the New Testament and the Ten Commandments are binding upon both men and women, she may hopefully ask for equal rights in the State and in the Church. Already some men, liberal, noble and generous, are ready and willing to aid her cause; more are turning their attention to the subject in a spirit of candor and justice; others in this nineteenth century, like their prototypes of the first century, endeavor to veil selfish and grasping natures under the garb of respectability and piety. The Christ—woman's truest Friend—once addressed such in words of fearful import: "Woe unto you, hypocrites! for ye devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers; therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation."

Miss P. discusses briefly the suffrage of women, giving her own opinions, and pronouncing Lucy Stone and Dr. Hunt right in resisting taxation because denied the privilege of the ballot-box. She remarks that "many women seem, if possible, more anxious to obtain the right of suffrage for *negro men* than for themselves."

Does not every lover of the republic feel that it would be desirable to withhold the privilege of voting from every disloyal, immoral and ignorant man, and confer it only upon the patriotic, intelligent and virtuous American man and woman?

The author's remarks on young ladies, wives, maidens and widows, mothers, fathers, brothers and sisters, on a comparison of men and women, on the mutual influence of the sexes, on American character, on "woman's sphere," and many kindred themes, are written in a cheerful and benevolent spirit, exhibiting the lights and shadows, the defects and excellences, of the living world of this nineteenth century.

A Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue.  
London: S. Hooper. 12mo. pp. 182.

This is a genuine, unmutilated reprint of the much-sought-after first edition of Captain

Francis Grose's famous *Dictionary*, published nearly a hundred years ago, and contains words and explanations which in the later editions have been either omitted or softened. As a glossary of slang or cant words it is, despite its coarseness, of great value to the antiquarian and the scholar. Many words, such as "lame duck," "bull" and "bear," which have been supposed to be of recent origin, are here shown to have been in use in the last century, and the true origin of various words in common use can only be found in Grose. Thus we have—

"BULL, a blunder, from one Obadiah Bull, a blundering lawyer of London, who lived in the reign of Henry VII.; by a bull is now always meant a blunder made by an Irishman."

"DAVID'S SOW—as drunk as David's sow, a common saying, which took its rise from the following circumstance: One David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an ale-house at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs, which was greatly resorted to by the curious: he had also a wife much addicted to drunkenness, for which he used sometimes to give her due correction. One day David's wife, having taken a cup too much, and being fearful of the consequences, turned out the sow, and laid down to sleep herself sober in the sty. A company coming to see the sow, David ushered them into the sty, exclaiming, There is a sow for you! did any of you ever see such another? all the while supposing the sow had really been there; to which some of the company, seeing the state the woman was in, replied it was the drunkenest sow they had ever beheld; whence the woman was ever after called David's sow."

"DUN, an importunate creditor. Dunny, in the provincial dialect of several countries, signifies deaf; to dun, then, perhaps, may mean to deafen with importunate demands. Some derive it from the word *donnez*, which signifies give; but the true original meaning of the word owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of the town of Lincoln, so extremely active and so dextrous in his business that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay, Why do not you *Dun* him? that is, Why do not you set Dun to arrest him? Hence it became a cant word, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII. Dun was also the

general name for the hangman, before that of Jack Ketch.

And presently a halter got,  
Made of the best strong hempen teer,  
And e'er a cat could lick her ear,  
Had tied it up with as much art  
As DUN himself could do for's heart.  
Cotton's *Virgil Tra.*, Book 4."

"HOB, or NOB. Will you hob, or nob, with me? a question formerly in fashion at polite tables, signifying a request or challenge to drink a glass of wine with the proposer; if the party challenged answered nob, they were to chuse whether white or red. This foolish custom is said to have originated in the days of good Queen Bess: thus, when great chimneys were in fashion, there was at each corner of the hearth, or grate, a small elevated projection, called the hob, and behind it a seat. In winter-time the beer was placed on the hob to warm, and the cold beer was set on a small table, said to have been called the nob, so that the question, Will you have hob, or nob? seems only to have meant, Will you have warm, or cold beer—i. e., beer from the hob, or beer from the nob?"

The state of society during the last century in England shows itself in certain words unknown in the United States, and which have probably died out across the water. For example:

"QUEER PLUNGERS, cheats who throw themselves into the water in order that they may be taken up by some of their accomplices, who carry them to one of the houses appointed by the Humane Society for the recovery of drowned persons, where they are rewarded by the society with a guinea each; and the supposed drowned person, pretending he was driven to that extremity by great necessity, is also frequently sent away with a contribution in his pocket."

"ROMAN, a soldier in the foot guards, who gives up his pay to his captain for leave to work; serving like an ancient Roman, for glory and the love of his country."

Grose never loses an opportunity for a joke. After defining "romp" as a forward girl, a hoyden, he remarks that Grey, in his notes to Shakespeare, derives it from Arompo, an animal found in South Guinea that is a man-eater! Of course the real origin is the word *ramp*, which is connected with rampage. Keelhauling is ludicrously defined as undergoing a great *hardship*.

The only two allusions to America appear to be the following:

"POMPKIN, a man or woman of Boston, in America, from the number of pompkins raised and eaten by the people of that country; *Pompinkshire*, Boston, and its dependencies."

"YANKEY, or YANKEY DOODLE, a booby or country lout, a name given to the New England men in North America."

Grose was the author of various learned works, especially *The Antiquities of England and Wales*, but his literary acquirements were said by his contemporaries "to be far exceeded by his good-humor, his conviviality and his friendship."

Malbone: An Oldport Romance. By Thos. Wentworth Higginson. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co. 12mo. pp. 332.

Colonel Higginson's essays have been among the most readable things of that kind published lately, their attraction being mainly in the graceful ease with which they are written and the genial humanity running through them; and when he tried his facile pen upon a story, a certain class of readers eagerly awaited it. It is certain that story-writing requires a different sort of talent from anything else, and the most brilliant essayist sometimes falls flat and heavy before his readers when he takes the place of a novelist. If all the latter need possess is a delicate and skillful brush, that shades character so well as to bring a face and presence before one in all the flush of life, then Colonel Higginson well deserves the palm as a narrator of first-rate power. Malbone—debonair, fascinating, æsthetic, with sensibility in place of heart, and susceptibility in place of feeling—is so well drawn that we feel the inevitable charm of his bodily presence, and do not wonder that the noble Hope was attracted to him. We are righteously indignant with him, but he is winning in spite of all. He is even more nicely drawn and shaded than Mrs. Prescott Spofford's Azarian, which character he very much resembles, without in any way being a copy. That "multivalve heart" beat in much the same way as did Azarian's, but Philip Malbone's ending does not seem either artistic or natural—as indeed it would be both if it were one. Not that he dies—for we are all subject to that finale—but he does something toward which he never manifested the slightest tendency throughout the story—something which we would as soon expect from Lucifer, "son of the morning:"

he reforms—he begins a “manhood of self-denying usefulness.” As well might Harold Skimpole suddenly be endowed with an idea of money. This climax seems an impossibility, because, with all his exquisite senses, he is so strangely insensible in regard to right and wrong. Were we not told by Divine authority that the vilest may repent, we should still be incredulous concerning the softening of that piece of lignum vitæ dubbed by the author a “multivalve heart.”

Aunt Jane is the piquant sauce of the story, and would be the salvation of a poor book; and it is so refreshingly evident that she must have been drawn from life that we involuntarily look about us for the original. Did not the author's heart smite him when he could find nothing to which to devote Emilia save a violent death? She must be immolated, for there was no future left to her: the poor, passionate bird could not be left to beat its wings against its gilded cage. Loving such a man as Malbone, Emilia could not well do anything save die; for Malbone did not even possess the bold daring that could love, even with the stimulus of the thought that such a love was crime; and such a thought is a stimulus to indolent natures like his. He was only capable of dallying in a dilettante way—making eyes at a woman who attracted him, as what woman did not?

Judged as a narrative, as a story with plot and incident, this book cannot be classed high; but that judgment does not prevent its being one of the most charming things of the season; and the evident fact that the writer has aimed at nothing more than some very pleasant writing does not place the book in the class of publications which avow themselves bona fide “novels.” The vein of purity and sweetness, the keen kindness of the dissertations on the characters scattered through its pages, place Colonel Higginson in an enviable place in public favor.

#### *Books Received.*

*The Adventures of Philip on his Way through the World: Showing who Robbed him, who Helped him and who Passed him By.* By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 267.

*Rhetoric: A Text-Book, designed for use in Schools and Colleges, and for Private Study.* By Rev. E. O. Haven, D. D., LL.D., President of the University of Michigan. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 381.

*Famous London Merchants: A Book for Boys.* By H. R. Fox Bourne, author of “English Merchants,” etc. With twenty-five Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 295.

*An American Woman in Europe: The Journal of two-years-and-a-half's Sojourn in Germany, Switzerland, France and Italy.* By Mrs. S. R. Urbino. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 338.

*Patty Gray's Journey to the Cotton Islands: A Series of Books for Children.* By Caroline H. Dall. From Boston to Baltimore. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. xlix., 201.

*Studies in the Evidences of Christianity.* By Stephen G. Bulfinch, D. D., author of “Manual of the Evidences.” Boston: William V. Spencer. 12mo. pp. viii., 274.

*A German Reader in Prose and Verse, with Notes and Vocabulary.* By William D. Whitney, of Yale College. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. iv., 231.

*The Physiology of Woman, and her Diseases from Infancy to Old Age.* By C. Morrill, M. D. Sixth Edition. Boston: James Campbell. 12mo. pp. xxiv., 438.

*The Woman in Red: A Companion to “The Woman in White” and “The Woman in Black.”* Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 121.

*Wedlock; or, The Right Relations of the Sexes.* By S. R. Wells, author of “New Physiognomy,” etc. New York: Samuel R. Wells. 12mo. pp. 238.

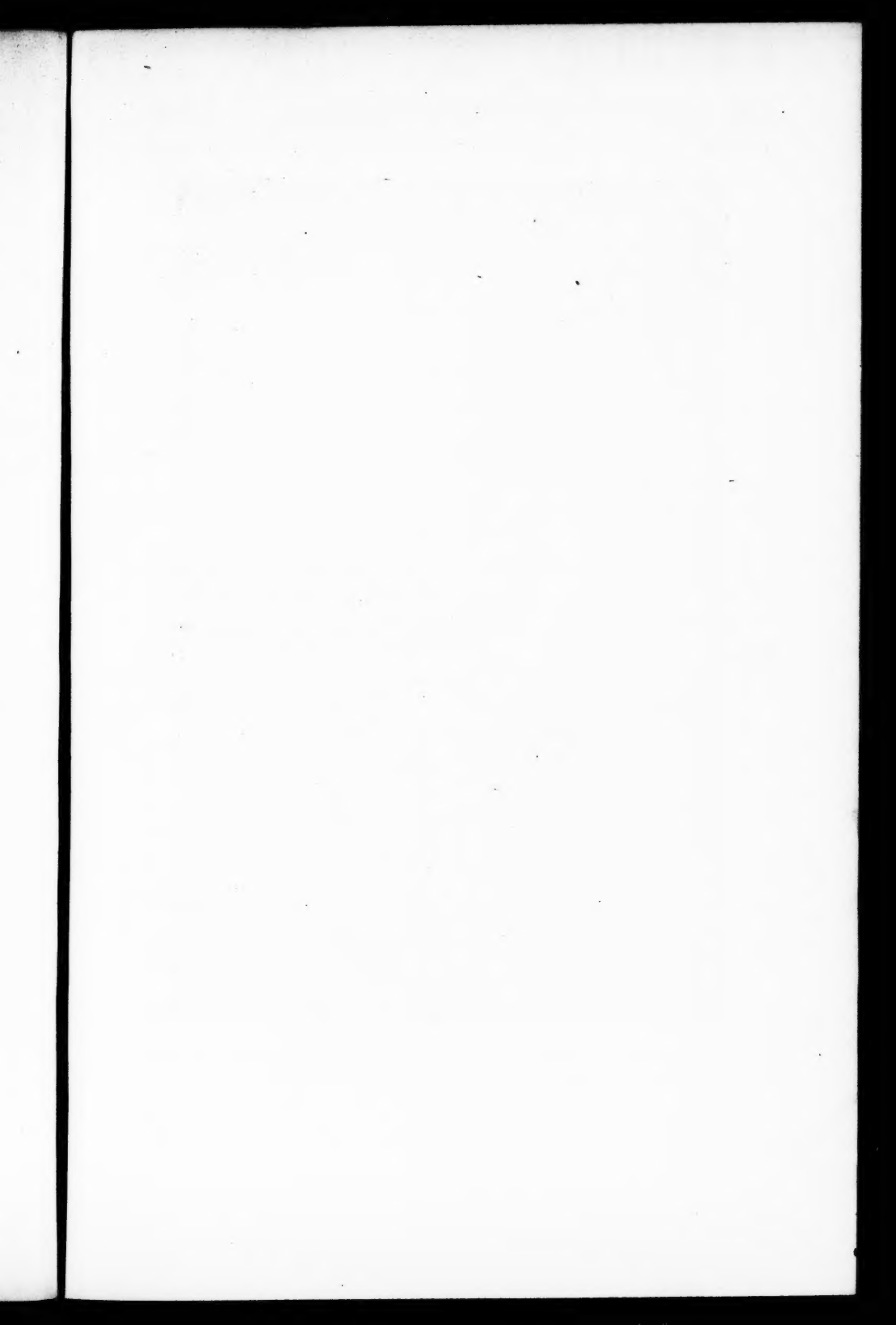
*Papers from Over the Water: A Series of Letters from Europe.* By Sinclair Toucey. New York: The American News Co. 12mo. pp. 210.

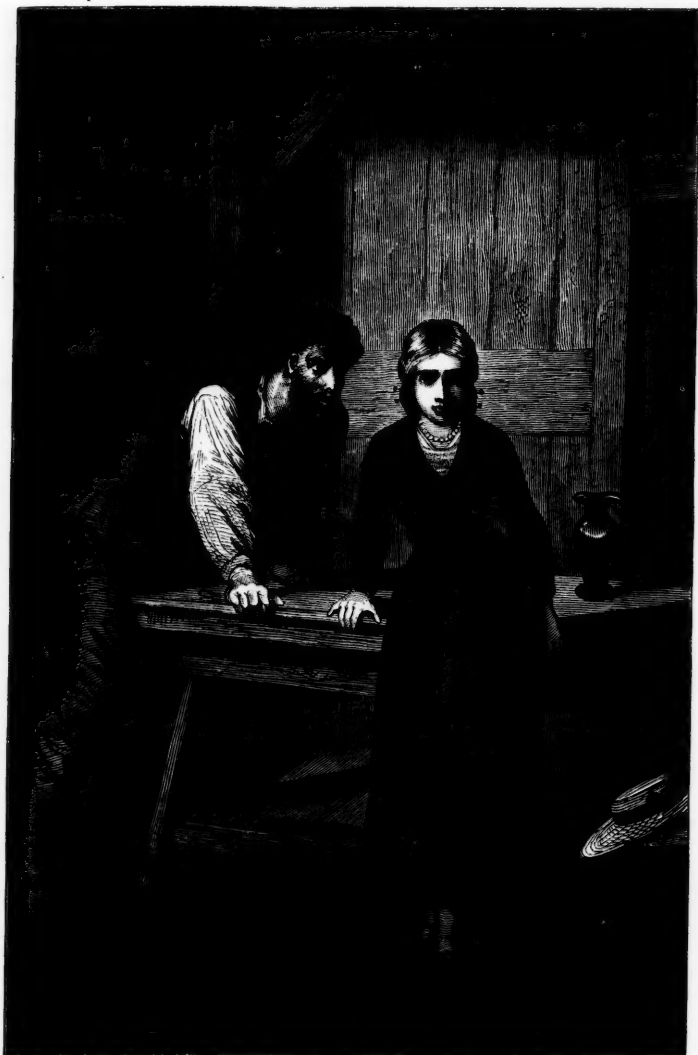
*The New Affinities of Faith: A Plea for Free Christian Union.* By James Martineau. Boston: William V. Spencer. Pamphlet, 12mo. pp. 38.

*Cord and Creese.* By the author of “The Dodge Club.” With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo., paper, pp. 199.

*Cipher: A Romance.* By Jane G. Austin. New York: Sheldon & Co. 8vo., paper, pp. 175.

*Credo.* Boston: Lee & Shepard. 16mo. pp. 444.





"No, Lucia," he said, hoarsely. "The story I told was the true one: the net drew him down: I did not overturn the boat."

[The Lonely Ones.]

